April 15, 1961

THE NEW YORKER

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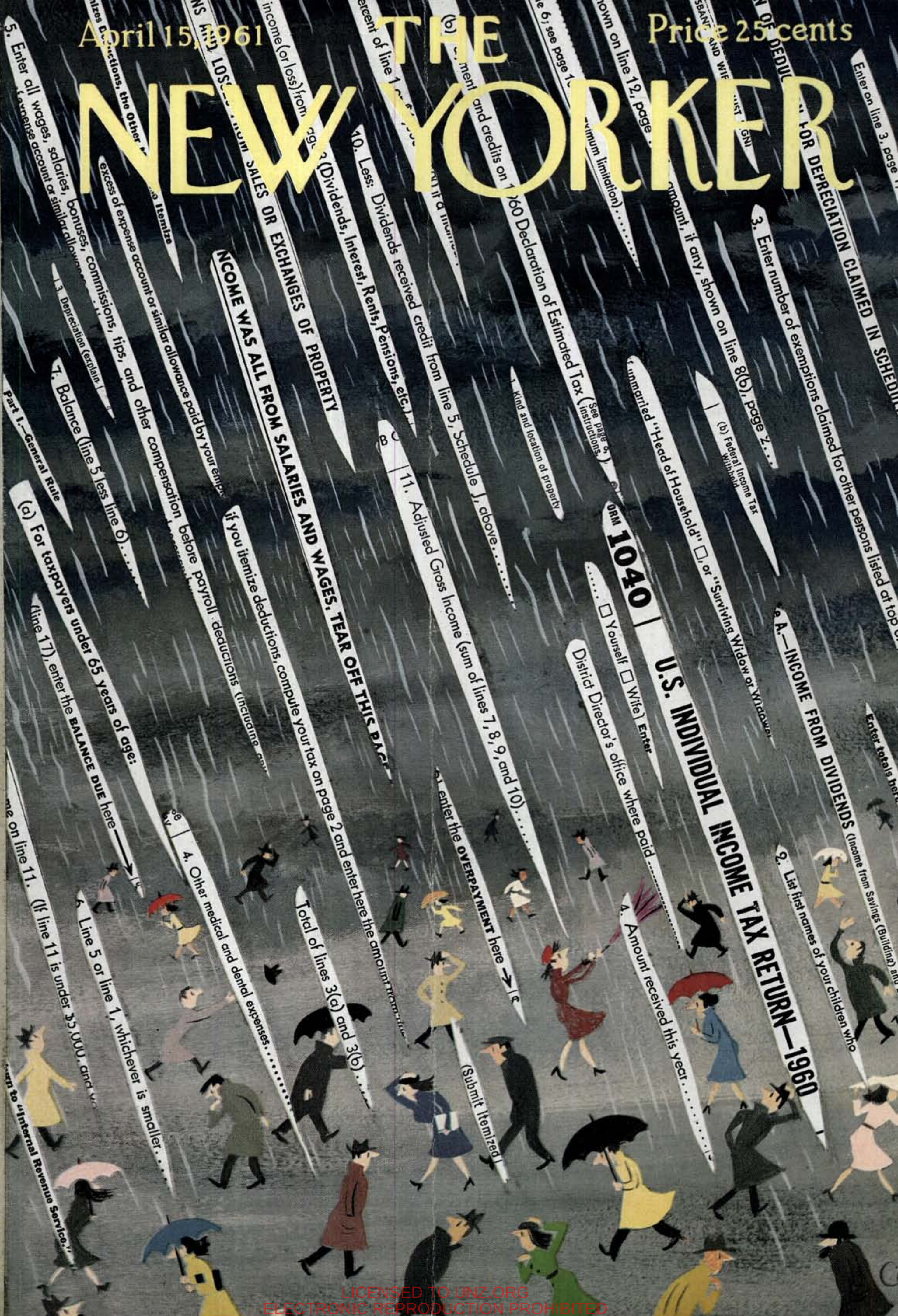
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income (or loss) from
(Dividends, Interest, Rents, Pensions, etc.)
10. Less: Dividends received credit from line 5, Schedule J, above
and credits on 1960 Declaration of Estimated Tax (See page 6 instructions)
amount, if any, shown on line 8(b), page 2
3. Enter number of exemptions claimed for other persons listed at top
FOR DEPRECIATION CLAIMED IN SCHEDULE
Enter on line 3, page
7. Balance (line 5 less line 6)
Part I.—General Rule
(a) For taxpayers under 65 years of age:
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Depreciation (explain)
if you itemize deductions, compute your tax on page 2 and enter here the amount
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Kind and location of property
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Total of lines 3(a) and 3(b)
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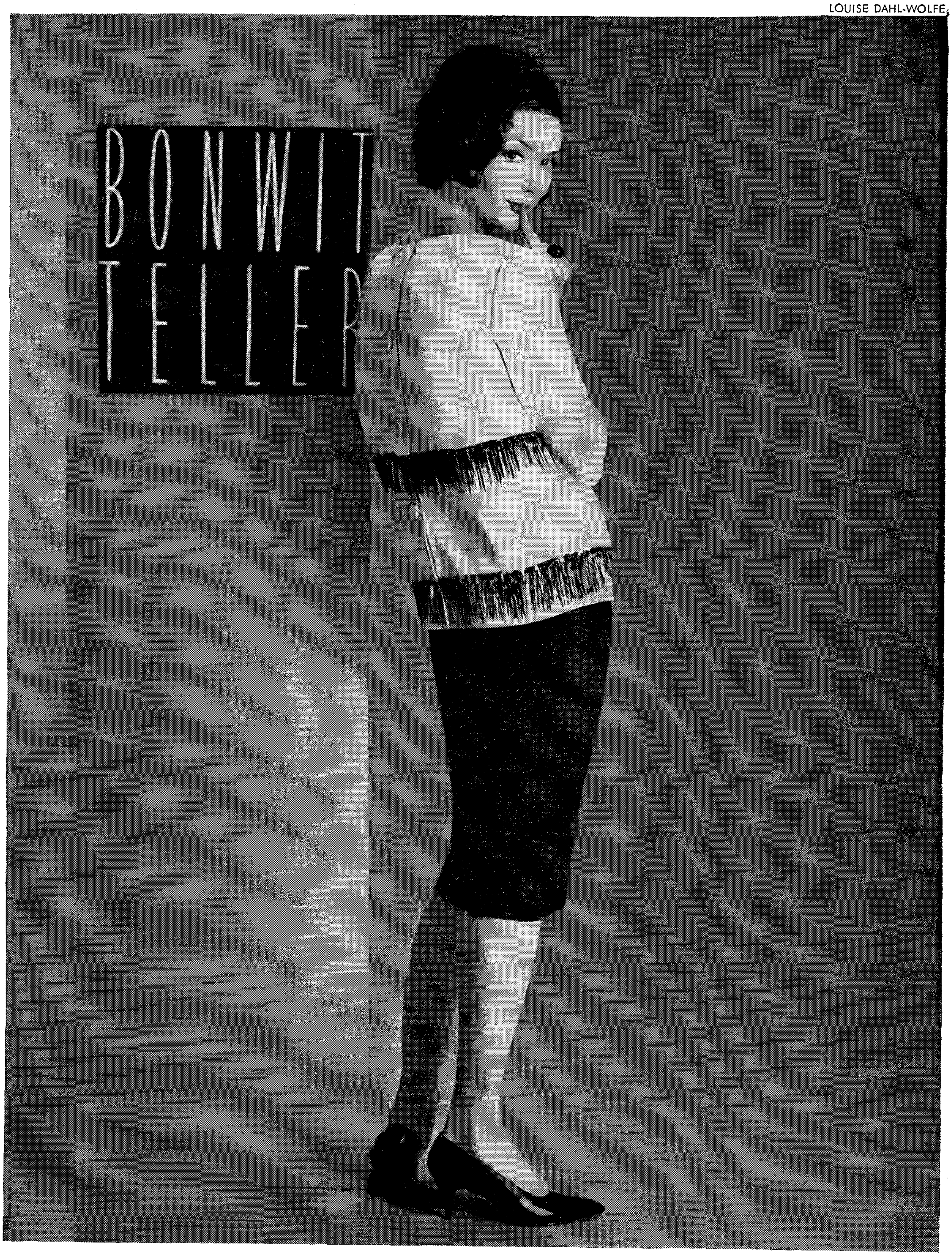

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Advise and Consent—All manner of conspiratorial doings in Washington. The point at issue is whether the President should appoint as Secretary of State a professor who, in his past, has leaned a trifle to the left. The melodrama, by Loring Mandel, who based his play on the novel by Allen Drury, is ideologically limp, but it does have some superficially exciting scenes. Ed Begley, Richard Kiley, Chester Morris, Henry Jones, and Kevin McCarthy portray some of the agitated legislators. (Cort, 48th St., E. CI 5-4289. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

All the Way Home—Tad Mosel's moving adaptation of James Agee's novel "A Death in the Family." Colleen Dewhurst, Arthur Hill, Aline MacMahon, Lillian Gish, John Megna, and Tom Wheatley all figure in it to good advantage. (Belasco, 44th St., E. JU 6-7950. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:40, and Sundays at 3.)

Big Fish, Little Fish—Several peculiar types, none of them very interesting, are assembled in this comedy by Hugh Wheeler, which tells of a melancholy man hog-tied by his devotion to his seedy and demanding friends. There are, however, excellent performances by Jason Robards, Jr., Hume Cronyn, George Grizzard, Martin Gabel, Ruth White, Elizabeth Wilson, and George Voskovec. (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. CI 6-6270. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Come Blow Your Horn—An inconsequential comedy about a man who is dedicated to manufacturing artificial fruit and has great difficulty in compelling his two sons to share his interest. Hal March and Warren Berlinger depict the sons, and Lou Jacobi is the father. (Brooks Atkinson, 47th St., W. CI 5-1310. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Critic's Choice—A drama reviewer finds himself emotionally knotted because his wife has written a lame-brained play that he must review if he is to preserve his integrity. Henry Fonda is the distraught critic, and Mildred Natwick, Virginia Gilmore, and Murray Hamilton assist him in trying to put a little ginger into the affair—to no great purpose. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Devil's Advocate—A kind of religious mystery drama, adapted by Dore Schary from a novel by Morris L. West, which describes the investigation of a potential saint in southern Italy by a Vatican representative. The play, in which Leo Genn and Sam Levene are conspicuous, sprawls all over the place, and neither its dramatic nor its philosophic content is particularly noteworthy. (Billy Rose, 41st St., W. WI 7-5510. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

An Evening with Mike Nichols and Elaine May—A pair of hilarious mimes in a sequence of satiric skits that takes pot shots at everything from the Tennessee Williams school of playwriting to the Parent-Teacher Association. (Golden, 45th St., W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Sundays, at 9. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 3.)

A Far Country—A play concerned with one of Freud's first attempts at psychoanalysis, in the course of which he cured a young woman who was convinced, because of various traumatic shocks, that her legs were permanently paralyzed. There isn't very much in the way of suspense in this drama by Henry Denker, but the writing is honest and the performances by Kim Stanley, Steven Hill, and Sam Wanamaker, who enact the principal roles, are laudable. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

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Mary, Mary—The dialogue of this comedy by Jean Kerr is funny, and the characters are vivacious, so the fact that the plot—which has to do with a young couple trying to get together after an estrangement—isn't overly original is not terribly important. Barbara Bel Geddes, Barry Nelson, Michael Rennie, Betsy von Furstenberg, and John Cromwell are all entertaining in it. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Rhinoceros—Translated from the French of Eugene Ionesco by Derek Prouse, and directed by Joseph Anthony, this satire about people who would rather sink to the level of swamp animals than risk nonconformity in the modern world is savage and funny, and Zero Mostel, Eli Wallach, and all the others in the cast are to be highly commended. (Longacre, 48th St., W. CI 6-5639. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

A Taste of Honey—Shelagh Delaney, a North Country English girl who wrote this play when she was nineteen, has assembled an odd and frowzy lot of characters for her work—a prostitute and her paramour (Hermione Baddeley and Nigel Davenport), her lovelorn daughter and *her* paramour (Joan Plowright and Billy Dee Williams), and a homosexual pal of the girl (Frederick Combs)—but they're intensely alive, and their dilemmas compel our attention. Miss Plowright's performance is truly remarkable. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

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Under the Yum-Yum Tree—A comedy by Lawrence Roman that would have us believe there is something funny about a young virgin who wants to live with her fiancé on a Platonic basis just to see if she'd like to have him around for keeps. Sandra Church plays the girl, Dean Jones the boy, and Gig Young a lecher with designs on the addled maiden. Mr. Young is pretty entertaining. (Henry Miller, 43rd St., E. BR 9-3970. Nightly at 8:40. Matinée Saturday at 2:40. Closes Saturday, April 15.)

Long Runs—**The Best Man:** Gore Vidal's view of what might take place during the jockeying for position prior to a Presidential nominating convention. With Frank Lovejoy and Lee Tracy. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **The Miracle Worker:** Patty Duke plays Helen Keller as a child, learning to break out of the prison of deaf, sightless muteness, and Suzanne Pleshette is now the teacher who rescues her. The author is William Gibson. (Playhouse, 48th St., E. CI 5-6060. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **The Tenth Man:** A play by Paddy Chayefsky dealing with a Jewish girl presumably possessed by an evil spirit. With Alan Manson, Jacob Ben-Ami, and Martin Wolfson. (Ambassador, 49th St., W. CO 5-1855. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)

MUSICALS

Camelot—Very large, very lovely, but not very stimulating, even though Alan Jay Lerner, Frederick Loewe, and Moss Hart, the "My Fair Lady" triumvirate, all had a hand in it. Richard Burton, Julie Andrews, Roddy McDowall, and Robert Goulet are prominent in King Arthur's court, which, as designed by Oliver Smith, is truly spectacular. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:25. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:25.)

Do Re Mi—Several underworldly types of the sort that provided Damon Runyon with his stock in trade try to horn in on the jukebox business in this rather lethargic comedy, which has a book by Garson Kanin, music by Jule Styne, and lyrics by Betty Comden and Adolph Green. Phil Silvers and Nancy Walker do their best to keep things lively. (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Happiest Girl in the World—A merry, if simple-minded, musical adaptation of "Lysistrata," in which Cyril Ritchard, Janice Rule, and Dran Seitz, among others, prance about to good effect. The book was written by Fred Saidy and Henry Myers, the lyrics by E. Y. Harburg, and the score by the perdurable Jacques Offenbach. Mr. Ritchard is credited with the direction, which is sprightly. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Irma la Douce—A musical farce originally created for French consumption by Alexandre Breffort and later put into English by Julian More, David Heneker, and Monty Norman. The book and lyrics leer along about a trollop and the company that keeps her, and the choreography displays more enthusiasm than ingenuity. Elizabeth Seal plays the prostitute, and Keith Michell is cast as her particular boy friend. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Tenderloin—Under the direction of George Ab-

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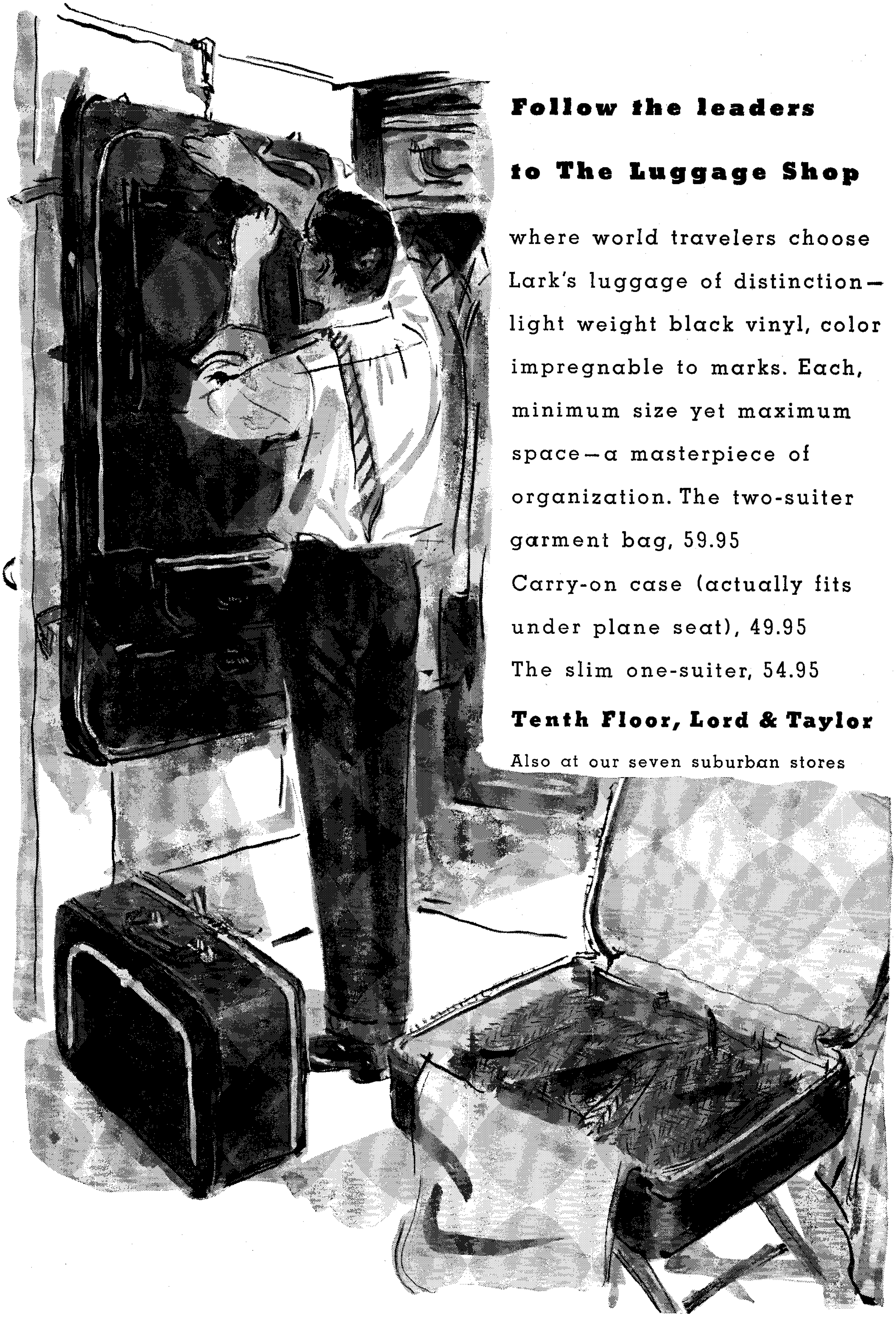

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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bott, this musical about the adventures of a minister investigating vice in the low haunts of Manhattan at the turn of the century is loud and active but, alas, not very funny. Mr. Abbott collaborated with Jerome Weidman on the book, Sheldon Harnick and Jerry Bock provided words and music, and Cecil Beaton created the sets and costumes. Maurice Evans has the role of the Gotham Dante, and Ron Husmann, Wynne Miller, Eileen Rodgers, and Lee Becker are among the others frisking about. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Unsinkable Molly Brown—There may be an occasional lag in this rhythmical description of the ascent of a poor girl from the backwoods of Colorado to the glittering social heights of France, but all in all it is most satisfactory entertainment. Tammy Grimes is lively and unpredictable as the lass, and the score, by Meredith Willson, is as chirky as a summer band concert. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Wildcat—A host of primitives are let loose in the Southwestern oil fields in this account of a rambunctious dame's attempt to come up with a bonanza as a petroleum promoter. The music and lyrics, by Cy Coleman and Carolyn Leigh, respectively, and the book, by N. Richard Nash, are pretty weak, and the direction and choreography, by Michael Kidd, are for the most part lethargic. Lucille Ball is the dame. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**BYE BYE BIRDIE:** Gretchen Wyler and Gene Rayburn in a musical that has to do with rock 'n' roll, adolescence, and springtime. Music by Charles Strouse, lyrics by Lee Adams, and book by Michael Stewart. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)... **FIORELLO!:** The Little Flower transplanted to the stage and set to words and music by Sheldon Harnick and Jerry Bock. Tom Bosley is Fiorello, and Howard Da Silva is one of the Mayor's intimates. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **THE MUSIC MAN:** Meredith Willson wrote the book, the music, and the lyrics for this piece about an Iowa con man (Bert Parks) who falls in love with a librarian. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-7992. Nightly at 8:30. Matinée Saturday at 2:30. Closes Saturday, April 15.)... **MY FAIR LADY:** Shaw's "Pygmalion," turned into a musical by Lerner and Loewe. Michael Allinson and Margot Moser now head the cast. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. PL 7-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **THE SOUND OF MUSIC:** A sentimental confection, by Rodgers and Hammerstein, in which Mary Martin becomes the stepmother of seven wide-eyed children of the Trapp family. Theodore Bikel is their papa. (Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St., W. JU 6-5555. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes in dates and curtain times, so it is a good idea to verify them before starting out.)

Carnival—Anna Maria Alberghetti in a musical with a book by Michael Stewart and music and lyrics by Bob Merrill. Directed by Gower Champion and presented by David Merrick. Opens Thursday, April 13. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 7:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is generally advisable.)

New York City Center Light Opera Company—A revival of "Show Boat," with Joe E. Brown, Jo Sullivan, Robert Rounseville, Jane Kean, and Carol Brice. The first in a series of four shows by the company. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, April 23.)

The American Dream and **The Death of Bessie Smith**—The first of these one-act plays by Edward Albee is a masterly horror-comedy about a typical well-to-do American middle-aged couple (Mommy and Daddy), a grandma, and a couple of mysterious visitors, all of whom say exactly what comes into their heads, printable or not. Alan Schneider's direction easily matches his materials, and the results are just about impeccable collaboration. The second play, however, is an out-of-whack contest between some Southern racists and the celebrated blues singer, who is never seen—and never felt, either. (York Playhouse, First Ave. at 64th St. TR 9-4130. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 7:30.)

The Balcony—Life in a gaudy bordello as seen through the sensitive eyes of perverts. The play was written by Jean Genêt and directed by José Quintero. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. GR 3-4590. Fridays at 9:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 8:40.)

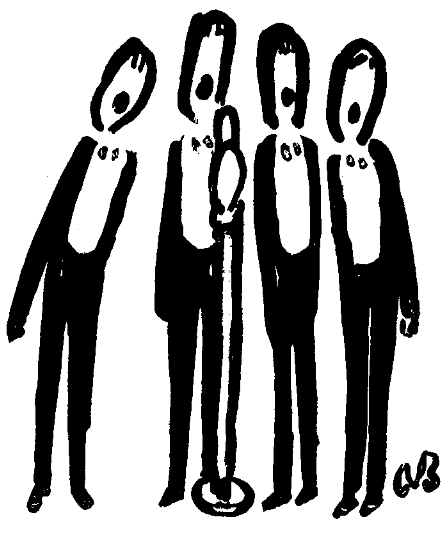
Call Me by My Rightful Name—A civil-rights play, inhabited by symbols, about a couple of college students (one white, one Negro) and a comely, deerlike girl, who is played by Joan Hackett. The author, Michael Shurtleff, likes such West Coast phrases as "walk proud through the land." (One Sheridan Square, W. 4th St. and Washington Pl. YU 9-1334. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 8 and 10:45; and Sundays at 3 and 8:30.)

The Connection—Jack Gelber's curious and compelling play about dope addiction and a number of other things. (Living Theatre, 530 Sixth Ave., at 14th St. CH 3-4569. Thursdays and Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 10:30; and Sundays at 2:40.)

The Decameron—A musical based on Boccaccio's tales, with a book and lyrics by Yvonne Tarr and music by Edward Earle. (East 74th Street Theatre, 334 E. 74th St. LE 5-5557. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 7:30.)

The Fantasticks—A pretty little musical comedy, by Tom Jones and Harvey Schmidt, in which the whimsey is as thick as *that*. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. OR 4-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

Hamlet—A practically uncut version that diddles and blurts along for more than three hours, and is notable only for the rare moments when twenty-seven-year-old Donald Madden, as Hamlet, discards his dewiness and gives as good as he takes. The direction, by Stuart Vaughan, puts one in mind of a track meet. (Phoenix Theatre, Second Ave. at 12th St. AL 4-0525. Wednesdays at 7:30; other nights, except Sundays and Mondays, at 8:25. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 2:25.)



Hedda Gabler—Anne Meacham, a new and fascinating Hedda Gabler, expresses pure bitchery by looking beautiful and snakelike, and by moving as if her part were the prey and she the huntress. Frederick Rolf and Mark Lenard are invaluable, too. David Ross, who loves the days when plays were plays, produced and directed. A superior evening. (Fourth Street Theatre, 83 E. 4th St. AL 4-7954. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

Hobo—A musical by John Dooley. (Gate Theatre, Second Ave. at 10th St. OR 4-8796. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8:30.)

In the Jungle of Cities—A 1922 Bertolt Brecht dealing with the largely inscrutable relationship between an Oriental businessman and a lad from the prairies. The production matches and often surpasses its materials, which are usually purposefully obtuse. (Living Theatre, 530 Sixth Ave., at 14th St. CH 3-4569. Wednesdays and Sundays at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7.)

King of the Dark Chamber—An excellent, if occasionally flawed, production of Rabindranath Tagore's 1910 fusion of classic and folk Indian drama, in which we are told, through stylized speech, dance, chanting, and pantomime, how a symbolic king and queen eventually achieve oneness. The cast is both Indian and American, and has been directed by Krishna Shah. (Jan Hus Auditorium, 351 E. 74th St. LE 5-6310. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:15; and Sundays at 3 and 8:30.)

Krapp's Last Tape and **The Zoo Story**—Two very good sketches, the first by Samuel Beckett and the second by Edward Albee. The members of the cast are Herbert Berghof, Mark Richman, and William Daniels. (Cricket Theatre, Second Ave. at 10th St. OR 4-3960. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 7:30.)

Leave It to Jane—A musical period piece, by Jerome Kern, P. G. Wodehouse, and Guy Bolton, which first appeared in 1917 and to which the years have been more than kind. The setting is Atwater College, and among the artists in residence are Dorothy Greener and Kathleen Murray. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-9609. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

Little Mary Sunshine—This benign spoof of the defunct art of operetta doesn't score heavily as parody, but it is very comic just the same. (Orpheum Theatre, Second Ave. at 8th St. OR 4-8140. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8:30.)

Moby Dick—Philip Hanson in his own adaptation of Herman Melville's novel. (Madison Avenue Playhouse, 120 Madison Ave., at 30th St. OR 9-6244. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

The Mousetrap—The main trouble with this Agatha Christie, which is a copy of older and better Christies, is a faulty suspense mechanism. However, thousands of happy Londoners, who love isolated mansions and nervous guests better than themselves, have been expressing nothing but approval for nearly a decade now. (Greenwich Mews Theatre, 141 W. 13th St. CH 3-6800. Mondays through Thursdays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40. Closes Sunday, April 23.)

The Only Sense Is Nonsense—Two one-act plays ("The Resounding Tinkle" and "The Hole") by the English playwright N. F. Simpson, who deals in an ultra-Surrealistic comic manner with a suburban couple that

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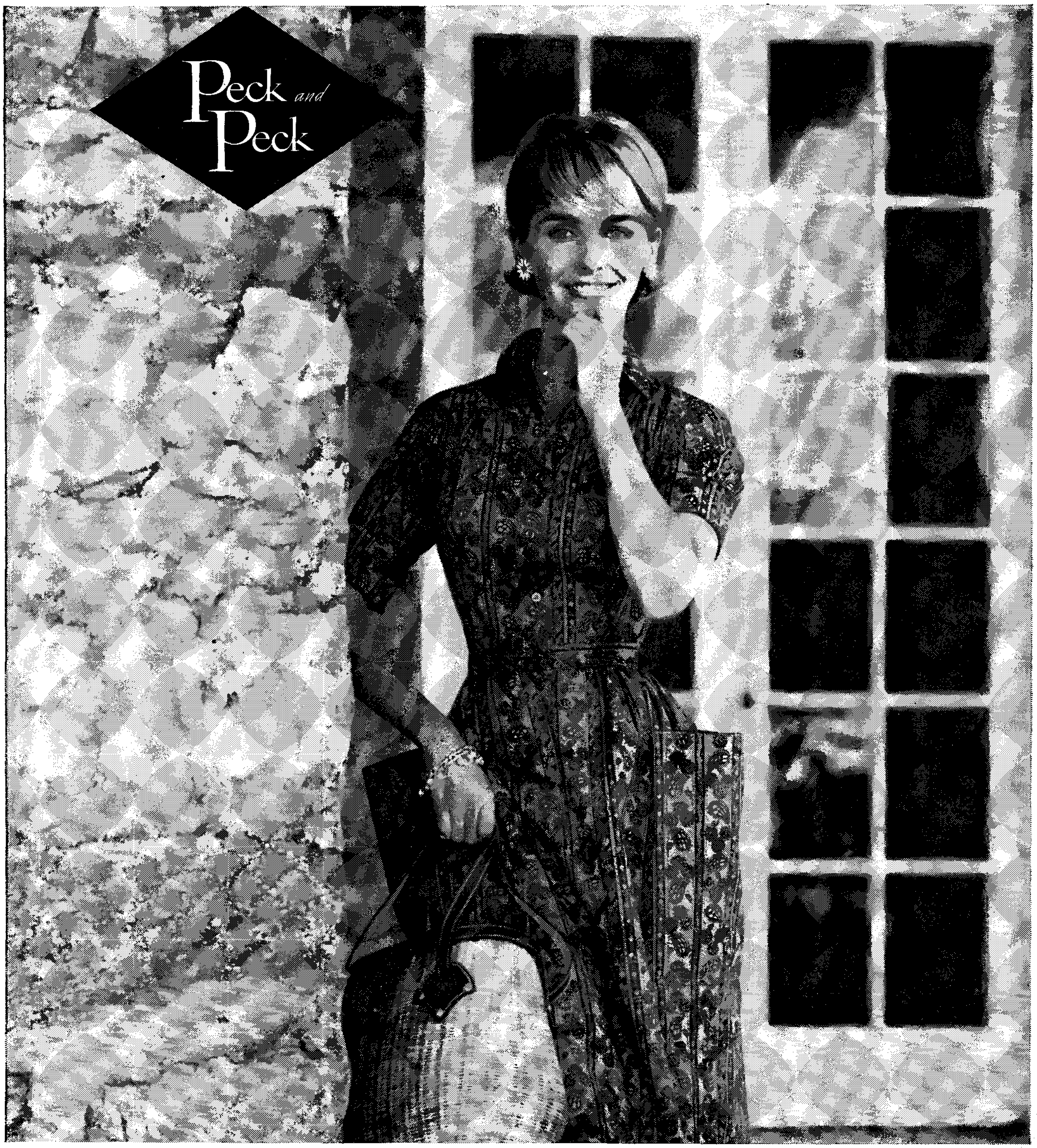

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keeps an elephant on its lawn (first play), and with a group of philosophical onlookers trying to decide what they see at the bottom of an open manhole (second play). The acting, though brave, is pardonably mystified. (Jan Hus Auditorium, 351 E. 74th St. LE 5-6310. Monday, April 17, and Monday, April 24, at 8:40. Tickets are considered donations to the Jan Hus Presbyterian Church.)

Roots—Not a slice of life but life as it is lived among the poor in Norfolk, England, where the dialect approaches the consistency of butter and the interim silences are even denser. Arnold Wesker, who is just twenty-eight, is the author, and while he has tape-recorder ears, he forgets that bucolic banality needs some sort of revving up if it is not to be just that. The cast is intrepid and full of vowels. (Mayfair Theatre, 235 W. 46th St. CI 7-6180. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)

Smiling, the Boy Fell Dead—A musical by Ira Wallach (book), David Baker (music), and Sheldon Harnick (lyrics). Word Baker is the director. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. CH 2-3951. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

The Theatre of Chance—A double bill consisting of Sophocles' "Women of Trachis," translated by Ezra Pound, and "The Marrying Maiden," by Jackson MacLow. (Living Theatre, 530 Sixth Ave., at 14th St. CH 3-4569. Tuesdays at 8:30.)

The Threepenny Opera—The local "Second Shepherd's Play." In the cast are Charles Rydell and Marion Brash. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

Under Milk Wood—A strenuous and only partially successful attempt to supply Thomas's celebrated radio play with faces and forms, which, as before, merely get in the way of the poetry. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. GR 3-4590. Mondays through Thursdays at 8:40, and Fridays at 7. Matinées Thursdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

A Worm in Horseradish—Eli Mintz, small, futile, and funny, plays the papa of a poor Jewish family located on the lower East Side in this comedy, which was stuffed in her own kitchen by Esther Kaufman. The time, naturally, is 1906. (Maidman Playhouse, 416 W. 42nd St. BR 9-2084. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 7:30.)

Note—A revue without music (partly extemporaneous, always contemporaneous, and, in general, offhandedly diverting) is being presented at the Premise, 154 Bleecker St., a coffeehouse whose method of staging is as entertaining as its spoken words. (LF 3-5020.) The schedule: Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30; Fridays at 8 and 10:30; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 8:30. . . . ¶ "O, Oysters!," a small revue that has lost its way in a jungle of semantics, will courageously and sometimes amusingly carry on through Sunday, April 16, on the stage of the Village Gate, 185 Thompson St., at Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120.) The schedule: Thursday and Sunday at 8:30, and Friday and Saturday at 7:30.

DANCE PROGRAMS

Juilliard Dance Program—Two works (by José Limón and Doris Humphrey) performed by students and alumni of Juilliard's Dance Department, with the Juilliard Orchestra, conducted by Frederick Prausnitz. For the benefit of the Doris Humphrey Dance Scholarship Fund. (Juilliard Concert Hall, 130 Claremont Ave., at 122nd St. Friday and Saturday, April 14-15, at 8:40. For information about tickets, call MO 3-7200, Ext. 72.)

Martha Graham and Her Dance Company—Opening performances of a two-week engagement that will run through Sunday, April 30—Sunday evening, April 16: "Seraphic Dialogue," "Visionary Recital" (première), and "Acrobats of God." . . . ¶ Monday evening, April 17: "Diversion of Angels," "Visionary Recital," and "Night Journey." . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, April 19: "Clytemnestra." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, April 20: "Embattled Garden," "One More Gaudy Night" (première), and "Alcestis." . . . ¶ Friday evening, April 21: "Night Journey," "One More Gaudy Night," and "Acrobats of God." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, April 22: "Diversion of Angels," "Seraphic Dialogue," and "Acrobats of God." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, April 22: "Alcestis," "Diversion of Angels," and "Visionary Recital." (54th Street Theatre, 152 W. 54th St. JU 6-3787. Evenings at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées at 2:30.)

Moiseyev Dance Company—A hundred dancers and a symphony orchestra from Moscow. Presented by S. Hurok for a three-week engagement that will open Tuesday, April 18, and run through Saturday, May 6. (Metropolitan Opera House. OX 5-6157. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Thursday, April 20, at 2:30.)

MISCELLANY

The Circus—A llama jumping over an elephant, a bear riding a motorcycle, and Harold Alzana walking the high wire, to say nothing of girls being shot out of a cannon. (Madison Square Garden. CO 5-6811. Mondays through Thursdays at 7:30; Fridays and Saturdays at 8:30; and Sundays at 6:30. Matinées daily at 2. Through Sunday, May 14. . . . ¶ The doors open an hour before show time for those who like to roam around among the sideshows and the menagerie in the basement.)

Bob Newhart—A man with quaint thoughts all his own and the ability to put them in words, plus folk music by the Chad Mitchell Trio. (Carnegie Hall. CI 7-7460. Sunday, April 16, at 8:30.)

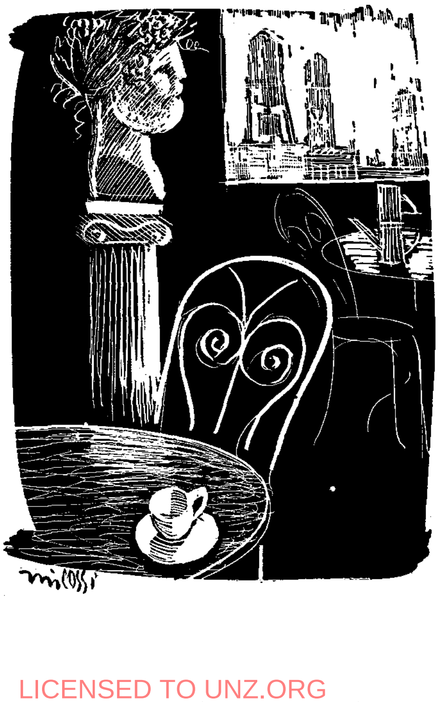
NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

El Morocco, 307 E. 54th St. (PL 2-5079)—A form of social security not provided by the government, Freddy Alonso's rumba band and Joe D'Orsi's orchestra never pause for breath. Dancing.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—At dinnertime, and additionally at suppertime Fridays and Saturdays, "No, No, Nanette" curls up in the Cotillion Room with a very bad book. The Youmans music, though, still has that top-of-the-evening spark, and it's sung presentably by Jimmy Carroll, Harry Snow, and Mary Tremain. There's also a plentiful supply of dance music. Closed Mondays. . . . ¶ Stanley Worth's quartet, or a reasonable facsimile, hums music at cocktails, dinner, and supper every evening in the Café Pierre, whose population runs to founding fathers and their dancing daughters.



Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—The chargé d'affaires in the amiable Persian Room is Ted Straeter, bandsman and fashion plate. His musicians (part champagne, part gin-and-tonic) and Mark Monte's crew of Latin lovers do dance music the whole evening. At dinner and supper, there's also a potpourri of arias by the beguiling Eartha Kitt, who fancies herself in her daydreams as the wickedest woman in the world but who really is a comfortable little room-size spitfire. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Leo LeFleur's orchestra (only for listeners) flows gently in the Palm Court from four to seven and in the Edwardian Room at dinnertime. . . . ¶ The Rendez-Vous, pale and cool and beautiful and dignified, is where Irving Conn's and Nicholas D'Amico's orchestras dispense both prancing and listening music after eight-thirty. Closed Mondays.

Roosevelt, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200)—Lester Lanin, whose prattling dance bands can be found under almost every Park Avenue doormat, is finally doing an in-person with a crew of his men in the Grill. Next month, Paul Whiteman in "East Lynne"? Closed Sundays.

St. Regis, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—The Maisonette, an affair of state, has dancing with every course to Milt Shaw's baby band and Walter Kay's trio. Twice during the evening there are sessions with the Parisienne known as Patachou, a lady fond of singing about springtime drizzles and summer sizzles in her native city. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

Savoy Hilton, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2600)—Life is but a dream as the dance band of Gunnar Hansen and the Latin trio of Marco Rizo roll quietly but merrily through the Roman moonlight that bathes the handsome Columns. From seven-thirty to eight-fifteen, the music is solely for musing; thereafter it's for exercise. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ The only murmuring in the stately rosewood forest known as the Savoy Room comes from the piano of Ray Hartley, who begins at cocktails and ends at supper. No music Sundays.

Sheraton-East, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000)—*Comme il faut*, never come as you are, is a primary consideration in the Embassy Club (Chauncey Gray's orchestra and Quintero's rumba band for dancing, from eighty-thirty or nine to one-thirty or two) and in the Knight Box (Jani Sarkozi and his violin, from eight or so on). Closed Sundays.

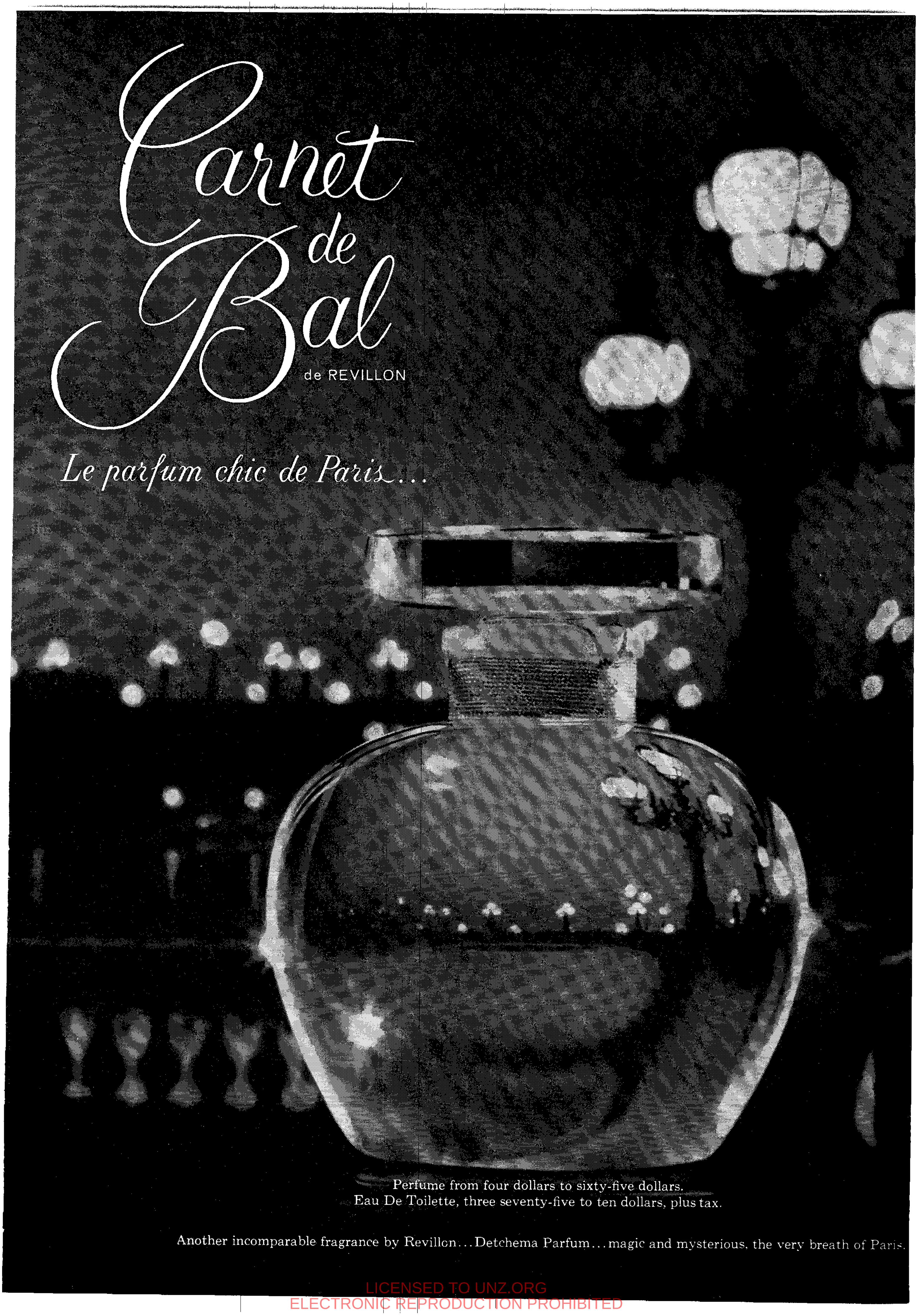
Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—In the Empire Room, Gordon and Sheila MacRae, who'd make a fine king and queen for some easygoing small Ruritania, are showing off their royal raiment and a bundle of new tricks that, with the aid of four young men, amounts to a miniature revue, and a cheerful one. They do this at dinner and supper; frequent injections of dance music by Emil Coleman's mighty band and Theo Fanidi's smaller collection of crickets are available throughout the night. The music begins at seven-thirty. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ The bosky dell called Peacock Alley has music for contemplation from seven-thirty, music for footwork from eight-thirty until one or two. The Sunday pattern is dance music, and nothing but, from eight to one.

Note—The Rainbow Room, one of the almost topless towers of our own Ilium, is serving the drifting-and-dreaming music of Michael Forman's trio from cocktails through dinner, except Sundays. The address: 30 Rockefeller Plaza; the phone: CI 6-5800.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

Little Club, 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-1800): A real New York cityscape, made up of people who honestly believe that only one state has yet been admitted to the union. They are accom-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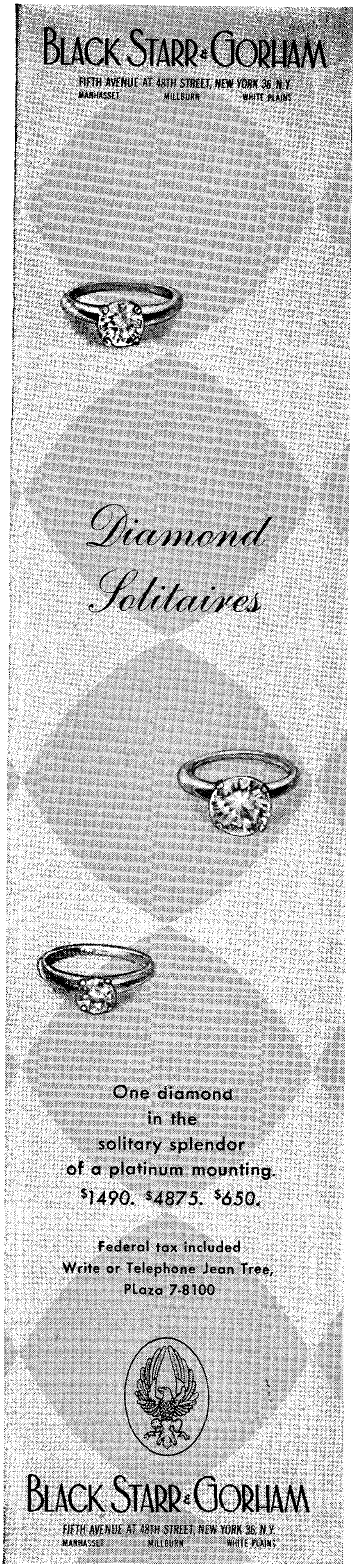
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

panied during dinner by the bland but perspicacious piano of Murray Grand, who'd never even visit the rest of the United States. After the theatre, he also glides in and out of the small and handsome Plush Room, where he is the accompaniment for Jane Harvey, a persuasive singer who knows as many good songs as he does. Closed Mondays. . . . **GOLDIE'S NEW YORK,** 232 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): "Hail, hail, etc." is the national anthem of the holidaymakers, three generations deep, who assemble in this chipper bar-and-grill. Bob Printz, romance in his fingers, runs a piano by himself from five-thirty to eight; Goldie Hawkins and Wayne Sanders appear thereafter as soloists and (following the theatre) as a *Sunday-punch team of musicians.* Closed on the Sabbath. . . . **DRAKE ROOM,** 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): A suite of practically ambassadorial rank, in which Cy Walter is doing the knowledgeable pianoforte recitations, which occur with considerable frequency between cocktails and one in the morning. Forrest Perrin is the Sunday driver. . . . **MONSIGNORE,** 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): Old-school Romans who have been rendering unto Caesar these many years. Some of them stand and wait upon table, and some of them—Herman Honigsberg's plangent choir of violins and a brace of guitarists—circulate about the place with music that's more than a match for the tableside talk. Closed Sundays. . . . **IN BOBOLI,** 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (TR 9-3777): A Northern Italian restaurant that can easily be mistaken for a Northern Italian opera house. From Thursday through Sunday, there's activity by Aldo Bruschi's piano, oboe, concertina, voice, and trio, to which (after ten) there's skirmishing on the dance floor. Tuesday through Saturday evenings, Mr. Bruschi is also impresario and basso profundo of a toy but eager opera company that believes implicitly in Puccini. Closed Mondays. . . . **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV,** 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): The château country in a slightly prankish state of mind. Wandering from pillar to post of the dining hall, Norbert Faconi addresses his soulful violin from dinner through supper every night but Sunday. . . . **MALMAISON,** 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 1-0845): In the bar of this really eminent domain, Jules Kuti has a go at his piano, off and on, from five to eleven. Closed Sundays. . . . **EL CHICO,** 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): Spanish punctilio that involves any amount of clicking of the heels. Along with this brand of ballet goes plenty of Andalusian tenor, baritone, and soprano. There is dancing for the customers as well. Closed Sundays. . . . **WAVERLY LOUNGE,** 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): Laurie Brewis, whose file case bulges with musical-comedy tunes, is at the piano after nine in the bar of the Hotel Earle. No music Mondays. . . . **CAFÉ CARLYLE,** Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): A bar in which people love to put their crowned heads together. Lest state secrets leak out, George Feyer sets up a considerable clatter, fairly Venetian-glass, on the piano. He begins at eight-thirty and goes through the supper hour. Closed Sundays. . . . **ROMA DI NOTTE,** 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (RE 4-3443): The night people of the Eternal City, keeping up (between seven courses for dinner) an eternal round of strolling minstrels, who are augmented, after the theatre, by such *con-amore* singers as Claudia Villa, Gianni Rigana, and Angelo Cristalli, who certainly love their work. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHARDAS,** 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): The border of the Johann Strauss countryside, under a continuous but gentle bombardment of cimbalon, bull fiddle, piano, heart-of-oak tenor, and wispy soprano. Tibor Rakossy, a true operetta hero, is the tenor. Dancing. Closed Mondays. . . . **LUAU 400,** 400 E. 57th St. (EL 5-6555): A *Polynesia that's not much more than forty-*five minutes from Broadway but that's still able to go native in its bill of fare and its music. A set of stringmen whang away in the main room; George Taylor, an American tourist, is on hand every night but Sunday to make the piano in the bar sound Manhattan. Everybody else works every night of the year. . . . **BARBERRY,** 17 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-5800): The *mise en scène* may persuade visitors that they've veered off course into the Alhambra. The kitchen, though, is still of the West. Conrad Monjoy cajoles the diners with pillow talk during the evening. The concert ends at twelve on weekdays, at one on Saturdays; no music on Sundays. . . . **LA ZAMBRA,** 14 E. 60th St. (EL 5-4774): Nighttime in the gardens of Granada, where piano and guitar speak softly but with burning desire. Closed Sundays. . . . **ESSEX HOUSE,** 160 Central Park S. (CI 7-0300): In the Casino-on-the-Park, an establishment in which everything is done on tiptoe, Steven Weltner composes calm, collected strophes at his piano between cocktail time and suppertime. His night off is Sunday. . . . **VIENNESE LANTERN,** 242 E. 79th St. (TR 9-7760): A considerable portion of the amusement is Alt Wien on the Susquehanna, but it's happy in its childish way, and the voices and music are at least distinguished by quantity. Closed Mondays. . . . **STANHOPE GATE,** Fifth Ave. at 81st St. (BU 8-5800): The wee bar of the Hotel Stanhope is a perfect sounding board for guitarists, and Renato Rossini happens to be a prince of this particular realm. Nine-thirty to one is his playing time. No music Mondays. . . . **LEFT BANK,** 309 W. 50th St. (CI 7-3470): Cal Bostic, a new jump-tune singer and pianist, stirs up quite a ground swell in this small and comfortable art gallery. The other amusement is something to talk through. Closed Sundays.

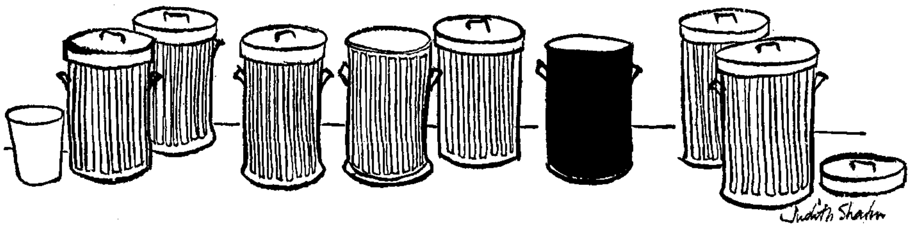
BIG AND BRASSY

LATIN QUARTER, Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1735): Never can anyone say that it's clothes that make the girls in the tremendous and picturesque extravaganza here, for these delectable home economists are able to get along on next to nothing. Less than equal time is accorded a couple of splendid Continental variety acts and to a pair of dullard wits. Dancing. . . . **COPACABANA,** 10 E. 60th St. PL 8-0900): The *bel canto,* which is better than the usual, comes from Andy Williams; the wisecracks come from Allen and Rossi, who are likewise better than the usual. There's also a set of dewy-eyed ballerinas whose proud boast is that no experience is necessary. Dancing for the guests, too.

SUPPER CLUBS

(No dancing, unless noted.)

BLUE ANGEL, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): Dick Gregory, the most recent messiah from Chicago, is a good-humor man whose special interest is how to keep America's melting pot from boiling over; Adam Keefe, new to our scene, is a compulsive talker who, frightened at birth by Hollywood movies, is now paying them back in full, with disinterest; Maysa Matarazzo is a Brazilian songbird who makes Portuguese sound like the premier language of seduction. Jimmy Lyons' glittery trio (Beverly Peer and Jimmy Raney are his aides) and Otis Clements's piano calk the minute hiatuses in between. . . . ¶ In the lounge, except Saturdays, Alex Fogarty plays lingering water-color piano from six to eight, and early in the morning there are outpourings of piano and/or trio. . . . **UPSTAIRS AT THE DOWNSTAIRS,** 37 W. 56th St. (CI 5-9465): The bitter truth about practically everything that



has to do with us mortals is set forth in "Dressed to the Nines," this season's Julius Monk merry-go-round. The soothsayers, sharp as so many little razors, are Ceil Cabot, Gordon Connell, Bill Hinnant, Gerry Mathews, Mary Louise Wilson, and Lovey Powell. William Roy and Carl Norman staff the up-and-coming two-piano orchestra. The *horas de verdad* are nine-fifteen and midnight. Closed Sundays. . . . **DOWNSTAIRS AT THE UPSTAIRS**, 37 W. 56th St. (CI 5-9465): The undergraduate dormitory of the Julius Monk *lycée*. Grouped around a piano, the Three Young Men work in some bright choral effects when Paul Trueblood and Robert Colston, a double-piano squad to remember, aren't doing their own special counterpoint. The pianoforte twins begin at nine, the Young Men at ten. Closed Sundays. . . . **BON SOIR**, 40 W. 8th St. (OR 4-0531): Sylvia Syms, who can be anyone from Isolde dying of love to Miss Otis regretting, is applying her patent basso profundo to the lyrics around here. Along with her, the customers get the time-honored early settlers—Tiger Haynes and his Three Flames, makers of brash music; Jimmie Daniels and his boulevardier songs; and the interlude piano of Loumel Morgan and Peter Daniels. The time allotted to the humor of Phil Foster and the clowning of Little, Dane & Mason could well be spent in meditation and prayer. Closed Mondays. . . . **CHÂTEAU MADRID**, 42 W. 58th St. (PL 3-3773): The main arena is full of a Latin revue involving performers seemingly met by chance, but it does contain Trini Reyes, whose footwork is as good as that of the light-on-their-feet guests. And in the neighborly alcove off the bar, beginning around ten, the flamenco guitar of Juan de la Mata and the flamenco voice of Domingo Alvarado tell a thousand and one tales of the power and the glory of Spanish love life. Sundays, the sole activity in the whole shop is a matinée tea trot. . . . **KING ARTHUR ROOM**, 151 E. 50th St. (PL 8-0310): Mabel Mercer, a destiny who has shaped not only the ends but the whole lives of many other intoners of ballads, is weaving sunlight and shadow together into a fabric that no one else can quite duplicate. Sam Hamilton and Don Evans take turns at the piano. This eyrie is upstairs inside the Roundtable. Closed Sundays. . . . **SHOWPLACE**, 146 W. 4th St. (AL 4-5648): "Stewed Prunes," a tiny Greenwich Village revue into which more than the customary amount of care and feeding has gone, occupies the second floor of this establishment. Its two boys and one girl—Richard Libertini, MacIntyre Dixon, and Lynda Segal—go through it, largely in poignant and/or pointed pantomime, at nine and twelve every night but Tuesday.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

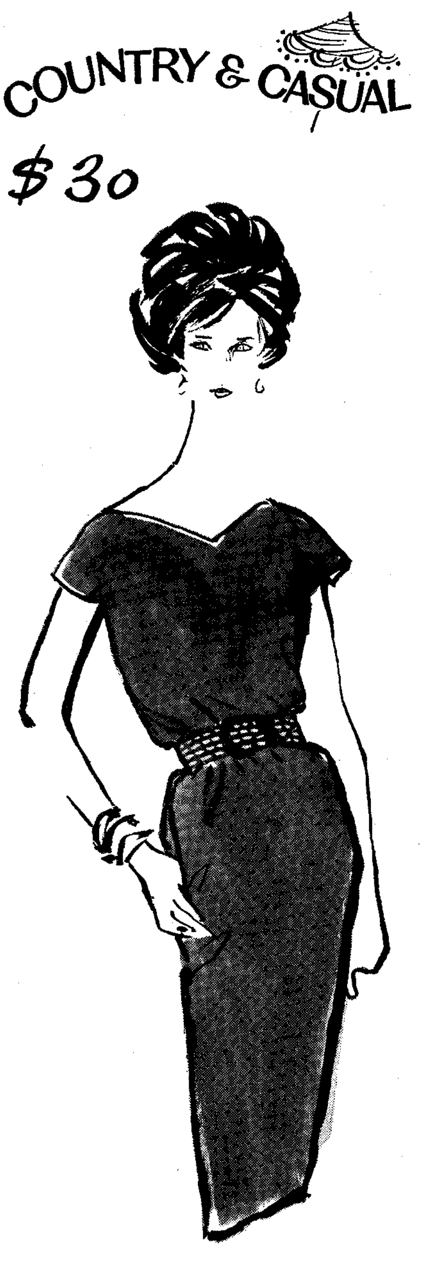
EDDIE CONDON'S, 330 E. 56th St. (PL 5-9550): Two old schoolmates—Mr. Condon and Max Kaminsky—are reunited for the purpose of old-school jazz, the sort that blends with lamb chops and ale. Bob Wilber and Benny Morton are among those who vigorously bring up the rear. Closed Sundays. . . . **BASIN STREET EAST**, 137 E. 48th St. (PL 2-4444): Onstage, for one, is Ella Fitzgerald, now (to the sorrow of more than a few) more in love with songs of passion than with her old jump tunes; for another, there is Bill Dana, now putting his funny words into his own mouth instead of into the mouths of others. Closed Sundays. . . . **VILLAGE VANGUARD**, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Forthright statements of fact by Art Blakey and his Jazz Messengers, who can be heard at some distance; various messages from the International Jazz Quartet, which includes Bobby Jasper and Eddie de Haas. Afternoon sessions every Sunday from four-thirty to seven. They all sign off on Sunday, April 16; on Tuesday, April 18, a first-rate fashion plate named Nancy Wilson will start doing high-style singing to the background of Junior Mance's trio, which has lots of up and come, and Irwin Corey, who speaks a sort of international jazz himself, will start talking about whatever it is he thinks he is talking about. Closed Mondays. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S**, 53 W. 52nd St. (JU 6-9800): One of the two plantations left on a once flourishing thoroughfare. An old Southern cottage industry, sometimes a trifle too artful-and-crafty, is still being carried on here by Wilbur de Paris, Sidney de Paris, Russell Procope, and Wilber Kirk, to say nothing of Don Frye, the intermission pianist. Mondays, Tony Parenti and Zutty Singleton join Mr. Frye in giving the varsity a little competition. Closed Sundays. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE**, 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): Billy Taylor, nowadays a searcher for deeper meanings instead of being solely a phosphorescent pianist, is in charge of a well-regulated trio that sets to around ten inside the oval bar. No action Mondays. . . . **NICK'S**, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): The Bourbon Street Six is using this bar-and-grill as its levee this season. There are jam sessions on Sunday afternoons at five, in addition to the evening session; the place is closed Mondays. . . . **METROPOLE**, Seventh Ave. at 48th St. (CI 5-0088): There's nothing very secret about the weapons employed hereabouts, as even passersby quickly discover. The matinées are run by the trios of Tony Parenti and Johnny Letman; the soirées are run by Gene Krupa's quartet (off Mondays), Cozy Cole's quintet (off Tuesdays) and Sol Yaged's quintet, which performs only on Mondays, Tuesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays. The row begins at 3 P.M. Mondays through Fridays, and ends at 3 A.M. On Saturdays and Sundays, it begins at 1:30 P.M. Friday and Saturday nights, the Krupas move to the upstairs alcove, where Charlie Shavers' fivesome takes turns with them. . . . **THE EMBERS**, 161 E. 54th St. (PL 9-3228): Teddy Wilson, still Teddy Wilson, despite his ventures into newer ways of thought, plays concise piano at the head of his concise trio, and Red Allen serves as principal blowhard (as hard as the management will let him) for his foursome. Sundays offer potluck bouts between extra hands. . . . **HALF NOTE**, 289 Hudson St., near Spring St. (AL 5-9752): The missionaries of progress in their farthest-south settlement. Zoot Sims and Al Cohn, for whom this is just about alma mater, will be taking their quintet away on Sunday, April 16; on Tuesday, April 18, a fivesome called the Mangione Brothers will be opening fire. Closed Mondays. . . . **BIRDLAND**, 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (JU 6-7333): Wednesday, April 19, is closing time for the group run by Buddy Rich, that jump-with-joy drummer, and the quintet run by Cat Anderson, an old Ellington blast furnace. The replacements, due next evening, will be the twenty-man army of Quincy Jones, which is on a bland diet, and the fivesome headed by Eddie (Lockjaw) Davis. Mondays, when the regulars are sent to the showers, are guest nights. . . . **PRELUDE**, 3219 Broadway, at 129th St. (MO 2-1833): An upstate county now in the hands of a foursome headed by Eddie Bonnemere. Nine-thirty is starting time. No music Mondays. . . . **VILLAGE GATE**, 185 Thompson St., at Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120): At ten-thirty, this cave of the winds is turned over to Herbie Mann's Afro-Jazz sextet, whose drumfire, punctuated by Mr. Mann's flute, throws the nightly meeting open to percussion. The trio of Nina Simone, a petulant singer and pianist, gets into the act, too. Closed Mondays. . . . **FIVE SPOT**, 5 Cooper Sq. (GR 7-9650): The sextet of Gigi Gryce, the candy kid, is spreading new-style sweetness and light every evening but Tuesday, which is given over to catch-as-catch-can sessions by stand-ins. The scenery is extremely earthbound. . . . **JAZZ GALLERY**, 80 St. Marks Pl., west of First Ave. (AL 4-4242): The feel of the room is jazz, all right, but some of it is hardly for your simple dancing pleasure. This segment is a remarkable ballet opera sung with gale force by Abbey Lincoln, danced with resolution by Helen Walquer and Charles Moore, played to the hilt by Max Roach's bandsmen, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal. Closed Mondays. . . . **CENTRAL PLAZA**, 111 Second Ave., at 6th St. (AL 4-9800): An ancestral hall for ancestral music. Among the exhibits on Friday and Saturday, April 14-15, should be Zutty Singleton, Conrad Janis and his Tailgate Jazz Band, Tony Parenti, Dick Wellstood, Gene Sedric, Johnny Letman, and Panama Francis.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

RICHARD ANUSZKIEWICZ—Precisionist paintings; through Saturday, April 15. (The Con-



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Norman Bluhm and Elaine de Kooning—A mural by Mr. Bluhm and four painted columns by Mrs. de Kooning, all abstract works suitable for architectural use; through April 29. (Graham, third floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

Victor Brauner—Oils, encaustics, and drawings (1932-59); through Saturday, April 15. (Bodley, 223 E. 60th St.)

Doris Caesar—Bronzes, mostly nudes, in her gaunt, attenuated manner; through April 29. (Weyhe, 794 Lexington Ave., at 61st St.)

Mary Callery—Sculptures in brass and steel, done in a looping, sinuous style new to her; through Saturday, April 22. (Knoedler, 14 E. 57th St.)

Giorgio Cavallon—Large Abstract Expressionist paintings, flowery in suggestion; through Saturday, April 15. (Kootz, 655 Madison Ave., at 60th St.)

César—Metal sculptures (1953-61) and drawings by a contemporary Paris artist; through May 6. (Saidenberg, 10 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

James Coggin—Abstract Expressionist paintings; through Sunday, April 16. (Carmel, 82 E. 10th St. Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 6.)

Harry Crowley—Abstract Impressionist landscapes and collages; through April 29. (Salpeter, 42 E. 57th St.)

Guy Pène du Bois (1884-1958)—Genre paintings and drawings, in a small memorial chiefly focussed on the twenties and thirties; through Saturday, April 15. (Graham, second floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

Stan Freborg—Abstract Expressionist paintings, plus some sculptures in welded metal; through Saturday, April 15. (Grand Central Moderns, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Anthony Fry—Semi-abstract figure paintings by a young Englishman. First one-man show in New York; through Saturday, April 22. (Durlacher, 11 E. 57th St.)

Frank Gaudio—Interiors, figures, and still-lifes; through Saturday, April 22. (Grippi, 200 E. 59th St. Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 6; Saturdays, 10 to 4.)

Maurice Golubov—Paintings, in his first showing in five years; through Saturday, April 22. (Mayer, 762 Madison Ave., at 65th St. Closed Mondays; open Thursday evenings until 9:30.)

Ingres in American Collections—A loan exhibition of paintings and drawings gathered from private and public collections. For the benefit of the Lighthouse, the New York Association for the Blind. Through May 6. (Rosenberg, 20 E. 79th St.)

Leon Kelly—Figure paintings; through April 29. (Iolas, 123 E. 55th St.)

Oskar Kokoschka—A previously unexhibited series of twenty-six drawings of a woman friend; through May 20. (Bayer, 51 E. 80th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.)

Alfred Landesman—Surrealist paintings; through April 29. (Iolas, 123 E. 55th St.)

Michael Loew—Paintings; through Saturday, April 22. (Stable, 33 E. 74th St.)

Einar Lunden—Blocky, stylized water colors and drawings, mainly of coastal scenes; through Friday, April 21. (Contemporary Arts, 19 E. 71st St. Weekdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, 2:30 to 5:30; Monday evenings, 8:30 to 10:30.)

Loren MacIver—Paintings and collages; through April 29. (Matisse, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Nicholas Marsicano—Figure paintings; through April 29. (Bertha Schaefer, 32 E. 57th St.)

Edward Millman—Abstract oils; through April 29. (Nordness, 831 Madison Ave., at 69th St. Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 10; Saturdays, 10 to 6.)

Luciano Minguzzi—Semi-abstract bronze sculptures by a contemporary Italian; through May 6. (Viviano, 42 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

George L. K. Morris—Abstractions lingering between the Cubist and the Expressionist; through Saturday, April 15. (Alan, 766 Madison Ave., at 66th St.)

Robert Motherwell—Abstract Expressionist oils and collages; through May 6. (Janis, 15 E. 57th St.)

Lee Mullican—Abstract paintings; through April 29. (Willard, 23 W. 56th St. Closed Mondays.)

Ben Nicholson—His first showing of pictures here in five years; through May 6. (Emmerich, 17 E. 64th St.)

Georgia O'Keeffe—Recent paintings and drawings; through May 6. (Downtown, 32 E. 51st St.)

James Penney—Landscapes, principally, done with warmth and vigor; through Saturday, April 15. (Kraushaar, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

John Pike—Water-color landscapes; through Saturday, April 15. (Grand Central, 40 Vanderbilt Ave., at 44th St.)

Henry V. Poor—Cool, agreeable landscapes, primarily of Maine, and still-lifes; through Saturday, April 22. (Rehn, 36 E. 61st St.)

Richard Pousette-Dart—Abstract paintings; through April 29. (Parsons, 15 E. 57th St.)

Wallace Putnam—Abstract paintings of flowers; through Saturday, April 22. (Parsons, 11 E. 57th St.)

Leo Rabkin—Non-objective paintings and collages, plus a group of fluently colorful water colors; through April 29. (Latow, 13 E. 63rd St.)

Anton Refregier—Figure paintings; through April 29. (A.C.A., 63 E. 57th St.)

Robert Reid and James Russell—Paintings by the former and constructions by the latter; through Thursday, April 20. (James, 70 E. 12th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.)

Milton Resnick—Large abstract paintings; through April 29. (Wise, 50 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Edward Seago—Impressionistic landscapes and cityscapes of the English countryside, London, and Venice; through April 26. (Kennedy, 13 E. 58th St.)

Zoltan Sepeshy—Paintings; through Saturday, April 15. (Midtown, 17 E. 57th St.)

Charles Sibley—Landscapes and figures; through Saturday, April 22. (Nessler, 718 Madison Ave., at 63rd St.)

Antonio Tàpies—Large abstract paintings by one of the younger Spanish artists; through Saturday, April 15. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St.)

Jean Tinguely—Electrically powered moving constructions by a Swiss-born artist who lives and works in Paris; through Saturday, April 22. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

Van Day Truex—Wash drawings of European scenes; through Saturday, April 22. (Carstairs, 11 E. 57th St.)

Allen Tucker (1866-1939)—Paintings by an officer and exhibitor in the 1913 Armory show; through April 29. (Milch, 21 E. 67th St.)

Sol Wilson—Landscapes, cityscapes, and coastline views; through Saturday, April 15. (Babcock, 805 Madison Ave., at 68th St.)

Masterpieces—A loan exhibition of paintings and drawings by Mantegna, Rembrandt, Gainsborough, Renoir, Toulouse-Lautrec, and others. For the benefit of the Citizens' Committee for Children of New York. Through May 7. (Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St.)

American Abstract Artists—Their twenty-fifth annual, with works by sixty-six painters and sculptors, among them George L. K. Morris, Charmion von Wiegand, and Rhys Caparn; through Friday, April 21. (Lever House, 390 Park Ave., at 54th St. Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 5.)

American Watercolor Society—The ninety-fourth annual, consisting of water colors, gouaches, caseins, and pastels by artists from all parts of the United States; through April 23. (National Academy of Design, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. Daily, 1 to 5.)

Americans; Group Shows—At the CITY CENTER

GALLERY, 131 W. 55th St.: The April exhibition consists of paintings chosen by Byron Browne, Chen Chi, and Isabel Bishop; through April 28. (Mondays through Fridays, 1 to 5.)... **SMALL**, 8 E. 75th St.: Drawings, past and present, by Josef Albers, Julian Levi, Milton Avery, and other contemporaries; through May 13. (Closed Mondays.)

AMERICANS AND EUROPEANS; GROUP SHOW—Paintings and sculptures by Pascin, Braque, Calder, and other modern masters; through June 16. (Perls, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

EUROPEANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the **FINCH COLLEGE ART GALLERY AND MUSEUM**, 62 E. 78th St.: The second annual loan exhibition of old and modern masters, from Rubens to Mondrian; through Sunday, April 16. (Daily, 2 to 6.) ... **HAHN**, 611 Madison Ave., at 58th St.: Paintings by such French artists as Courbet, Chagall, and Rouault; through May 13.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—"The Splendid Century," an exhibition of French seventeenth-century paintings, sculptures, drawings, and tapestries (by Poussin, La Tour, Puget, and others) lent by museums and churches throughout France; through April 30. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—Paintings, sculptures, collages, and other works by the School of Paris artist Max Ernst; through May 8.... ¶ A retrospective of about three hundred photographs by Edward Steichen. Dating from 1895 to the present, they include cityscapes, landscapes, nature studies, nudes, abstractions, and portraits. Through May 21. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 10; Sundays, 1 to 7.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—The Twenty-first International Watercolor Biennial, made up of more than two hundred paintings from Germany, Great Britain, and the United States; through May 28.... ¶ "Masters of Contemporary American Crafts," a display of textiles, ceramics, enamels, silver, and furniture, illustrating the influence on these decorative arts of Lili Blumenau, Kenneth F. Bates, Wharton Esherick, and others; through April 23.... ¶ Paintings and drawings of birds, acrobats, people playing games, and so on, by Manfred Schwartz; through May 14. (Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

SOLOMON R. GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—About eighty paintings from the Arensberg and Gallatin Collections, lent by the Philadelphia Museum of Art. The artists include de Chirico, Dali, Derain, Renoir, and Rouault. Through Sunday, April 16.... ¶ A twenty-foot ceramic mural executed for Harvard University by Joan Miró and Joseph Llorens Artigas, along with other works of theirs; through Sunday, April 16. ... ¶ Accessions, 1953-61; starting Tuesday, April 18. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6, and Wednesday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

MORGAN LIBRARY, 33 E. 36th St.—"Byron, Keats, and Shelley," an exhibition of manuscripts, letters, first editions, and related materials; through April 29. (Weekdays, 9:30 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—"The Clintons of New York," a collection of late-eighteenth- and early-nineteenth-century furnishings, portraits, letters, silver, glass, and china, all belonging to Governor DeWitt Clinton's family; through Sept. 3. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF CONTEMPORARY CRAFTS, 29 W. 53rd St.—"Modern Mosaics of Ravenna," an exhibit including designs by Afro, Chagall, Campigli, and other European painters; through May 14. (Weekdays, noon to 6; Sundays, 2 to 6.)

MUSEUM OF PRIMITIVE ART, 15 W. 54th St.—Masks, sculptures, and other ceremonial carvings from the Papuan Gulf area of New Guinea; through May 7. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

NEW-YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—"A Nation Divided: 1861-62," a documentation of the first years of the Civil War as seen in paintings, photographs, prints, uniforms, weapons, and other

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Civil War mementos. (Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, 1 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5.)

Riverside Museum, 310 Riverside Dr., at 103rd St.—Abstract paintings (1956-61) in oil and wax crayon by Henry Botkin, and sculptures and drawings from thirty years by Rhys Caparn; through April 30. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

Whitney Museum, 22 W. 54th St.—"The Theatre Collects American Art," an exhibition presented by the Friends of the Whitney Museum and consisting of paintings, drawings, and sculptures (by such artists as Lyonel Feininger, Hans Hofmann, and Alexander Calder) owned by Helen Hayes, Henry Fonda, Richard Rodgers, and other people connected with the theatre, motion pictures, radio, and television; through May 16. . . . ¶ A single room-filling sculpture by Herbert Ferber, designed to be walked into; through April 23. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Carnegie Hall is CI 7-7460, for Town Hall JU 2-4536, and for the Metropolitan Opera House PE 6-1210. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Final performances of the season—Thursday, April 13, at 8: "Martha" (in English), with Victoria de los Angeles, Rosalind Elias, Richard Tucker, and Giorgio Tozzi. . . . ¶ Friday, April 14, at 8: "Aida," with Birgit Nilsson, Biserka Cvejic, Eugenio Fernandi, Anselmo Colzani, and Norman Scott. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 15, at 2: "Don Carlo," with Mary Curtis-Verna, Irene Dalis, Franco Corelli, Jerome Hines, and Mario Sereni. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 15, at 8:30: "Wozzeck" (in English), with Brenda Lewis, Margaret Roggero, Hermann Uhde, Albert Da Costa, and Ralph Herbert.

Brooklyn Opera Company—"Tosca," with Kurt Baum, Cesare Bardelli, Salvatore Baccaloni, and Alessio De Paolis. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Friday, April 14, at 8:30.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—Leonard Bernstein conducting the final performances of the season. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, April 13, at 8:30; Friday, April 14, at 2:15; and Sunday, April 16, at 3, all with Zino Francescatti, violin. . . . ¶ Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, April 15, at 8:30, with Lorin Hollander, piano.)

Concertgebouw Orchestra of Amsterdam—Bernard Haitink conducting on Saturday, April 15. . . . ¶ Eugen Jochum conducting on Wednesday, April 19. (Carnegie Hall. Evenings at 8:30.)

Philadelphia Orchestra—Eugene Ormandy directing the final performance of the season here, with Walter Cassel, baritone, and the Rutgers University Choir. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, April 18, at 8:30.)

New School Concerts—Alexander Schneider conducting his chamber orchestra, with Jaime Laredo and Michael Tree, violins. The final concerts of the season. (New School, 66 W. 12th St. OR 5-2700. Sunday, April 16, at 3 and 9.)

Glee Club of the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick—George Mead directing. (Town Hall. Friday, April 14, at 8:30.)

Collegiate Chorale—Mark Orton directing, with Vera Zorina, narrator; Mallory Walker, tenor; and an orchestra. (Town Hall. Thursday, April 20, at 8:30.)

Columbia University Glee Club—Bailey Harvey directing. (Town Hall. Friday, April 21, at 8:30.)

Bowdoin College Glee Club—Frederic Tillotson directing. A benefit for the Frederic E. T. Tillotson Scholarship Fund. (Town Hall. Saturday, April 22, at 8:30.)

RECITALS

George Shirley and Ronald Rogers—Tenor and piano. (Town Hall. Friday, April 14, at 5:15.)

Alexander Schneider's Chamber Ensemble—In an all-Schubert program. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, April 15, at 8:15. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

Martha Schlamme—Folk singer. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-2400. Saturday, April 15, at 8:30.)

Music in Our Time: 1900-61—The sixth in a series of seven concerts, each followed by a discussion period, generally with several composers present. This one will involve, among others, Betty Allen, soprano; Max Pollikoff, violin; and composers Seymour Shifrin, Morton Feldman, Ezra Sims, Virgil Thomson, and Lester Trimble. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-2400. Sunday, April 16, at 8.)

National Association for American Composers and Conductors—A program of music by various composers, among them William Grant Still, Virgil Thomson, and Paul Creston, performed by Yaltah Menuhin, piano; Joseph Eger, French horn; a brass ensemble from the Manhattan School of Music; and others. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Monday, April 17, at 8:30. No tickets necessary.)

Nadia Reisenberg and William Kroll—Piano and violin, with a string quartet. A benefit for the Mannes College of Music Development Fund. (Mannes Concert Hall, 157 E. 74th St. RE 7-4476. Thursday, April 20, at 8:30.)

Ethel Barrymore Colt—Soprano. (Town Hall. Friday, April 21, at 5:45.)

Zino Francescatti—Violin. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Friday, April 21, at 8:30. All seats have been sold and only standing room is left.)

Joseph Wolman—Piano. (Town Hall. Saturday, April 22, at 5:30.)

MISCELLANY

Benefit Concert—Alfred Heberer directing the Liederkranz Symphony Orchestra and several choruses, with Margaret Roggero, mezzo-soprano; Gerhard Pechner, bass-baritone; and Nicola Moscona, bass. A benefit for the Isabella Home for the Aged and four other charities. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, April 22, at 8:30. For tickets, call YU 9-2040.)

Jazz Concert—The Modern Jazz Quartet. (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. Tuesday, April 18, at 8:30. For tickets, call DI 2-5009.)

SPORTS

Baseball—At Yankee Stadium—Yankees vs. Minnesota Twins, Thursday, April 13. . . . ¶ Yankees vs. Kansas City, Saturday, April 15, and Sunday, April 16 (doubleheader). . . . ¶ Yankees vs. Los Angeles, Tuesday through Thursday, April 18-20. (Games begin at 2.)

Boxing—Paul Pender vs. Carmen Basilio, middleweights, 15 rounds. (Boston Garden, Boston. Saturday, April 22.)

Hunt Racing—Middleburg Hunt Race Association. (Middleburg, Va. Saturday, April 15, and Saturday, April 22.). . . ¶ My Lady's Manor Point-to-Point. (Monkton, Md. Saturday, April 15.). . . ¶ Grand National Point-to-Point. (Butler, Md. Saturday, April 22.)

Indoor Polo—Two games (plus a spot of Rugby) every Saturday night. (Squadron A Armory, Madison Ave. at 94th St. EN 9-6320. Matches begin at 8.)

Racing—At **aqueduct:** Weekdays at 1:30; through Wednesday, May 31. The Excelsior Handicap, Saturday, April 15, and the Wood Memorial, Saturday, April 22. . . . **laurel,** Md.: Weekdays at 1:30; through Wednesday, May 3. The Chesapeake, Saturday, April 15, and the Laurel Handicap, Saturday, April 22.

Sports-Car Racing—At Lime Rock Park, Lime Rock, Conn.: Saturday, April 22, at 2.

Track—Boston Marathon, starting in Hopkinton, Mass. (Wednesday, April 19.)

Trotting—At Yonkers Raceway: Weekdays at 8:25; through Saturday, May 20.

FOR CHILDREN

Concert—Leopold Stokowski conducting the Symphony of the Air. A concert sponsored by the Parents League of New York. (Carnegie Hall. CI 7-7460. Saturday, April 15, at 2:30.)

Stage Shows—By the **peggy bridge marionettes:** "Little Brave Sambo," plus Leroy the Magician. (Jan Hus Auditorium, 351 E. 74th St. Saturdays at 3. For tickets, call AC 2-3831.)... **merri-mimes:** "The Littlest Tailor." (Cricket Theatre, Second Ave. at 10th St. OR 4-3960. Saturdays at 1, 2:30, and 4.)... **musical theatre for children:** "The Willie Tree." (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-9609. Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 1.)... **pace-dunham productions:** "Hiawatha." (Theatre Marquee, 110 E. 59th St. PL 3-2575. Saturdays at 12:30, 2, and 3:30.)... **pennywhistle players:** "The Wonderful Wheel." (East 74th Street Theatre, 334 E. 74th St. Saturday, April 15, at 12:30, 2, and 3:30. For tickets, call UN 1-5770.)... **pilgrim productions:** "Pinocchio." (Town Hall. JU 2-2424. Saturday, April 15, at 11.)... ¶ "The Emperor's New Clothes," Saturday, April 15. "Snow White," Saturday, April 22. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Afternoons at 3.)

Junior Museum, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St.—"How to Look at Sculpture," an exhibit of more than a hundred works, dating from early Egyptian times to the twentieth century, together with displays demonstrating the sculptor's basic materials and techniques. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Hayden Planetarium, Central Park W. at 81st St. (TR 3-1300)—The current show is called "Our World and the Moon." Mondays at 2 and 3:30; Tuesdays through Fridays at 2, 3:30, and 8:30; and Saturdays and Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 11.)... ¶ Every night except Monday, a half-hour conducted tour of the Planetarium starts at 8.

Note—The Wollman Memorial Skating Rink, in Central Park, will be open (free) exclusively to ice skaters of fourteen and under on Saturday, April 15, from 10 to 12.

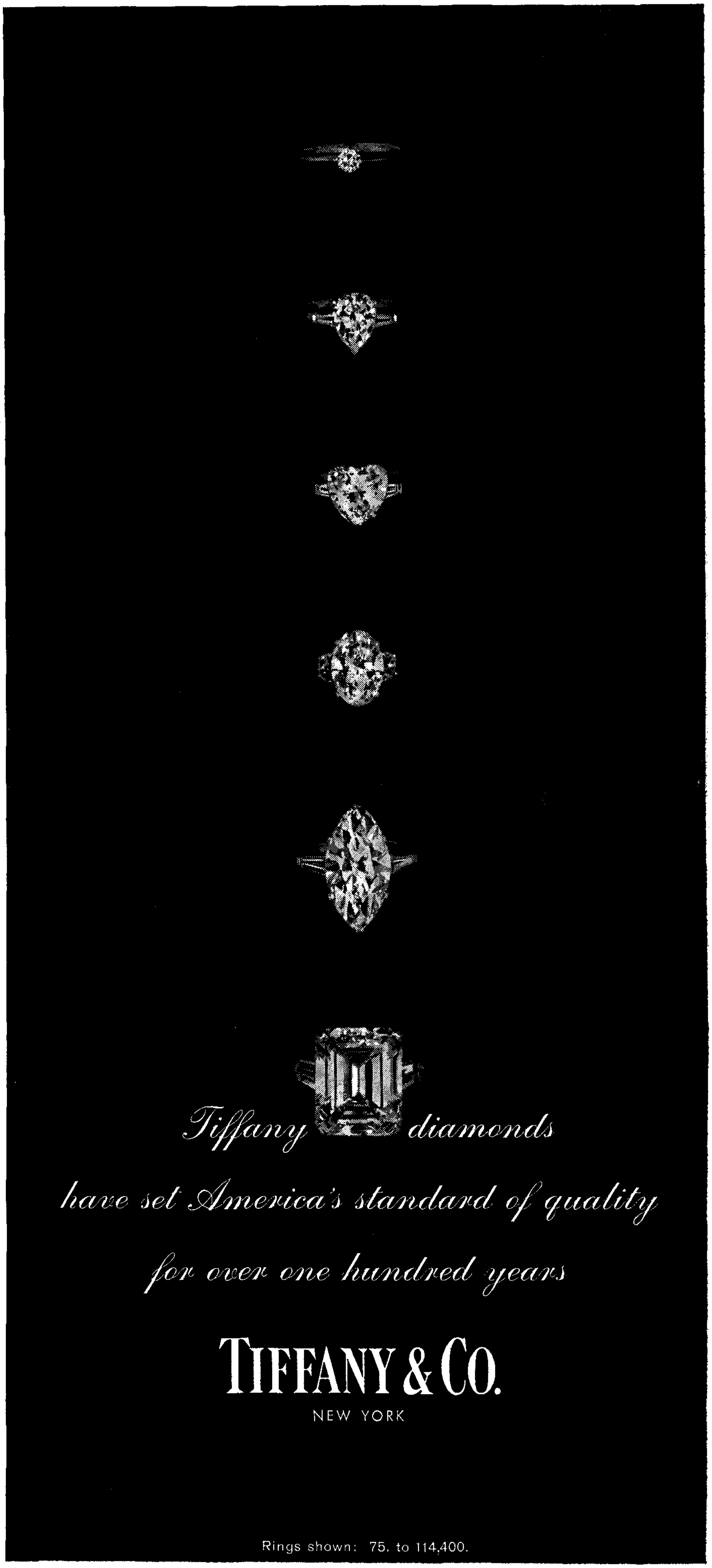
OTHER EVENTS

United Nations—Visitors are admitted to the plenary and/or committee sessions of the General Assembly (which is tentatively scheduled to adjourn Friday, April 21), as well as to periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various other commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3 Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.)... ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so from 9 to 4:45 daily.

New York Antiques Fair—Along with the usual furniture (chiefly American), there will be garden ornaments, relics of several ancient civilizations, and Civil War memorabilia. (71st Regiment Armory, Park Ave. at 34th St. Monday through Friday, April 17-21, from 1 to 11, and Saturday, April 22, from 1 to 6.)

Auctions—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8, and Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Friday and Saturday, April 14-15, at 1:45: French and other furniture, gold and silver bibelots, porcelains, Chinese decorative art, tapestries, paintings and drawings, and Oriental and Aubusson rugs; the property of Mrs. Marcel M. Clairmont and others.

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—Two programs in a series called "The Western Film"—Through April 15: "The Iron Horse" (1924), with George O'Brien.... ¶ Starting April 16: "His Bitter Pill" (1916), with Mack Swain; and "Wild and Woolly" (1917), with Douglas Fairbanks. Through April 14, showings at 3; after that, showings at 3 and 5:30. A limited number of reservations are available, but just to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after 1.)... **note:** On Thursday, April 13, at 8:30, there will be a showing of "The Navigator" (1924), with Buster Keaton. Tickets may be obtained at the Museum.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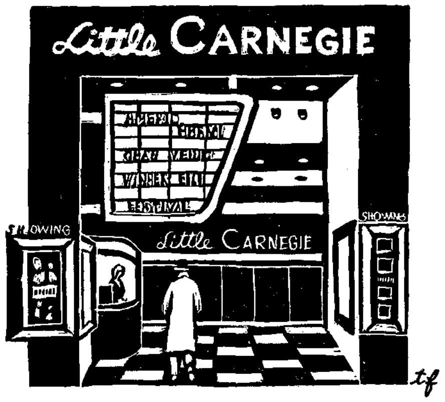


FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION

The Absent-Minded Professor—In the funniest scene of this funny picture, reminiscent of the golden days of Mack Sennett, a basketball team defeats its opponents by bouncing off the ground and darting about in midair. The secret is a magic substance called Flubber. Fred MacMurray, as the man who concocts it, is a model of academic preoccupation. (Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th, CI 6-4600.)

Ballad of a Soldier—A Soviet film about the war that is less a drama than a collection of memorable photographic essays. Director Grigori Chukhrai tells his story about a young soldier's short leave by concentrating on the faces of two young lovers, played by Vladimir Ivashov and Shanna Prokhorenko, and viewing the carnage through their guileless and tragically youthful gaze. (Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th, MU 5-7652.)

Ben-Hur—This version of the ancient war horse offers Charlton Heston as the rich, spiritual, and muscular Mediterranean athlete. (State, B'way at 45th, JU 2-5070. Weekdays at 8 and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2. Reserved seats only.)

Breathless—A brilliant, nervous, consistently exciting New Wave film from France, written and directed by Jean-Luc Godard. Photographed in Paris, it tells the story of a young car thief and his American mistress, and manages, without obviousness or moralizing, to comprehend the very modern nihilism that drives them to their doom. Jean-Paul Belmondo and Jean Seberg are the young lovers in what must be called a contemporary masterpiece. (Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th, PL 5-6030.)

Days of Thrills and Laughter—Charlie Chaplin in prisoner's stripes, Douglas Fairbanks in a cowboy suit, and Pearl White in peril are just three of the many delights in this collection of samples from antique movies, some of them over forty years old. Robert Youngson prepared the sampler and an amusing, informative narration to go with it. (68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302.)

Don Quixote—Cervantes' picaresque classic in a faithful, sometimes dull, but largely rewarding translation into Russian, of all things. Director Grigory Kozintsev's extraordinary eye for color, and a marvellously sensitive performance by Nikolai Cherkasov, who plays the Mad Knight, outweigh the oversimplicities of the plot and the misfortune of an awkward job of dubbing. (55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th, JU 6-4590.)

Elmer Gantry—Dark doings among the revivalist crowd in the twenties, as interpreted, often cogently, by Richard Brooks, who based his findings on the Sinclair Lewis novel. Burt Lancaster and Jean Simmons are the most conspicuous Gospel shouters, and Edward Andrews, Arthur Kennedy, Dean Jagger, and Shirley Jones render excellent support. (R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th, EL 5-3577; Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th, AT 9-4607; and Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166; starting April 19.)

The Entertainer—Laurence Olivier gives a stunning performance as a hard-drinking, lascivious, and thoroughly untalented music-hall singer and dancer. No use pretending the film will make you feel good; still, it would be a shame to miss Olivier at the very top of his bent, ably assisted by Joan Plowright, Brenda de Banzie, and Roger Livesey. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; starting April 14.)

Exodus—The new heavyweight champion, weighing in at three hours and forty-five minutes, shows an unfortunate preference for dialectics over fighting. Otto Preminger has lavished so much time and caution on this film version of the best-seller that the battle for Israel often resembles a high-school debate on the subject of tolerance. Paul Newman, Ralph Richardson, Eva Marie Saint, and Lee J. Cobb are the chief filibusters. (Warner, B'way at 47th, CO 5-5711. Weekdays at 8 and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées daily at 2. Reserved seats only.)

The Love Game—*La nouvelle vague* brings us this charming picture, and it is pleasant to discover that the latest fashion in comedy appears to be the very old fashion of provoking laughter. A truly funny French import, in which an attractive pair of lovers quarrels and makes up in the streets, shops, night clubs, and green purlieus of Paris, and oh, how young you will feel, watching them! (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; starting April 14.)

The Misfits—The presence and performances of Marilyn Monroe and the late Clark Gable (who are exactly right for their parts) and some fine work by Montgomery Clift, Eli Wallach, and Thelma Ritter do not, alas, make up for a startlingly sentimental and obvious script by Arthur Miller. John Huston directed this modern Western about cowboys and divorcées. (72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; through April 18, tentative.)

One Eyed Jacks—As the director of this movie about revenge in the old West, Marlon Brando has supplied a good many new ideas and twisted a good many standard ones into new shapes. As its star, his performance as a bandit and killer is unpredictable and nothing short of brilliant. (Capitol, B'way at 51st, JU 2-5060.)

A Raisin in the Sun—Ruby Dee, Claudia McNeil, Sidney Poitier, and Diana Sands head the cast of this movie about the domestic fun and domestic clashes of a Negro family. Most, though not all, of the clashes are the result of a check for ten thousand dollars that points the way out of the Chicago slum in which the family is stuck. (Forum, B'way at 47th, PL 7-8320; and Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd, PL 3-2434.)

Saturday Night and Sunday Morning—In his own adaptation of his novel about a defiant young factory worker in a British provincial city, Alan Sillitoe has provided the actors with some of the most pungent dialogue to be heard in any movie in years. Albert Finney, who plays the leading role, is a delightful embodiment of the Bronx cheer. (Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, EL 5-1663.)

School for Scoundrels—A breezy acting out of Stephen Potter's well-known principles of gamesmanship and lifemanship. Professor Potter is played by Alastair Sim, and his apt pupil is Ian Carmichael, who, once he gets the hang of one-upmanship, makes glorious hash of a formidable rival, the terrible-tempered Terry-Thomas. One of the brightest of the English imports. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; April 16-17.)

Shadows—An episodic movie, all of it improvised by a group of young and unfamiliar players under the directorial guidance of John Cassavetes. The results of the improvisations are always surprising and, occasionally, quite wonderful. (New Embassy, B'way at 46th, PL 7-2408.)

The Sundowners—A cheerful if somewhat simple-minded account of the joys and despairs of a family of sheep drovers in the Australian outback. Juniors will probably like the crunchy sweetness of the story more than their parents, but all hands will enjoy the wildlife that hops about in the handsome scenery. Fred Zinnemann is responsible for this Technicolor road show, and Robert Mitchum, Deborah Kerr, Peter Ustinov, and Michael Anderson, Jr., are the principal tourists. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; April 16-18.)

The Threepenny Opera—A 1931 German interpretation of the musical effort that has been playing around Manhattan for about forty years. The movie shows its age, as well it might, but the cast is willing and able, the songs are lively, and Lotte Lenya is on hand to see that justice is done the Kurt Weill music. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., OR 4-3210; April 13.)

Tunes of Glory—Sir Alec Guinness wins the actor's Victoria Cross for his daring and endlessly subtle performance as an alcoholic colonel who destroys his enemy and himself in a frightening struggle for the command of a peacetime Highland regiment. John Mills is almost as fine as Sir Alec, and Dennis Price, Kay Walsh, and Gordon Jackson also flash their tartans. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th, CI 6-3454.)

Two-Way Stretch—A broad and happy farce, showing exactly how to break out of a progressive British prison, steal a truckload of diamonds, and break back in again, all in the same night. Peter Sellers is wickedly funny as the chief jailbird, and he gets talented help from Wilfrid Hyde White, David Lodge, and Bernard Cribbins. (Guild, 33 W. 50th, PL 7-2406.)

REVIVALS

Forbidden Games (1952)—A French film about the effect of war and death on two small children. With Brigitte Fossey and Georges Poujouly. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874.)

The Forgotten Village (1941)—John Steinbeck's semi-documentary about a Mexican hamlet. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; April 13.)

He Who Must Die (1958)—A French picture about some Greek villagers who, in the course of staging a Passion play, unwittingly revert to the original roles. With Pierre Vaneck and Melina Mercouri. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; April 13.)

Hiroshima, Mon Amour (1960)—A French film that describes the doomed love of a Frenchwoman for a Japanese. Directed by Alain Resnais, and with Emmanuelle Riva and Eiji Okada in the leading roles. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; through April 15. . . . ¶ Midtown, B'way at 100th, AC 2-1200; through April 18.)

The King and I (1956)—Deborah Kerr and Yul Brynner in the Rodgers and Hammerstein musical. (Rivoli, B'way at 49th, CI 7-1633.)

The Lost Weekend (1945)—The prize-winning temperance lecture. Ray Milland, Jane Wyman, and Howard Da Silva. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; through April 19.)

Roman Holiday (1953)—A princess slips away from her entourage in Rome and winds up seeing the sights with an American newspaperman and a photographer. Audrey Hepburn, Gregory Peck, and Eddie Albert. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; through April 19.)

Room at the Top (1959)—The difficulties of a young man of lowly birth who is trying to make his way upstream against all the social pressures of small-town society. An English film, with Laurence Harvey and Simone Signoret. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; April 18-19.)

Rosemary (1960)—A sardonic view of some get-rich-quick operators in post-Nazi Frankfurt. A German film, based on a true story and starring Nadja Tiller. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; April 18-19.)

Sous les Toits de Paris (1930)—Early René Clair film. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., OR 4-3210; starting April 14.)

Tiger Bay (1959)—Hayley Mills as a lively small fry who witnesses a murder in Cardiff. An English film. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; through April 19, tentative.)

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—See listing under "Other Events," page 13.

THE MOVIE HOUSES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				13	14	15
16	17	18	19			

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

THE BROADWAY AREA

Astor, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240) "The Hoodlum Priest," Don Murray.

Capitol, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060) **ONE EYED JACKS.**

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796) "Pepe," Cantinflas, Dan Dailey, Shirley Jones.

DeMille, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CO 5-8431) "Spartacus," Kirk Douglas, Laurence Olivier. (Weekdays at 8:15 and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

Forum, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-8320) **A RAISIN IN THE SUN.**

Henry Miller, 124 W. 43rd. (BR 9-3970) From April 19, at 8: "La Dolce Vita" (in Italian), Marcello Mastroianni, Anita Ekberg. (Opening night is a benefit for the Donald Wolin Leukemia Research Fund. For tickets, call YU 6-3338.)

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600) **THE ABSENT-MINDED PROFESSOR.**

New Embassy, B'way at 46th. (PL 7-2408) **SHADOWS.**

Palace, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-2626) "The Great Impostor," Tony Curtis, Edmond O'Brien.

Paramount, B'way at 43rd. (WI 7-9400) "All Hands on Deck," Pat Boone, Barbara Eden.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633) **THE KING AND I,** revival.

State, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070) **BEN-HUR.**

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540) "All in a Night's Work," Dean Martin, Shirley MacLaine.

Warner, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711) **EXODUS.**

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014) Through April 19 (tentative): **TIGER BAY,** revival.

Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th. (GR 3-2277) Through April 18: "The Millionairess," Sophia Loren, Peter Sellers; and "Circle of Deception," Bradford Dillman, Suzy Parker.
From April 19: "Portrait of a Mobster," Vic Morrow; and "A Fever in the Blood," Efrem Zimbalist, Jr., Angie Dickinson.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660) Through April 18 (tentative): "Can-Can," revival, Frank Sinatra, Shirley MacLaine.
From April 19 (tentative): "Make Mine Mink," Terry-Thomas, Athene Seyler; and "The Adulteress" (in French), revival, Simone Signoret, Raf Vallone.

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (MU 5-7652) **BALLAD OF A SOLDIER** (in Russian).

Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd. (PL 3-2434) **A RAISIN IN THE SUN.**

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411) "The League of Gentlemen," Jack Hawkins, Nigel Patrick.

R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th. (EL 5-3577) Through April 15: "The Millionairess," Sophia Loren, Peter Sellers; and "Circle of Deception," Bradford Dillman, Suzy Parker.
April 16-18: "Go Naked in the World," Gina Lollobrigida, Anthony Franciosa; and "Thunder in Carolina," Rory Calhoun.
From April 19: **ELMER GANTRY;** and "The Apartment," revival, Jack Lemmon, Shirley MacLaine.

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030) **BREATHLESS** (in French).

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320) "Never on Sunday" (in Greek and English), Melina Mercouri, Jules Dassin.

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663) **SATURDAY NIGHT AND SUNDAY MORNING.**

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622) "L'Avventura" (in Italian), Monica Vitti, Gabriele Ferzetti.

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302) **DAYS OF THRILLS AND LAUGHTER.**

72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304) Through April 18 (tentative): **THE MISFITS.**
From April 19 (tentative): "101 Dalmatians," a full-length Walt Disney cartoon.

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180) "The Great Impostor," Tony Curtis, Edmond O'Brien.

R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900) Through April 18: "The Millionairess," Sophia Loren, Peter Sellers; and "Circle of Deception," Bradford Dillman, Suzy Parker.
From April 19: "Portrait of a Mobster," Vic Morrow; and "A Fever in the Blood," Efrem Zimbalist, Jr., Angie Dickinson.

Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607) Through April 18: "Go Naked in the World," Gina Lollobrigida, Anthony Franciosa; and "Thunder in Carolina," Rory Calhoun.
From April 19: **ELMER GANTRY;** and "The Apartment," revival, Jack Lemmon, Shirley MacLaine.

WEST SIDE

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (OR 4-3210) April 13: **THE THREEPENNY OPERA** (in German).
From April 14: **SOUS LES TOITS DE PARIS** (in French), revival; and "Love in the City" (in Italian).

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8038) Through April 15: "A Lesson in Love" (in Swedish), Eva Dahlbeck, Gunnar Björnstrand; and "Come Dance with Me!" (in French), Brigitte Bardot, Henri Vidal.
April 16-17: **SCHOOL FOR SCOUNDRELS;** and "Expresso Bongo," revival, Laurence Harvey, Sylvia Syms.
April 18-19: **ROOM AT THE TOP,** revival; and **ROSEMARY** (in German), revival.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874) **FORBIDDEN GAMES** (in French), revival; and "Back Streets of Paris" (in French), revival, Françoise Rosay.

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339) "The Virgin Spring" (in Swedish), Max von Sydow, Gunnel Lindblom.

Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166) Through April 18: "Go Naked in the World," Gina Lollobrigida, Anthony Franciosa; and "Thunder in Carolina," Rory Calhoun.
From April 19: **ELMER GANTRY;** and "The Apartment," revival, Jack Lemmon, Shirley MacLaine.

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350) Through April 15: **HIROSHIMA, MON AMOUR** (in French), revival; and "Panic in the Parlor," revival, Peggy Mount.
April 16-18: **THE SUNDOWNERS.**
From April 19: "Make Mine Mink," Terry-Thomas, Athene Seyler.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406) **TWO-WAY STRETCH.**

55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th. (JU 6-4590) **DON QUIXOTE.**

Trans-Lux Normandie, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448) "All in a Night's Work," Dean Martin, Shirley MacLaine.

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-3454) **TUNES OF GLORY.**

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-0134) "Love and the Frenchwoman" (in French), Martine Carol, Dany Robin.

Loew's 83rd St., B'way at 83rd. (TR 7-3190) Through April 18: "Go Naked in the World," Gina Lollobrigida, Anthony Franciosa; and "Thunder in Carolina," Rory Calhoun.
From April 19: "Butterfield 8," Elizabeth Taylor, Laurence Harvey.

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189) Through April 19: **THE LOST WEEKEND,** revival; and **ROMAN HOLIDAY,** revival.

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600) Through April 16: "The Wackiest Ship in the Army," Jack Lemmon, Ricky Nelson; and "Blueprint for Robbery," J. Pat O'Malley.
From April 17, at 7: "They Were Ten" (in Hebrew), Oded Teomi.

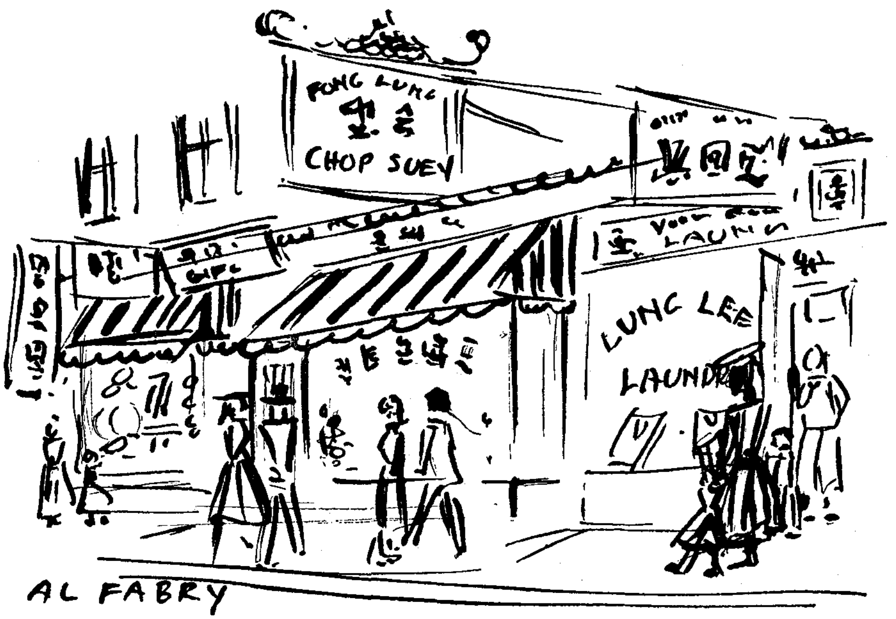
Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370) April 13: **HE WHO MUST DIE** (in French), revival; and **THE FORGOTTEN VILLAGE,** revival.
From April 14: **THE ENTERTAINER;** and **THE LOVE GAME** (in French).

Riverside, B'way at 96th. (MO 3-4530) Through April 18: "The Sins of Rachel Cade," Angie Dickinson, Peter Finch; and "Gold of Seven Saints," Clint Walker.
From April 19: "Portrait of a Mobster," Vic Morrow; and "A Fever in the Blood," Efrem Zimbalist, Jr., Angie Dickinson.

Midtown, B'way at 100th. (AC 2-1200) Through April 18: **HIROSHIMA, MON AMOUR** (in French), revival.
From April 19: "Make Mine Mink," Terry-Thomas, Athene Seyler.

Olympia, B'way at 107th. (UN 5-8128) Through April 18: "Go Naked in the World," Gina Lollobrigida, Anthony Franciosa; and "Thunder in Carolina," Rory Calhoun.
From April 19: "Butterfield 8," Elizabeth Taylor, Laurence Harvey.

Nemo, B'way at 110th. (MO 6-8210) Through April 18: "The Millionairess," Sophia Loren, Peter Sellers; and "Circle of Deception," Bradford Dillman, Suzy Parker.
From April 19: "Portrait of a Mobster," Vic Morrow; and "A Fever in the Blood," Efrem Zimbalist, Jr., Angie Dickinson.



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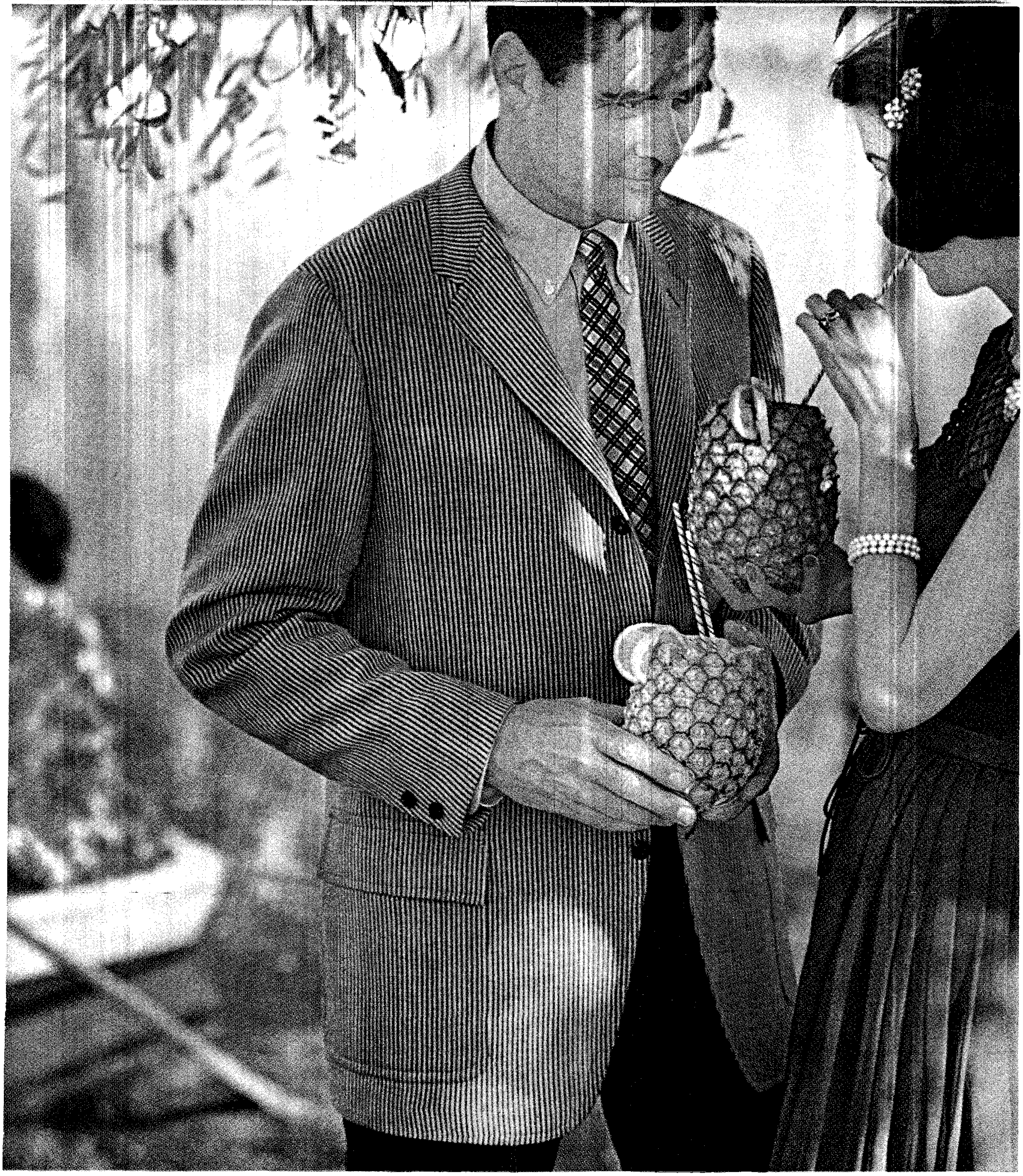

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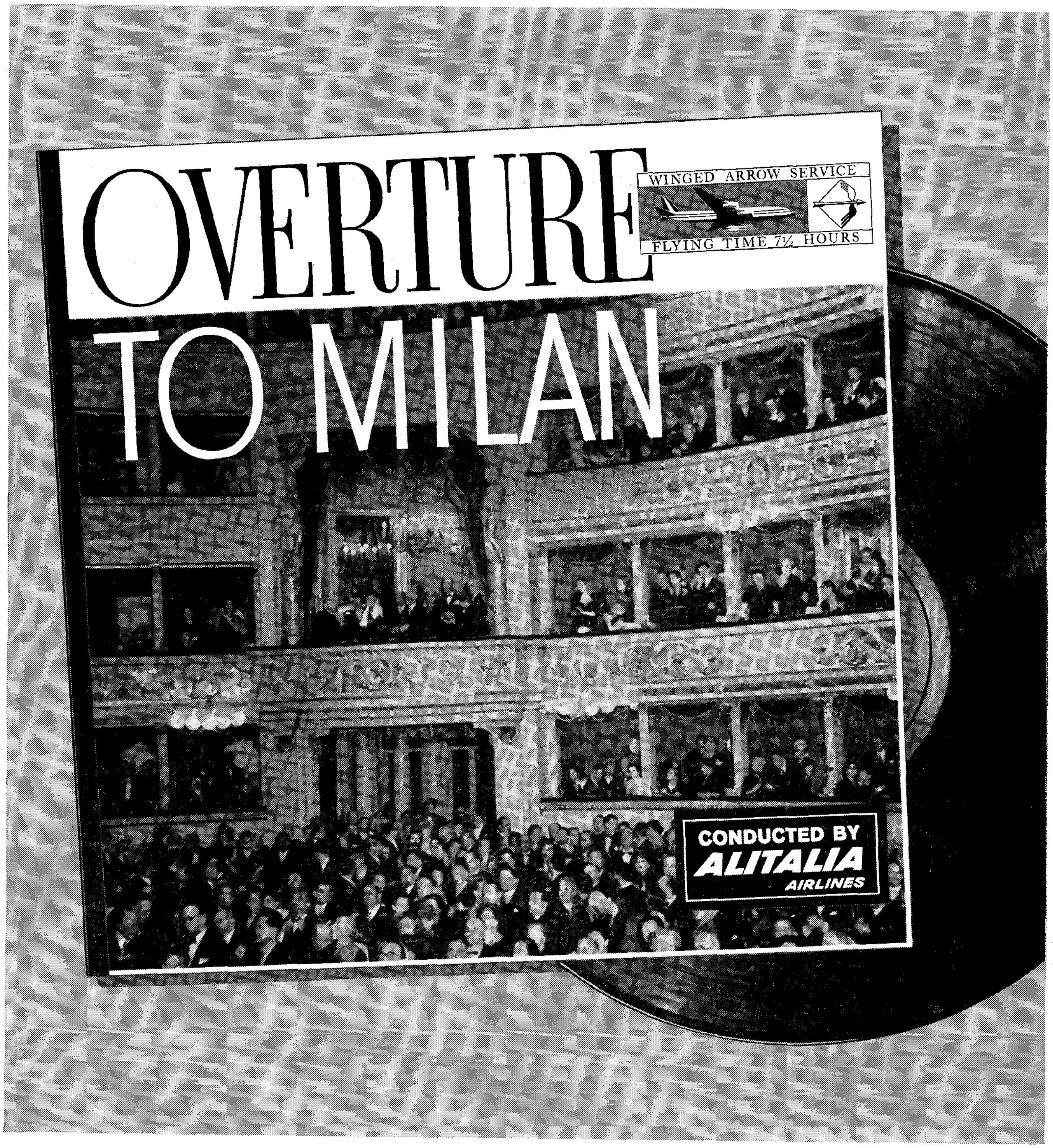

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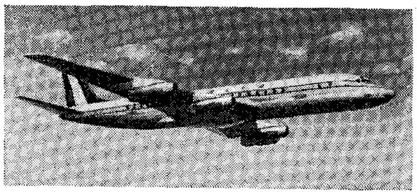

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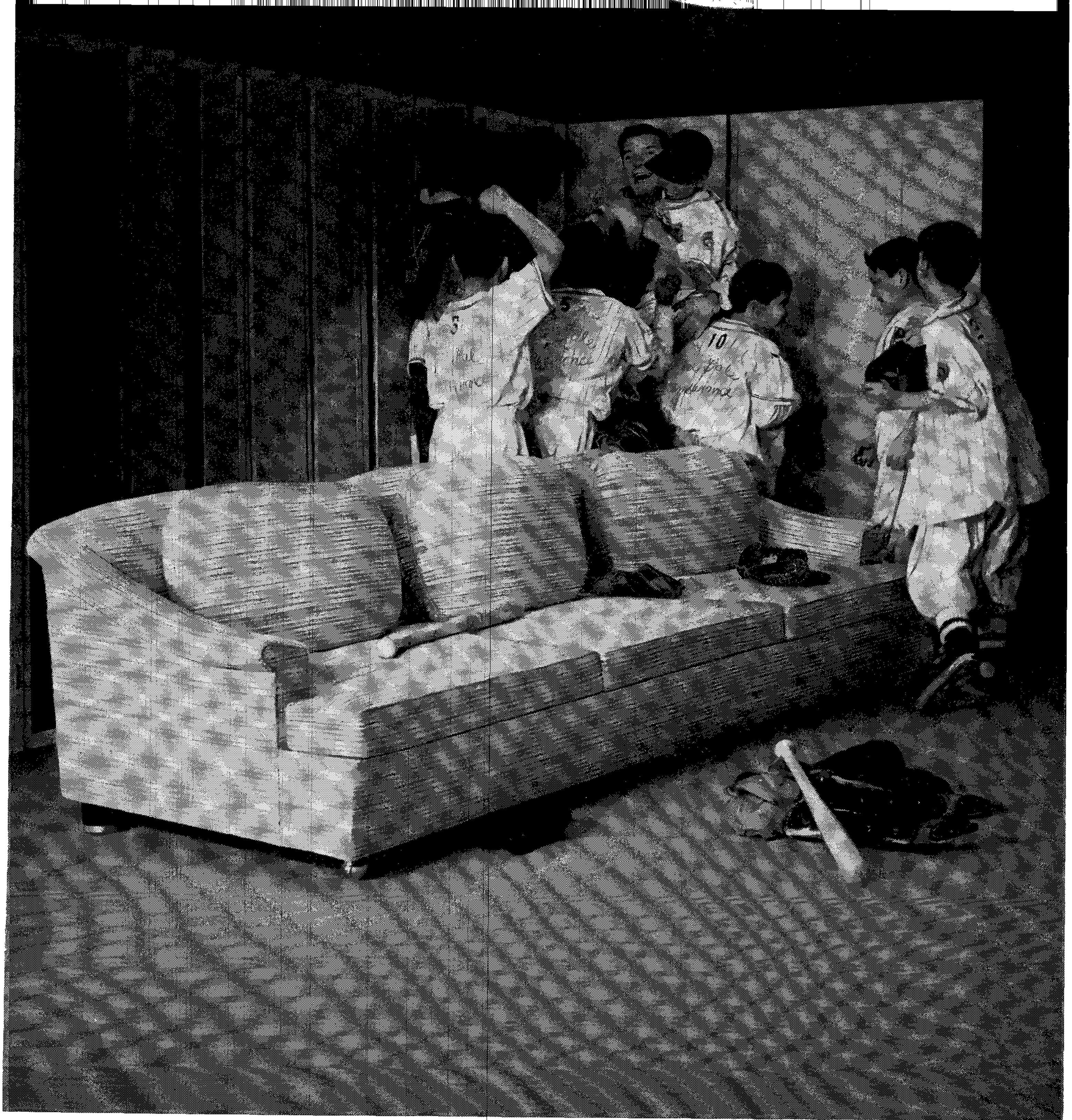

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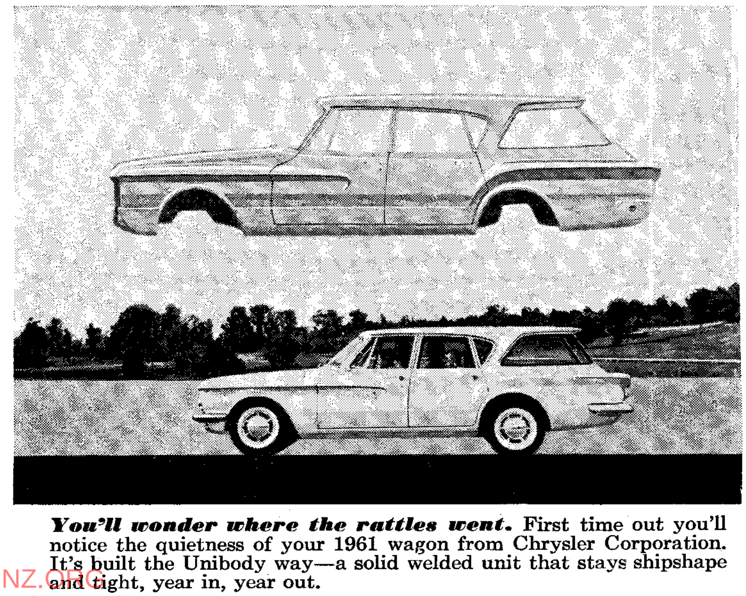

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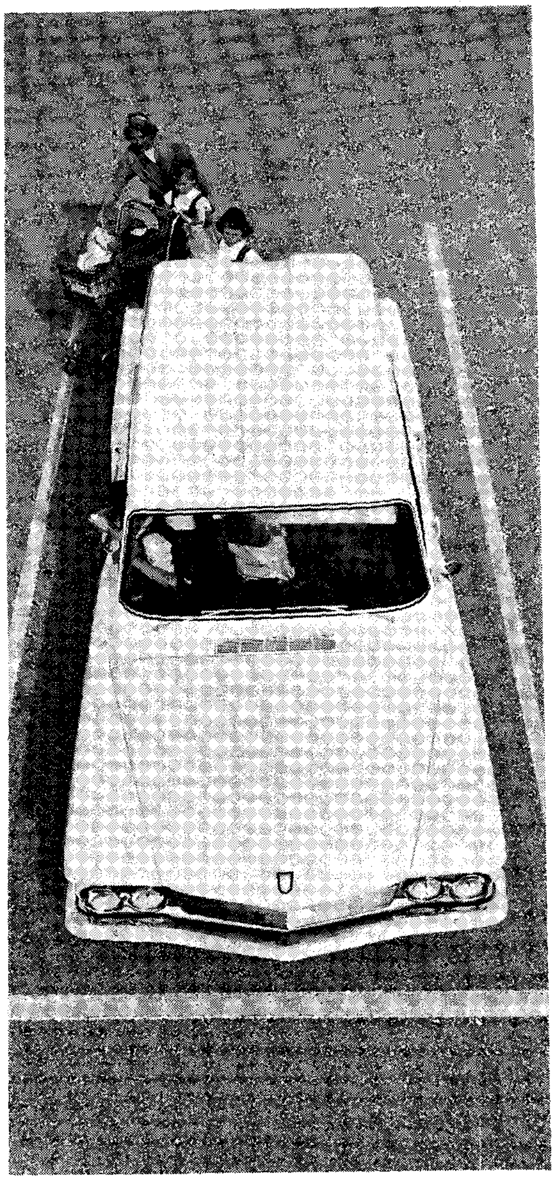

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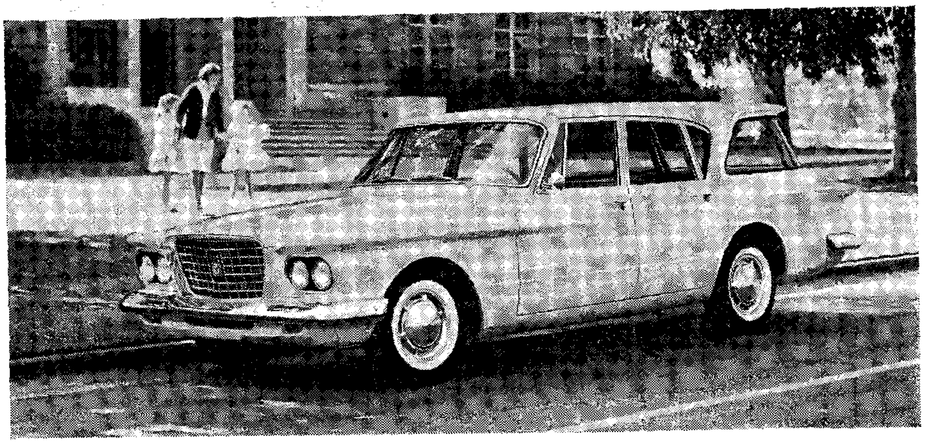

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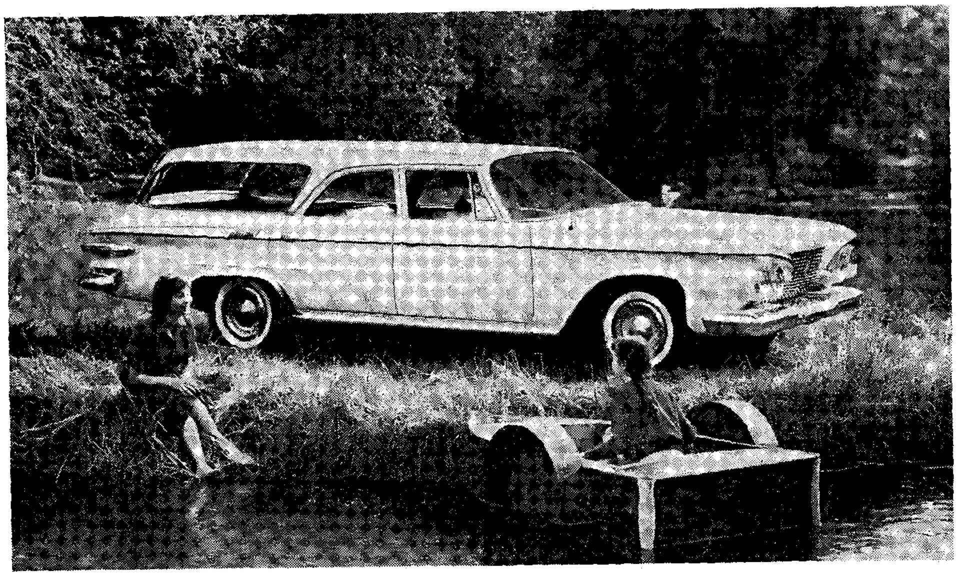

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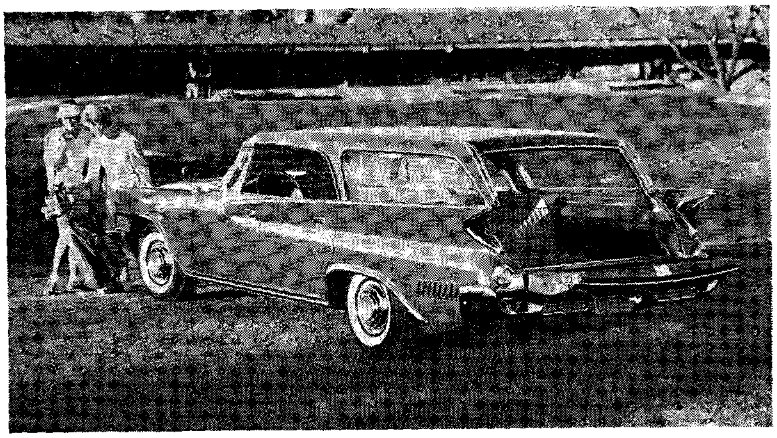

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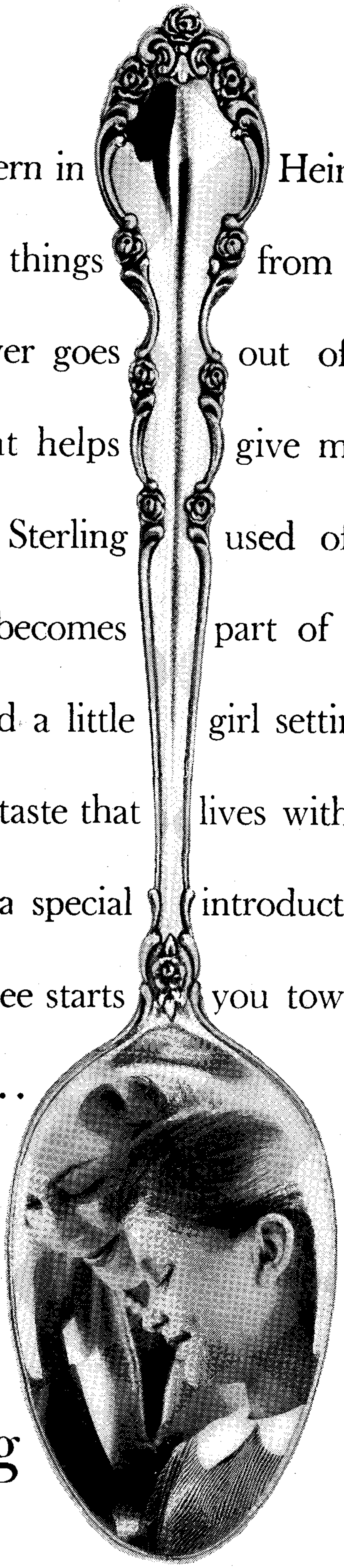

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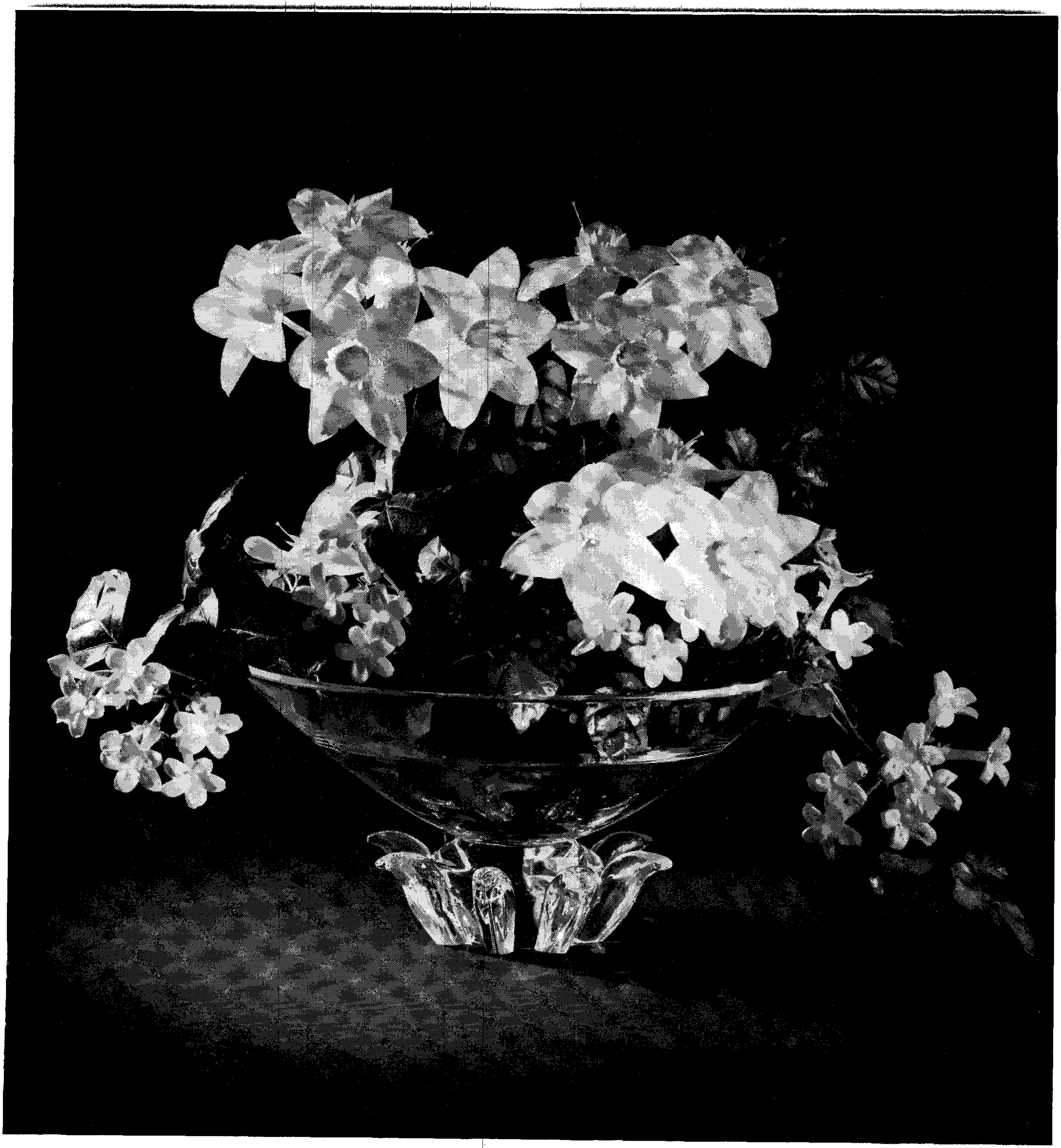

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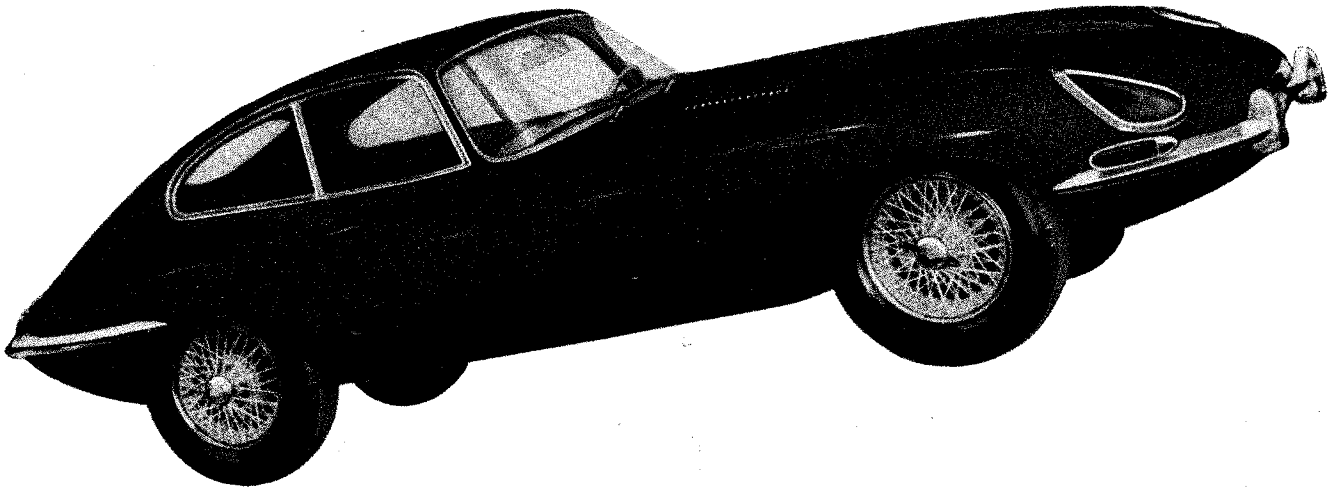
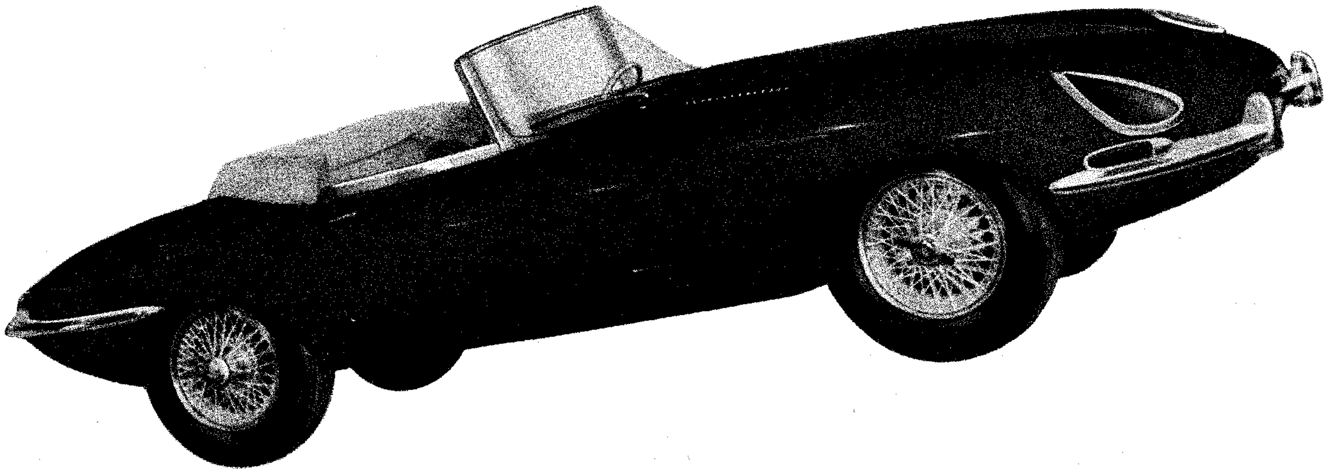
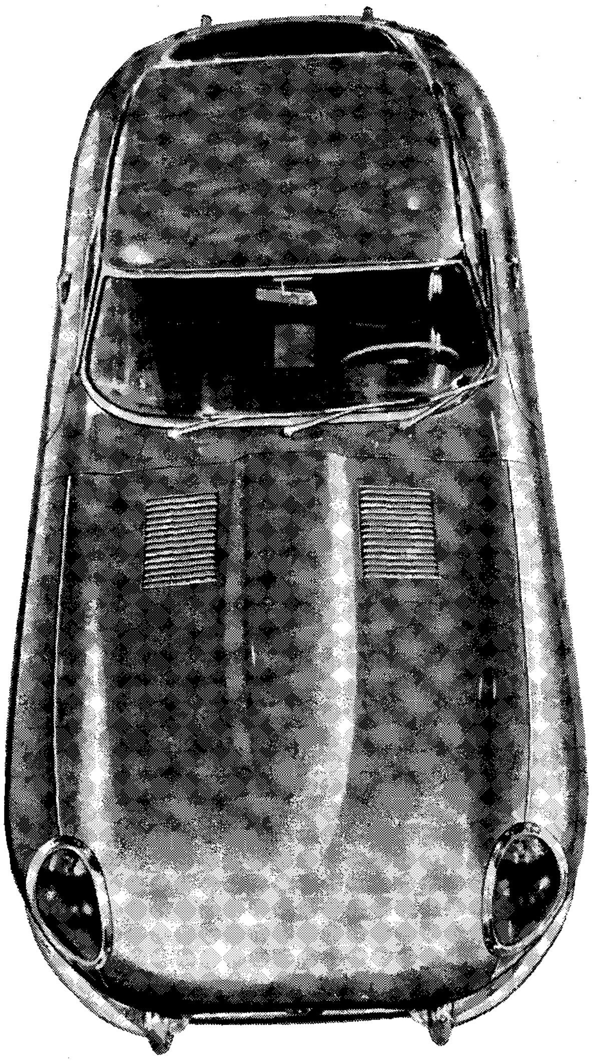
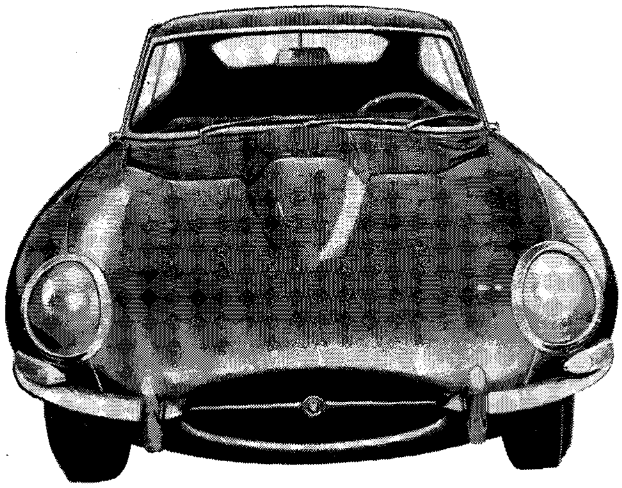




THIS IS THE NEW JAGUAR XK-E!

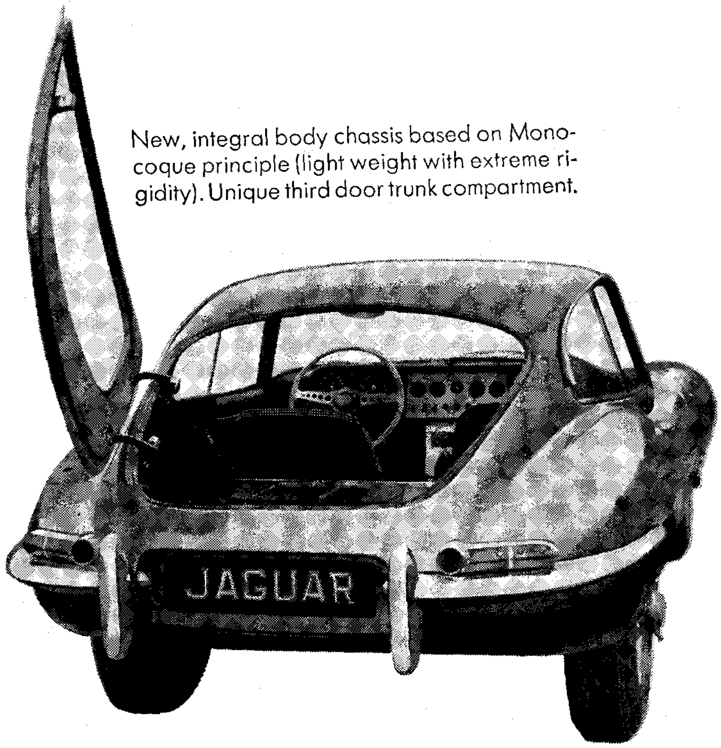


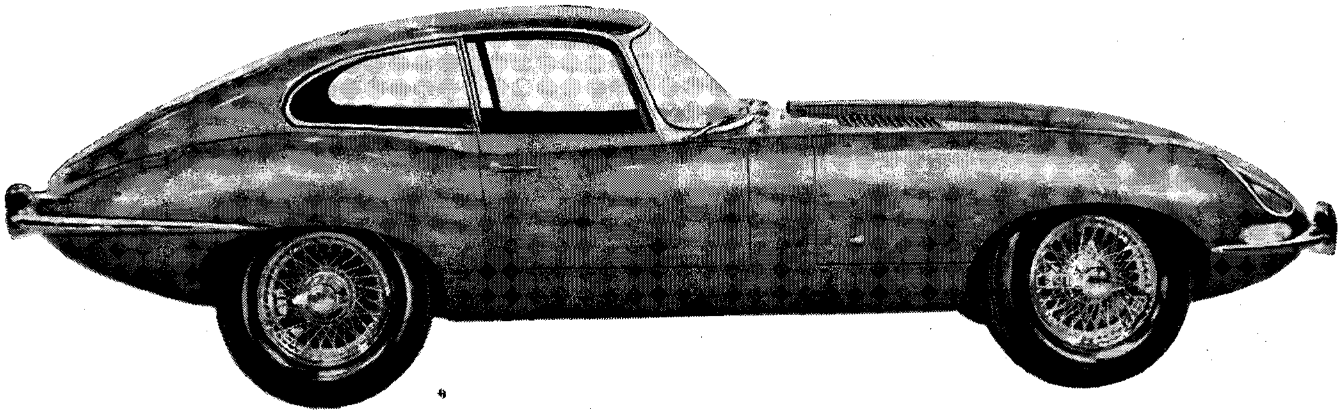
The Jaguar XK-E is the first truly new production sports car design in more than a decade. Develops 265 bhp at 5,500 rpm. One of the fastest production sports cars ever offered for public sale, the XK-E has a maximum speed of 150 mph.



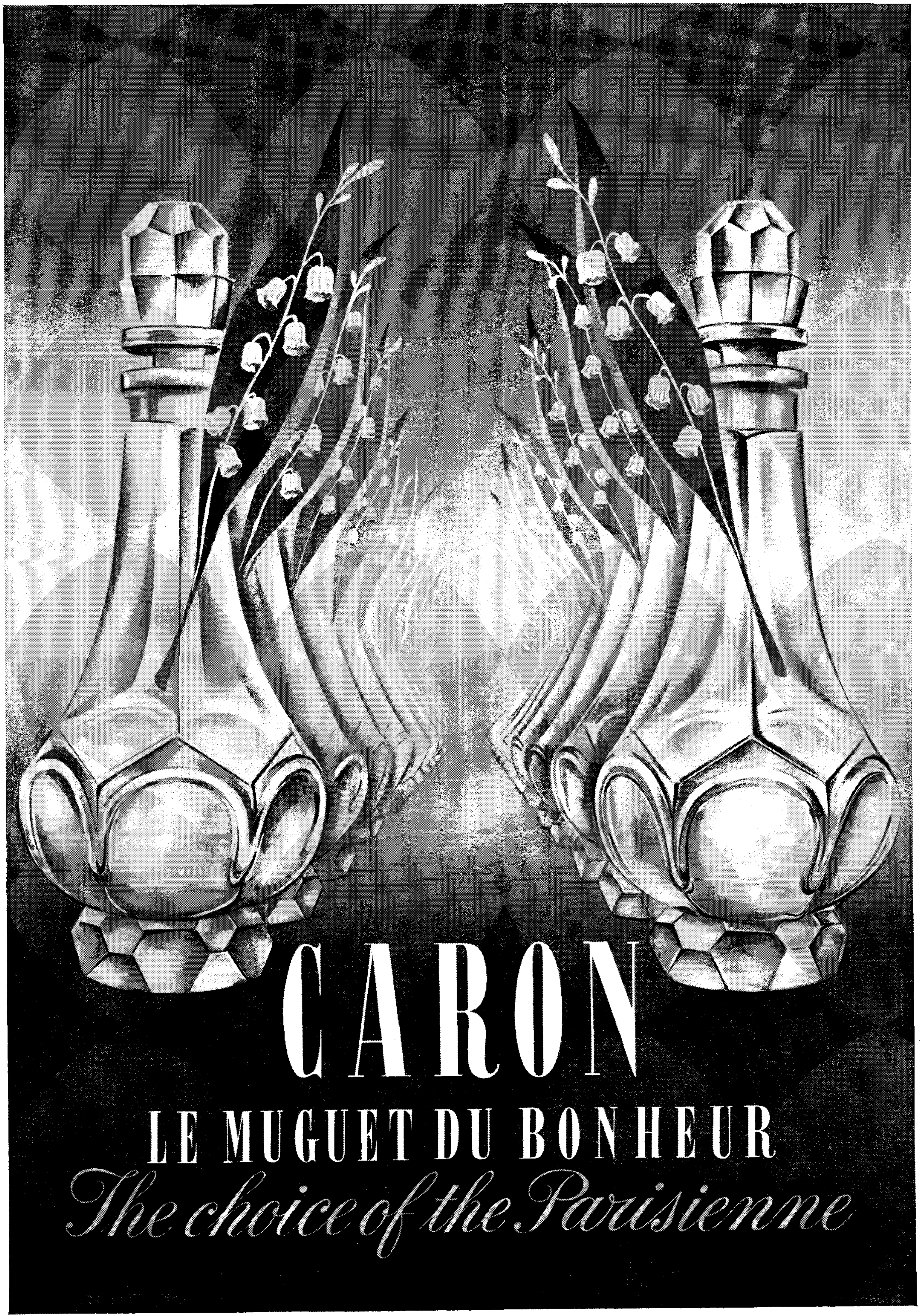
Champion, race-tested E-type 3.8 litre triple carburetor engine. Disc brakes and independent suspension on all four wheels.

New, integral body chassis based on Monocoque principle (light weight with extreme rigidity). Unique third door trunk compartment.





Choice of two aerodynamic bodies: open two-seater with interchangeable hard or soft top, and all-steel coupe. See your local Jaguar dealer or write Jaguar Cars Inc., 32 East 57th Street, New York 22, N. Y.


CARON
LE MUGUET DU BONHEUR
The choice of the Parisienne

© Caron, 1959

THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

THE best news we have heard in the last couple of weeks comes from a "semi-secret" organization known as the John Birch Society, which is dedicated to "fighting Communism." The good news is that the founder and head of the society has discovered each of the following persons to be a Communist agent: Dwight D. Eisenhower, the former President of the United States; Earl Warren, the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court; the late John Foster Dulles, who was Secretary of State; and Allen W. Dulles, the director of the Central Intelligence Agency. At first glance, admittedly, there is something almost frightening in the thought that so many Communists were able to creep into such high positions in the government. But upon mature reflection the reader will perceive the heartening side of this disclosure. It proves the Communists to be a piffling sort of menace. With the executive and judicial branches of the government safely in their hands, they were utterly unable to make their designs effective upon, or even apparent to, the rest of the nation. So disorganized were they, indeed, that the heads of Communist governments abroad obviously never were informed that America was under Soviet control, and often spoke very harshly, and by name, of their American agents. The conclusion seems inescapable that America is able to absorb any number of such conspirators with no ill effects whatever.

Grateful as we are to the John Birch people for so encouraging a revelation, we nevertheless look upon the group, with some irritation, as an upstart in the field. As it happens, we are a member of a sort of semi-secret organization ourself—one that has been in continuous existence for nearly two hundred years. To be sure, its attention has not been wholly fastened on fighting Communism, but it has done quite a lot of good work, in its way. There are some who believe that this organization, whose members have infiltrated every craft and profession, deserves much of the credit for America's enjoyment of the oldest unaltered system of government in the world. The membership is impressively large, and, unlike that of the Communist Party or the John Birch Society, it is not composed of secret cells. In fact, the only real secrecy concerns the election of officers, which is performed in jealously guarded privacy. The rules of membership are few and basic, but upon many matters there is an unspoken consensus. It is generally considered bad form, for instance, for one member lightly and frivolously to accuse another of treachery—although it has been known to happen. The members receive no gaudy uniforms—not even so much as an armband—but each does receive a title. It is not an imposing title, we suppose, but it makes up in homely dignity whatever it may lack in romance, and to some members, at least, it has a certain glamour of its own. The title, dear John Birch Society, is Citizen.

Vision

WE slipped into the Fifth Annual International Automobile Show, at the Coliseum, last week just long enough to learn that if fins and fishtails are things of the past—and the not very distant past, at that—they are also very much to be reckoned with in the future. There were some half-dozen futuristic experimental models among the four hundred cars at the show, every one of them a throwback to the finny fifties, and a product of a new science the motor industry calls visioneering.

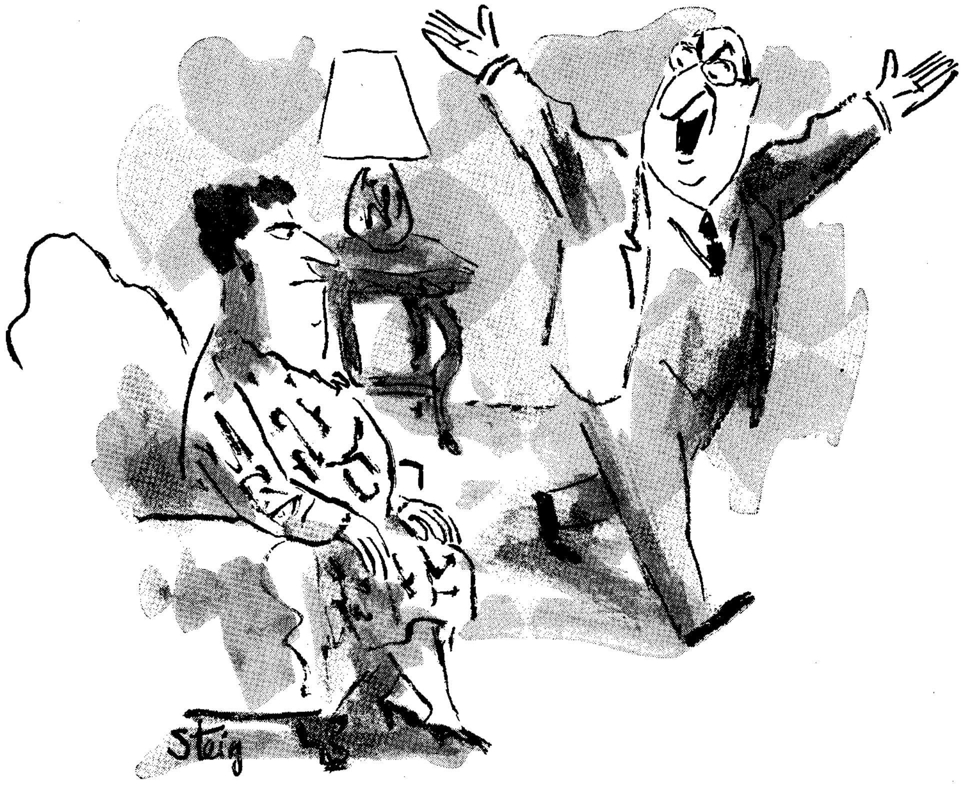
Our first glimpse into the future was by way of the Ford Motor Company's vision, the Gyron, swept back and delta-shaped—two hundred and nine inches of fin so low we could almost see over the roof sitting down. We asked the Ford operative, a young lady in a futuristic white leotard, whether Ford expected people to get increasingly stoop-shouldered. "Oh, no," she said, patting her nose with a contemporary powder puff. "The two seats are luxurious chaise longues; the driver will be in a reclining position, and he can even take a nap at the wheel, as there is an automatic pilot. Actually, there is no wheel; awake, he steers with a dial, and he can see road conditions ahead through a snooperscope—a television set using infrared light, so it doesn't matter how dark or foggy it is outside. The car rides on two wheels, like a bicycle—Ford wants to get away from the old carriage idea of a rectangular box with a wheel at each corner—and it's balanced by a gyroscope and two outrigger wheels, which retract, like an airplane's, when the car moves. Best of all, you'll never run out of gas, because the car uses fuel cells."

We asked for a glimpse of the engine, and were told that the Ford visioneers had not got around to that.

"Won't people in the future have families or carry baggage?" a lad at our side asked pertinently, staring hard at the two chaise longues, which took up all the room.

"Yes," she replied, "but they'll ride only in pairs, and they'll send their luggage on ahead."

We moved off to encounter a further bit of visioneering, the Simca Fulgur, which is a stubby car with two great wings sticking out of the back, as though a large bird had crashed halfway through the trunk. Although the Fulgur, which is designed to operate on electric power, has the full complement of four wheels, it would run largely on the rear two, for the snout, tapered like the bow of a motorboat, would lift off the



"I'm stingy, I'm ugly, I'm a rotten father, and everything that's wrong with the world is my fault, right?"

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ground at speeds over ninety miles an hour; the wings in the rear would do the steering. The Fulgur is equipped with radar, and a magnetic-induction system would guide the car along a wire embedded in the road. Six storage batteries would give it a range of three thousand miles. "By the time the batteries are invented," the attendant said, "the Fulgur may well be obsolete." We said we hoped not.

In search of more tangible visions, we stopped at the stall of the National Union Electric Corporation, which is already in its second year of marketing an electric car, the Henney Kilowatt. The compact Kilowatt, which sells for thirty-six hundred and fifty dollars, has a maximum speed of thirty miles an hour and a range of sixty miles, after which it requires ten hours' recharging. "It's an ideal second car," the salesman said aggressively. "Second cars are driven an average of twenty-four miles a day and at an average clip of under thirty miles an hour, so the Kilowatt fills the bill nicely. If you drive your Kilowatt out to dinner, you can recharge it by plugging it into your host's outlet. It could give you an excuse to stay overnight." He hastily added that this state of affairs wouldn't last; he foresaw a day when almost inexhaustible batteries would be developed, and he assured us that when that day came the Kilowatt would be a *first* car.

Ascending an escalator, we found ourself face to face with the finny Chrysler of the future, not strikingly different in appearance from the Chrysler of the past. Athwart the tail fins, which sprout rakishly from a set of smaller fins, is a metal tray that, when tilted upright, would act as an aerodynamic brake. The headlights are retractable, not to interfere with whooshing air. The dashboard is of leather, to cut glare inside the car, and on it, besides the old familiar dials, is a pyrometer, to measure air temperature at the intake of the turbine engine. Whenever a door opens, the roof pops up, to permit easy entry, and when the door closes, the roof clamps shut, like a clamshell.

Moving toward the exit, we became convinced that the motor companies are trying to hasten the future by destroying their present models. We found a Mercury being jiggled unmercifully while a ping-pong ball remained stationary on its hood; the front half of the chassis of a Corvair being jounced about as its body was shunted up and down a pole; and an entire Oldsmobile turning somersaults in the air, as though it were being barbecued. Farther on, a Volkswagen, slit like a fried banana, was wagged in the air by its tail, and then we encountered a General Motors man who urged us, without success, to jump up and down on the hood of a Corvette.

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INCIDENTAL INTELLIGENCE: The Sears, Roebuck store in Charlotte, North Carolina, recently advertised "Plastic-Like Leather Handbags."

Fund Founder

THE Musicians Emergency Fund, which has created four and a half million dollars' worth of employment for musicians and has established musical-therapy programs in over sixty veterans' hospitals since 1931, recently gave a recital by Rudolf Firkusny, followed by a supper party, to celebrate its thirtieth anniversary—a milestone that *we* celebrated by calling up Mrs. Hermann Irion, permanent executive director of the Fund and one of its five founders.

"Meet me for lunch at the New York Athletic Club," she said unexpectedly.

Gaining the eleventh-floor dining room of this immense *Turnverein*, at the end of a corridor lined with silver cups, we found our hostess to be a pretty, diminutive woman bearing up nicely under a sizable hat composed of rose-and-pink blossoms.

We asked Mrs. Irion whether she plays squash racquets or squash tennis.

"It's really my husband's club," she said. "I belong to the Colony myself. He's ninety-one, but he still comes here for lunch."

Mrs. Irion, who was for many years a successful concert pianist under her maiden name, Yolanda Mero, hails from Budapest, where her father taught piano, violin, and conducting. "His last post was at the Military Academy of Mostar, in Herzegovina," she said. "He lived to be a hundred and three. He had gallstones all his life, but he didn't let that or anything else bother him. He started me on the piano at five and sent me to the Conservatory at six. My teacher at the Conservatory was a pupil of Liszt's, Augusta Rennebaum. I made my début at the Royal, in Budapest, when I was fourteen."

The next few years found Miss Mero playing in Germany, Holland, France, and England, and in 1909, in England, she met the late Charles Steinway, president of Steinway & Sons, who was impressed by some records she had made. "Steinway used to bring European pianists over here then—they brought Paderewski over—and Mr. Steinway signed me up for thirty concerts, all over the country," she said. "Then, back home in Budapest before I sailed, I got a letter from the Steinway manager, Mr. Ernest Urchs, suggesting that I play Beethoven's Concerto in E Flat—the so-called 'Emperor' Concerto—at my opening concert. I had sense enough to know that a young person playing this impressive and supposedly difficult work would get hell in the newspapers, so I cabled 'No.' My future husband was then an officer at Steinway's in New York. I found out later that Mr. Steinway had asked him to meet me at the boat but that, knowing about the cable, he had said, 'I won't meet that terrible woman,' and sent an assistant, Mr. Junge, in his stead. Well, Mr. Junge took me to the Café Martin for dinner, and the next day, at Steinway Hall, which was then on Fourteenth Street, Charlie Steinway introduced me to Mr. Irion." The following Sunday, at lunch at the Claremont, who should be Miss M.'s co-host, with Mr. S., but Mr. I.! "A few days later, he took me to a matinée of 'Tristan und Isolde,'" she told us. "'I want to show you the beauty of New York,' he said when it was over, and he invited me to walk with him across the Brooklyn Bridge. So I trundled along. He kept telling me how beautiful everything was. I'm short, as you see, and I couldn't see a damn thing. Six weeks later, we got married."

Frequently touring this country and South America, Mrs. Irion continued her career until 1931. "It was the depression, of course," she said, "and after a singing teacher committed suicide, five of us—the then Mrs. Ernest Schelling, Mrs. Ernest Hutcheson, Lucrezia Bori, Olga Stokowski, and I—got together and decided that that must never happen again. I became chairman of a drive to raise three hundred thousand dollars—our agency was first called Musicians Emergency Aid—and we raised four hundred and thirty thousand. I wanted to know how this money was going to be spent, so I borrowed a desk in Steinway Hall and began to help administer it. I've done this ever since. We've given eleven thousand four hundred concerts in New York City's public schools. Our musical-therapy program is one that particularly interests me. Take the field of cancer. Patients are often nervous when they're put in the cobalt machine at the Chicago Veterans Administration Research Hospital, so we've installed music tapes in the machine—both long-hair and short-hair—and they've had a calming effect."

Before we left, Mrs. Irion told us that she hasn't touched her piano for twenty-five years.

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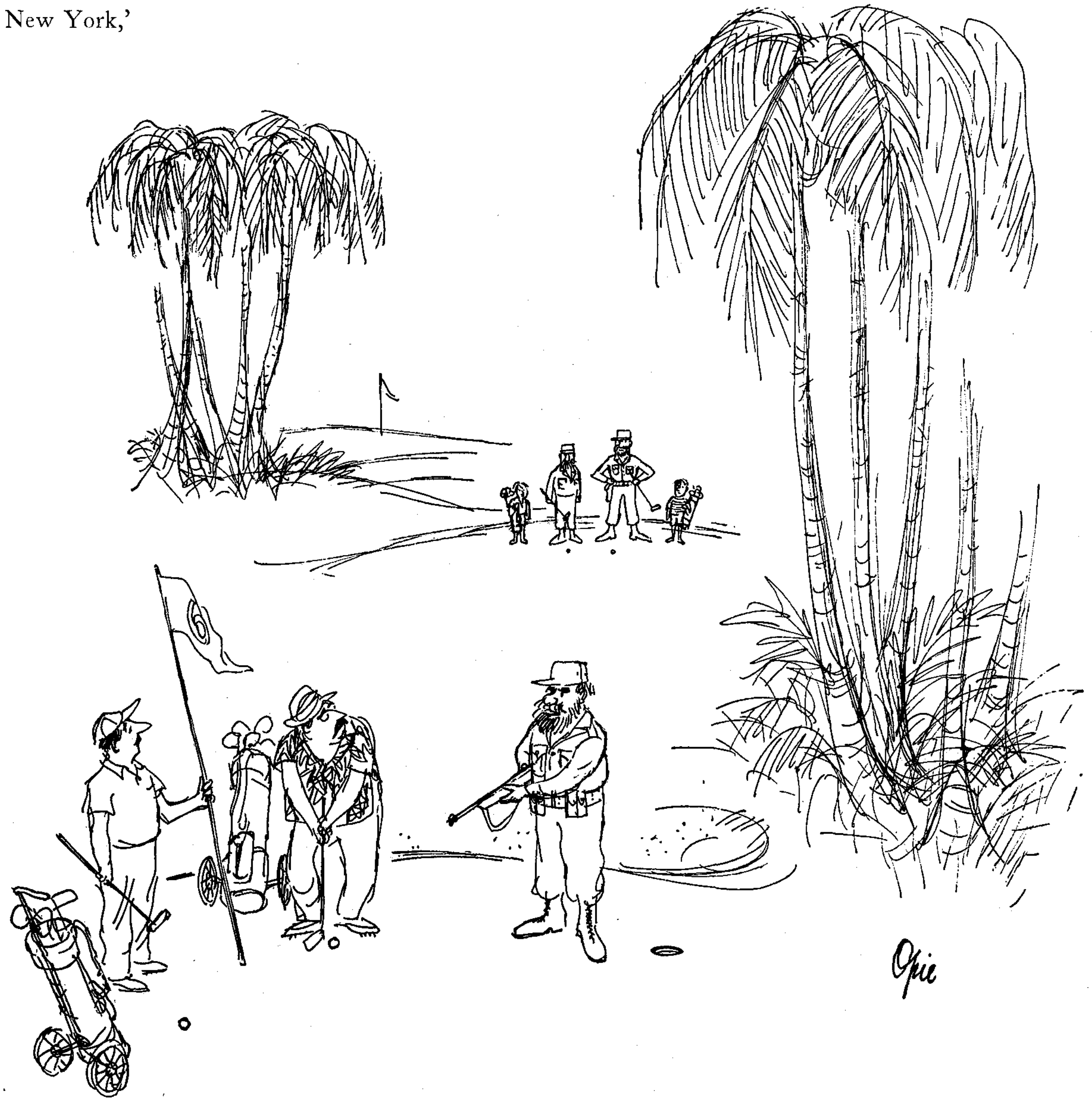
MESSAGE found in a Chinese fortune cookie: "Plan another Oriental repast soon."

Changes

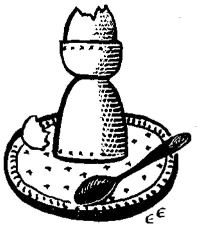
HAVING noticed in the course of the past several months that the color of our seven-cent airmail stamps had gone from blue to red, we resolved to learn the reason for this and other changes in the world of stamps, and, accordingly, we've been sitting at the feet of Mr. Franklin R. Bruns, Jr., the knowledgeable Director of the Division of Philately of the United States Post Office Department. Knowledgeable, and no wonder! Mr. Bruns, now an amiable, graying forty-eight, started collecting stamps as an amiable, brown-haired eight-year-old; became at nineteen the stamp editor of the old *Sun;* was made curator of the National Postage Stamp Collection, which is housed at the Smithsonian, ten years ago (being obliged at that time to dispose of his own collection, on the ground of a possible conflict of interest); and assumed his present position in 1957. Mr. B. had a splendidly simple explanation for the changed color of our airmail stamps; it's to speed up delivery. "Blue seemed to make absolutely no impression on our postal



"Amigos, do you mind if the Premier plays through?"

clerks," he said. "They were forever putting airmail-stamped letters into the regular-mail pouches. The fact is we'd changed from red to blue only in 1958, when the airmail rates went from six cents to seven, and our Bureau of Operations begged us to go back to red, which postal clerks do notice. We put a lot of thought into what shade of red would be most striking and decided on what we call a fire red, which we've reserved exclusively for airmail stamps. The first of the new reds went on sale last summer, and the last of the old blues are being used up now. The public accepted the change in total silence."

Mr. Bruns, who was obviously saddened to reflect on how little attention the public pays to the appearance of stamps, has hopes of making us all more aware of them by taking us more into the Department's confidence. This policy has already borne fruit abroad, if not at home. Last year, when the Postmaster General's office authorized new designs for international airmail stamps, the Department asked the United States Information Agency to find out which of a variety of depictable subjects would be most meaningful to the inhabitants of the areas to which the stamps would be going. The U.S.I.A. undertook a survey and got some interesting results. For example, the ten-cent airmail stamp goes everywhere in Central and South America except Mexico (that country, which is in a class by itself, gets a seven-cent stamp), and the people in this ten-cent area indicated that they would like a Liberty Bell on their stamps, apparently because the ringing of church bells helped to celebrate the success of the revolutions by which their countries gained independence. Also thanks to the survey, the fifteen-cent airmail stamp, which goes to Europe, depicts the Statue of Liberty; as a symbol of America in European eyes, she nosed out not only the Liberty Bell but the four great Presidential faces carved on Mount Rushmore. In Asia, Africa, and Australia, Lincoln proved the favorite, and his likeness now adorns the twenty-five-cent stamp, which flies to those continents. It's easy to see why the Emancipator should be especially admired in Africa, but Mr. Bruns was unable to account for Lincoln's sweeping victory down under.



The Post Office Department turns out twenty-four standard stamps, ranging in denomination from the half-cent (a portrait of Benjamin Franklin) to the five-dollar (Alexander Hamilton), and in an average year produces up to fifteen special stamps, some of them commemorating anniversaries of the founding of states and of such organizations as the Boy Scouts and the Camp Fire Girls, and others honoring, in series, Famous Americans (Andrew Carnegie, Noah Webster), Champions of Liberty (Gandhi, Garibaldi), documents (the Declaration of Independence), and even concepts (soil conservation, arctic exploration, the fifty-star flag). In speaking of commemorative stamps, Mr. Bruns remarked that Postmaster General J. Edward Day's predecessor, Arthur E. Summerfield, appointed the first Citizens' Stamp Advisory Committee, whose pleasant task it was to recommend designs to the Postmaster General. Mr. Summerfield's committee consisted of three commercial artists, three stamp collectors, and a representative of the U.S.I.A., but Mr. Day has it in mind to appoint a committee consisting of a commercial artist, a fine artist, a steel engraver, three stamp collectors, and a historian. Mr. Bruns defined a fine artist as the sort that gets hung in a gallery or museum, and a commercial artist as one who makes his living through poster, newspaper, and/or magazine work. "Not that many commercial artists aren't fine artists, too," Mr. Bruns made haste to add. "I don't think you can argue about a man like Stevan Dohanos. Look at the *Saturday Evening Post* covers he's done! And Norman Rockwell! When you issue a stamp honoring the Boy Scouts, he's the one man in the country you'd want for the job. Still, we'd like a little less of the commercial approach in our new stamps. Foreign stamps are often said to be much more elegant and colorful than ours, and I admit there's some truth in the statement. People don't realize that we have to print a minimum of a hundred million copies of a special stamp, while other countries need print only a few million. You might say that our artistic difficulty is a result of our success as a big business. The American people send and receive two-thirds of all the mail on earth—over sixty-one billion pieces a year. When you're operating on that scale, it's pretty hard to take enough time and pains to produce beauty, but we're going to try."

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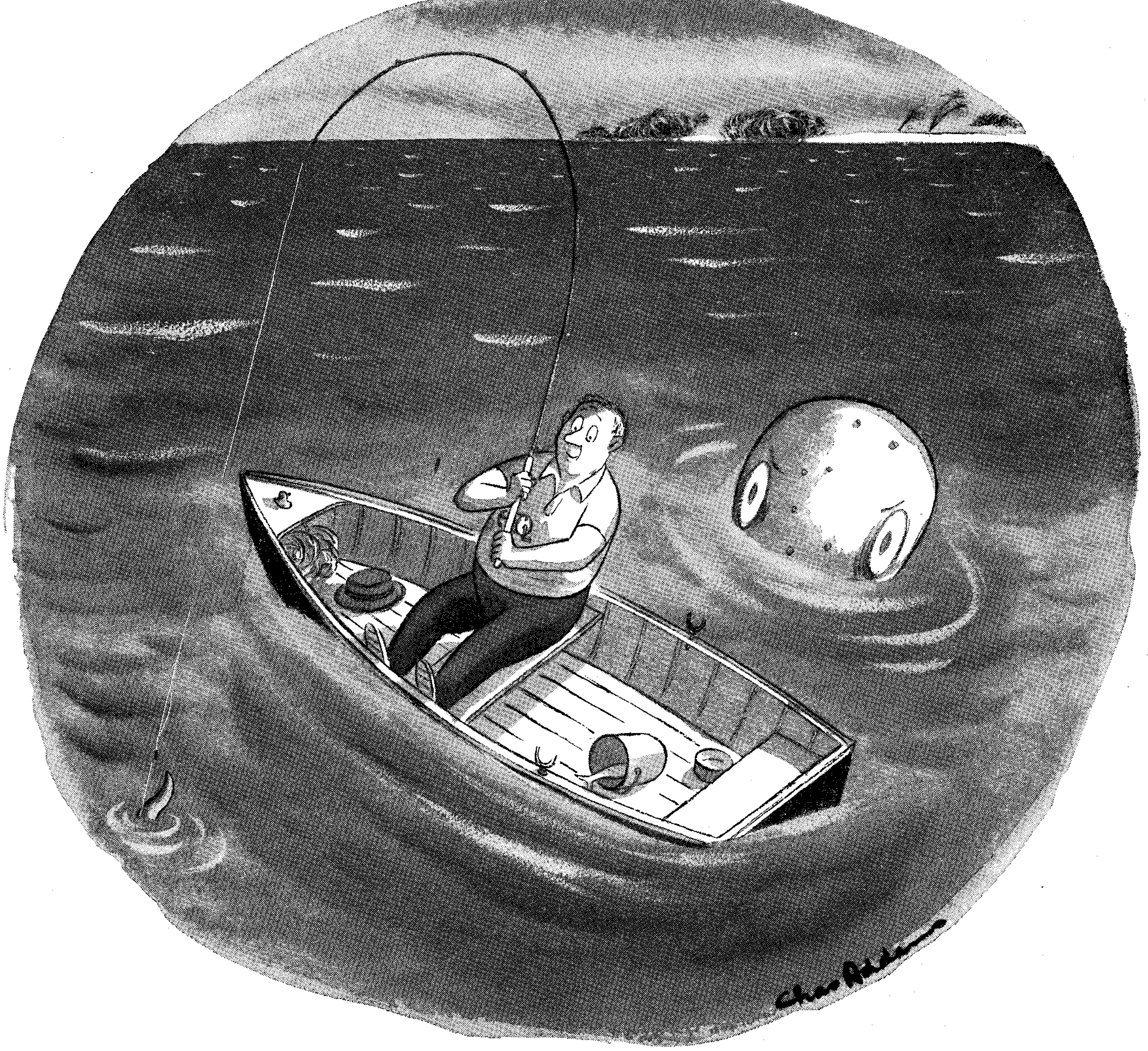
OVERHEARD on West Eighth Street, one beard to another: "I agree with everything you say, but the ballet policy of the *Times* is absolutely sound."

Testing Ringdoves

A WORTHY non-profit organization known as Science Service annually stages a nationwide science-talent search among high-school seniors of scientific bent, the prize-winners receiving scholarships in varying amounts to colleges of their choice. (The scholarships are paid for by Westinghouse, which has a natural interest in locating that sort of brains.) Twenty-five thousand bright seniors participated in the 1961 search, which ended a few weeks ago with the announcement of the winners; top man, or boy, was a local seventeen-year-old named Joshua Wallman, who won a seventy-five-hundred-dollar scholarship. Young Wallman, who hopes to start spending that splendid sum next fall either at Harvard or at the University of California, lives with his parents and a younger brother in a roomy flat in the East Sixties. By our standards, he is already a formidable figure in the world of science, being editor of the *Journal of Biology*, a learned research publication of the Bronx High School of Science, from which he is about to graduate; the field-trip chairman of the Linnaean Society of New York, our most venerable aggregation of bird watchers; and, on his vacations, an assistant at the Rutgers University Institute of Animal Behavior, presided over by the eminent Dr. Daniel S. Lehrman.

It was at the Institute that young Joshua conducted the original research that helped gain him his victory over 24,999 competitors. The research had to do with the bowing behavior of the courting male ringdove. Joshua is a robust six-footer with a mop of brown hair and the cheerfully informal manner that we have come to associate with brilliant people who are perfectly at ease with their brilliance, but when, paying a call on him, we asked him about the courting ringdoves, his cheerfulness gave way to a flicker of despair, as if he were only too familiar with the questions of lay journalists. "Under the right conditions," he said, gamely determined not to disappoint us, "when a male ringdove is confronted with a female ringdove, he undertakes a courting ritual that begins with his puffing out his throat by drawing air into his esophagus, bowing to his prospective mate, and emitting a cooing sound characteristic of the occasion. Those adhering to a certain theory of behavior have held that this pattern of response was wholly fixed



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in the male ringdove's brain. That is, once the pattern was released by the stimulus, the ritual would proceed to completion as automatically as water drains out of a sink when the plug is pulled. My experiments tested this assumption and, as it turned out, threw it in doubt, by showing that interference with one step in the ritual keeps the rest of it from taking place." Joshua proceeded to describe his experiments in considerable and precise detail, most of which we didn't take in; maybe it will suffice to say that he inserted plastic exhaust pipes in the esophagi of a number of male ringdoves and then sprang female ringdoves on them. The males inhaled as usual but were unable to inflate their leaky esophagi, and this stopped them cold (as, indeed, it would us); no coo, no bow, no nothing. The experiments raised questions of the relation between physiological mechanisms and behavior patterns, and Joshua hopes to spend this summer investigating these questions, with the help of synchronized air-pressure gauges, a tape recorder, a sound spectrograph, and a movie camera. For the moment, he's prepared to say only that it looks as if the bowing pattern, instead of being wholly fixed in the brain, involved some sort of feedback mechanism between the central nervous system and the esophagus.

We asked Joshua when he became interested in animal behavior. He said he thought his interest dated back to when he was ten or so and, as a student at the City and Country School, started helping with the livestock at the Natural Science Center, in the Museum of Natural History.

His mother, who had been hovering in the background, couldn't help interrupting Joshua at this point. "Oh, Josh!" she said. "Ten or so! I remember when you were *one year old* and so wrapped up in animal behavior that we had this very room full of ducks, chicks, hamsters, rabbits, snakes, birds, white mice, fish, and I don't know what!"

Joshua gave his mother a reproachful look, and she fell proudly silent.

No Nonsense

IT may be the spring, and then again it may not. At any rate, one showery afternoon last week we observed a trim young lady waiting too close to the curb for a Madison Avenue bus. As the vehicle shuddered to a stop, the girl's coat was liberally splattered with water from puddles. She lost no time in boarding the bus and complaining to the driver. "Pay your fare and keep moving," he said curtly, whereupon our heroine paid her fare, hauled off, smacked him, and disembarked.

A HOUSE ON A QUIET STREET

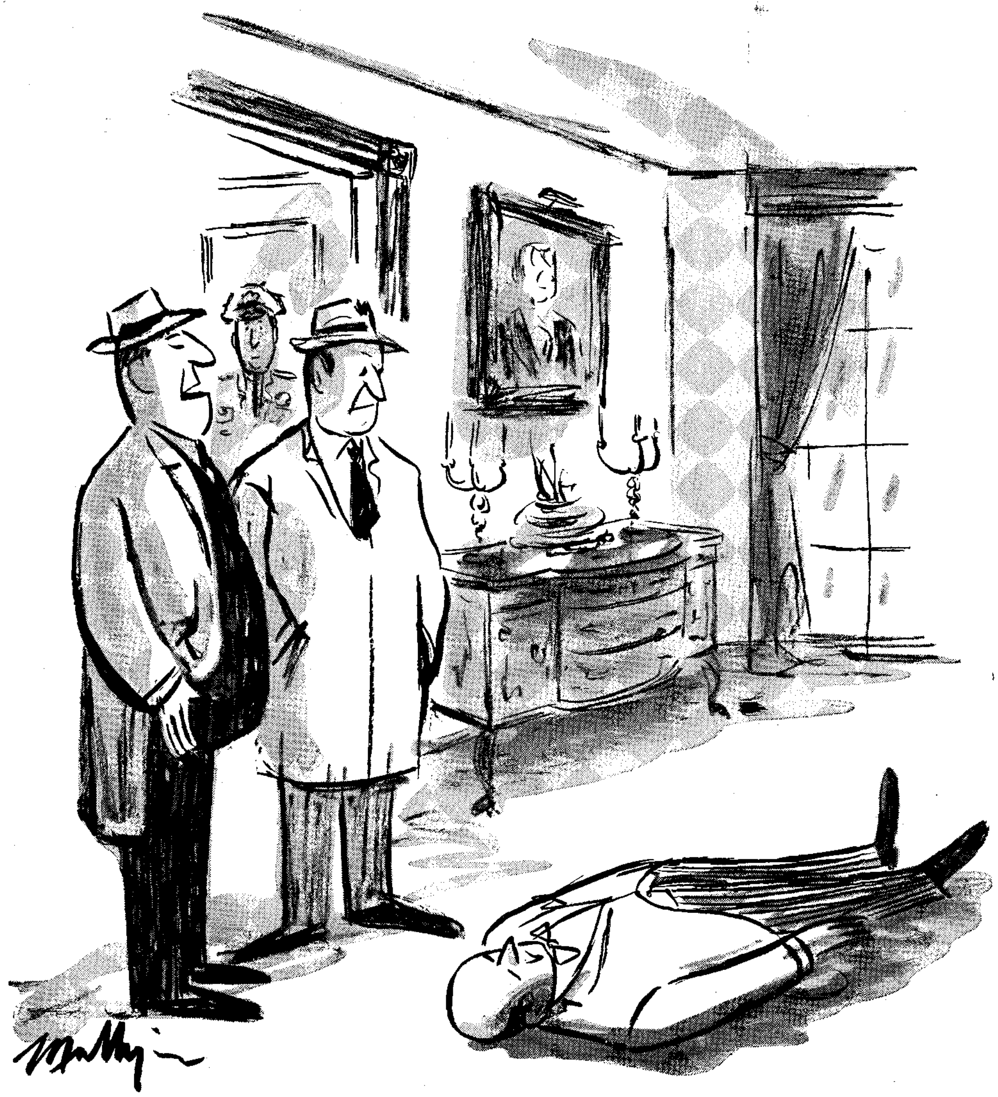
MAYBE only in early spring are you apt to come across Prester John at a cocktail party. At least, I went to one not long ago, and there he was. "Prester John was a woman pope," a young man said to a girl. "Ninth century. They hushed it up." I was sure that he was wrong, but I didn't say so. All around him, people were dropping names duller than Prester John's. The young man opened a window in a small alcove near him an inch or two. Puffs of a breeze blew in, troubling the smoke and conveying a sense that jonquil spears had come up not far away. After all, the day alone was enough to prompt a young man to tell a girl any wonders he might know.

And, of course, he was only putting his best foot forward. Who doesn't? I sometimes catch myself at it, always with hurt surprise, and once you start to notice these things, you find it hard to stop. You go around in public, and there is your own best foot, inching, inching. There is everyone else's, too. You hear names dropping like fruit, and by and by they drop from you. You read a program note, say, and then you can and do disclose the number of Masses the elder Scarlatti wrote. (Two hundred. A decent output.) But it struck me that the young man was also up to something else. There was something remote—an absence, girl or no girl—in his manner as he talked, and something familiar, too, if I could place it. He and the girl floated off. I went around a woman whose father had met Winston Churchill in 1912, and stepped into the alcove, listening to the old bell that was ringing dimly in my head. I thought it must be rung by someone who had put *his* best foot forward, and I thought I might as well keep mine to myself for a while, and try to find him.

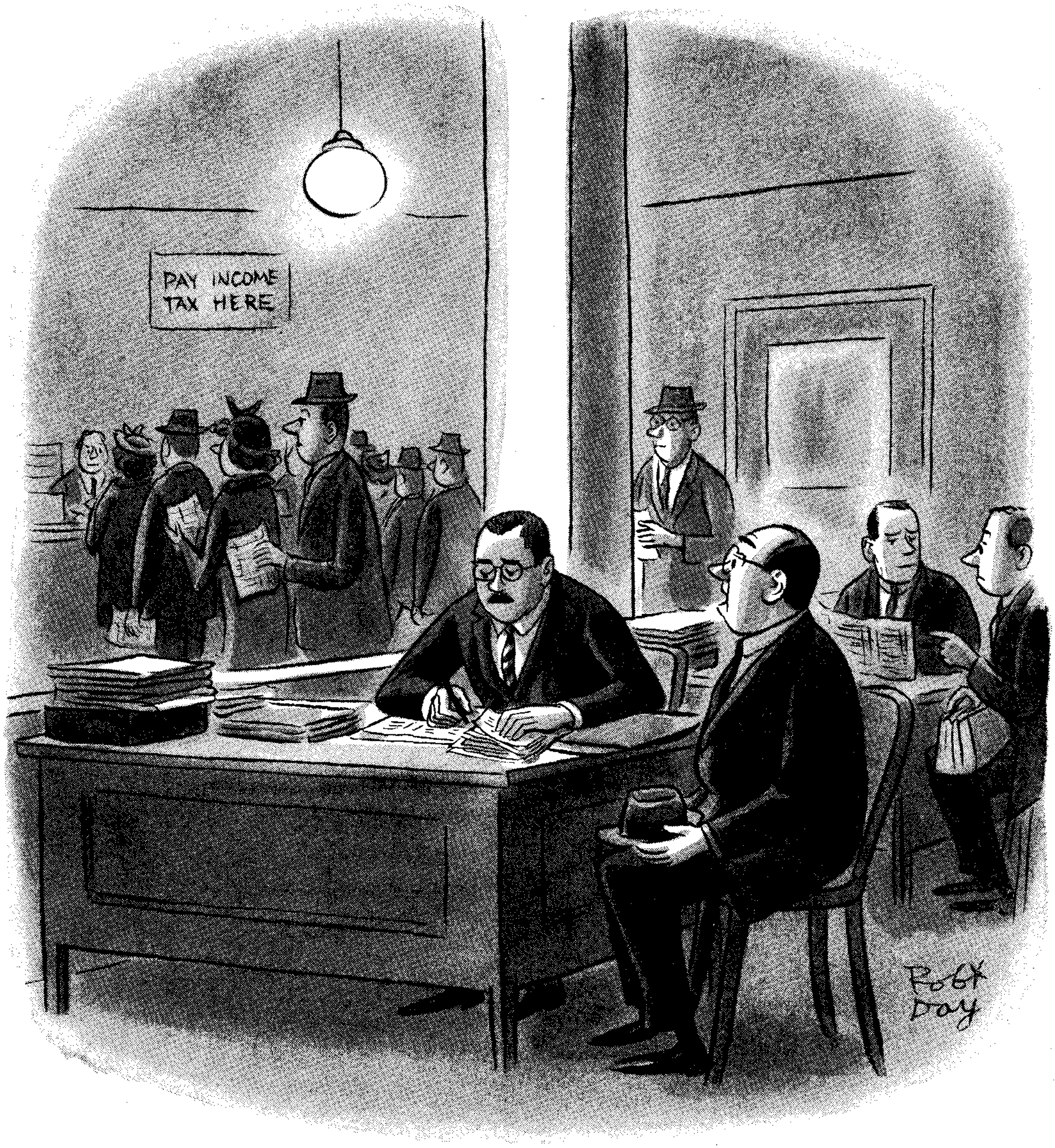
So I went hunting, recalling that I once knew a boy whose best foot was put forward by proxy. Ted (his name was) and his friend Bernard came from the same Indiana town, and shared an apartment in Chelsea. Bernard had a mind that shot to and fro like a water bug, and he thought that he ought to look after Ted because he was younger, and slow. Deliberate. A research chemist. There was a kind of youthful catch-as-catch-can salon swirling around Bernard, and Ted watched it with suspicion and longing. The group devoutly practiced agile remarks and deadly flippancies, and now and then Ted would nervously burst out with something of the sort himself. "Nothing succeeds like success," he would say with a cynical shrug, or, bracingly, "Worry is the interest paid by those who borrow trouble," or, when he felt that someone had scored, "Q— E— *D!*" Well, Bernard was devoted to Ted and generous to a fault, and he began to divide his own remarks between them, splitting about even. Half the time, when he thought of a line that he figured was really bright, he would start it off with "Did you hear what Teddy said last night?," or just "As Teddy puts it . . ." And when Ted was there, as he sometimes was, he would look so fussed and pleased with himself that I am sure he half believed that he had said it.

Respect for him grew. For a while, he tried to make remarks like Bernard's on his own—he thought he should pull his weight—but then he flagged. The burden was great. He married a girl named Alison, and got himself all but excommunicated by Bernard. She, too, was from Indiana. She was pretty and plump, with a lazy smile, and not particularly agile in any way. Ted returned gratefully to saying "Q— E— *D!*," but now he could always say it with safety, for Alison was always there—a girl who was able to speak kindly, smilingly, of Bernard, to Bernard's repugnance, as just a sweet old nut who came from home.

IT was pleasant (I thought, in the alcove) to have had a minute again with Ted and Alison and Bernard, but I couldn't say that any of them was the person I was looking for, and I went on back, farther, to a newly married magician and his attendant spirit, whose groceries I had delivered all one summer. They, too, had put their best foot forward, though at the time I felt that they were doing it in reverse. Before that summer, before they got married, I had seen them twice on the stage—once in the nearby city, once in the suburb where I lived. But if I could have had my way, I would have gone to every performance and followed them everywhere. Not that I was taken in by his doves and rabbits and


"Well, at least we know who didn't do it."

scarves, or by her comings and goings in puffs of smoke. I liked to see them because it uplifted me to be in the neighborhood of such people. I thought he was superb—a sort of Balkan diplomat, I guess, with his small spade beard and his black cape lined with white. She was blond and little, with dark eyes. She wore spangles and tights airily, calmly, and moved with precision, though as if she were in a dream. She seemed absolutely unreal to me—just a manifestation of grace—and yet, there she was. They bought a brick bungalow on a shady, rumpled street full of frame houses in *my* neighborhood the summer I was sixteen.



"How does one go about getting so fouled up that the government settles for so much on the dollar?"

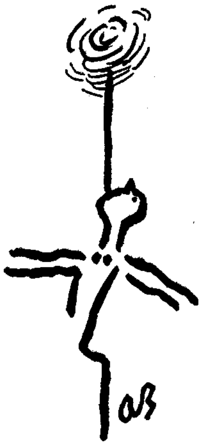
• •

I was taken aback. It was too tangible of them; they didn't belong in a house, even an odd one. Then I was pleased, for I saw in advance all the lights of the bungalow glittering late through our placid nights, stepping them up. Then I was puzzled. They arrived with no flash, and he went away again almost at once—to work, I suppose, without her. (But how?) She stayed, polite and quiet, always wearing a flowered house dress—one of the hundreds she seemed to have brought with her—and a big apron. I had a vacation job delivering groceries. Hers were things like ground round steak and lettuce and soap. Also flour. She baked a good deal, and sometimes offered me a cookie or a piece of pie, and talked for a minute or two about the heat and the prospect of rain. That was all. She was almost always polishing when I got there—polishing silver, polishing furniture or windows. I couldn't make her out. Neither could the rest of the neighbors. The women called on her, and she on them—dressed properly, with hat and gloves—and that was that. We expected *something*.

Her husband came back every week or two and stayed a few days. He went off each morning, like the other men on the street, and returned, like them, at night, carrying a paper. I suppose he was between engagements and arranging for future ones. Years later, it dawned on me that he needn't have followed the neighborhood ritual so faithfully unless he wanted to. He worked in his yard in the evenings and on Saturdays, when he was there, wearing a straw hat and duck pants. He looked wrong. One evening, walking by, I saw that he had shaved his beard and wore only a small mustache. Perhaps he thought that would make him look more local, but to me it only made him seem stuckup. Standoffish. And that was the reputation they got, by the end of the summer, though nobody ever was able to accuse them of rudeness, and no one was ever in the least rude to them. They stayed about a year, practicing their shy magic—conjuring, invoking home—and then they moved away.

I HAD got a good bit closer to what I wanted to remember—the magician and his wife had a part in it—but I thought I oughtn't to stay in the alcove any longer. I stepped out and soon was wedged, as I often am at parties, between two voluble circles. Both groups were talking travel. (After all, there was spring outside.) "Piraeus," I heard on my left. "Salzburg." "Canterbury." To the right, a man I knew was talking about Paris, where he had spent most of a week. He was conducting a short walking trip from his hotel to the Left Bank, and I judged that most of his circle was glad to follow him. "Rue St.-Honoré . . ." he said. "Rivoli . . . Tuileries . . . Louvre . . . Pont Neuf . . ." His tone was offhand, but his eyes were bright. I had been over the route with him before, in conversation, but I found that I was having as good a time as he was. Clearly he loved the sounds of the names that he was dropping, and so did I. In fact, I was thinking that I might edge in and intone some good *Roman* names (I had been six days in Rome), when I realized that the bell I had been hearing was ringing quite near at hand. Apparently I had been hunting for myself.

Twenty years ago this month, I went down to Washington for a weekend visit with a friend. The first day, we had lunch in a small café—one he frequented. Indeed, as the afternoon wore on, I thought it might be his office. People stopped at our table, spilled the real, recondite political dope, prophesied brave worlds, and went on to other tables to recharge. All of them were young, all—as they said—"in government," and prepared to remold the nation. They spoke companionably of austere Departments. They said "State" and "War." The President was simply "he" to them, and their coffee got stale while they went from chair to chair construing portents. They were putting *their* best foot forward, for me and for each other, and I knew it. But I felt that I was as good as in government myself, sitting there, dazzled, with them.



A number of dazzling hours later, my friend—Carl was his name—and I were alone on the roof of his apartment house. The talk had run on through the evening; now it was after midnight. In front of and below us, the Potomac was quiet. A bridge across it led a long way into the April night, and, it seemed, a long way into Virginia. Carl was speaking of a project—a survey to set standards for the manufacture of shoes—and clearly he believed that the future of the Republic hinged on there being no nonsense about its footwear. So did I, fervently. Still, there I was, silent however edified, humming with national destiny, but aching for a project of my own to tell about. Carl talked on, smoking his pipe, sending light-blue clouds in an irregular parade toward the river and Virginia. Well, the past is also part of the future. The columns of Lee's house shone tiny and white, southwest in the lower sky. Manassas was just down the road, straight ahead, or so I imagined. And it was no trick at all to see muskets flash in the wavering dark at the far end of the long bridge. So I changed the subject, and for quite a while it was I who talked, making a project of the old War, dropping great names, showing Carl (*and* his friends) a thing or two.

There on the roof, my credentials seemed good enough. I owned a book of Mathew Brady photographs, with text. My grandfather had fought at Shiloh and had told me what went on. I had read "Leaves of Grass." I talked. Carl listened. I covered a lot of ground. The little light-blue clouds drifted out. The map contracted. Antietam, then Chickamauga, stood off not far to the right. Richmond crept north. I gave Carl the whole war, right across the Potomac. "It must have been just about there," I told him, pointing south, "that Oliver Wendell Holmes, Jr., said to a civilian, 'Get down, you damn fool, before you get shot!' It was Lincoln, and—"

"That was back *that* way," Carl said, pointing north. "Early's raid. July 12, 1864. They got up into Maryland and circled around. Lincoln went out to Fort Stevens to see. Back *that* way. Fort Stevens."

He was an affable, round man, hospitable, considerate—not a man to contradict his guest or gratuitously prick a bubble; just a man who liked to keep the record straight. But it was enough. The map went back to normal, the battlegrounds receded, the watch fires in the Virginia dews and damps became only street lights again, and I had been talking through my hat for a full hour. I wondered sadly if I did it all the time.

AS I say, I suppose I do; people do. But I thought there must be more to it than that—there must have *been* more. I was showing off to Carl, all right, but he, too, had seen the armies and the battles there in the night as, right or wrong, I called their names. We stayed out on the roof a long time—until dawn came, in fact, a Confederate gray—and though, looking back, I couldn't swear that we spent the whole time talking about the war, it was around us. I do know we felt portentous, with the sleeping nation at our feet, and since it was dark enough on the roof for us not to see each other plainly, we said words that we wouldn't have spoken so easily by day; we mentioned courage, devotion, faith, perhaps love, too, I don't know. And surely Life. One word leads to another.

I squeezed out from between the talking travellers, thanked my hostess, worked toward the door, and on my way snatched at a chance to remember aloud, after all, a street in Rome. When you go around dropping names, at least you do speak them, I thought. You summon what they mean; you conjure with them. You can catch a glimpse of faith on a roof; you can go right back to Piraeus from a party. For when you put your best foot forward, you point it toward what you want—good shoes for all, maybe, or the alabaster cities that gleam beyond the years, or just a bright house in a green yard on a quiet street.

OH, yes. The young man. Prester John. I looked up Prester John when I got home. He was a mythical king and priest in Africa. *Twelfth* century. He had seventy other kings for vassals. A pope—male—sent a messenger, with letters, to try and find him. The messenger vanished. Pope *Joan* was once thought to have been a pope of the ninth century. She, too, is mythical, but they never quite hushed her up. I myself had always thought Prester John was a Tartar bandit.

But it didn't seem to matter in the least that the young man had been wrong. He had brought spring, a fabulous name, lost time, and a woman pope into an otherwise wintry room. I only hoped the girl appreciated him. And as for his manner, his abstraction as he talked, I suppose he was just listening (as one does when one conjures) to himself saying the necessary words.

—ROBERT HENDERSON

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THE KNOWING

In Ballinasloe,
The gull's a crow,
The wren's betwixt-between.
—*O'Toole's Refrain.*

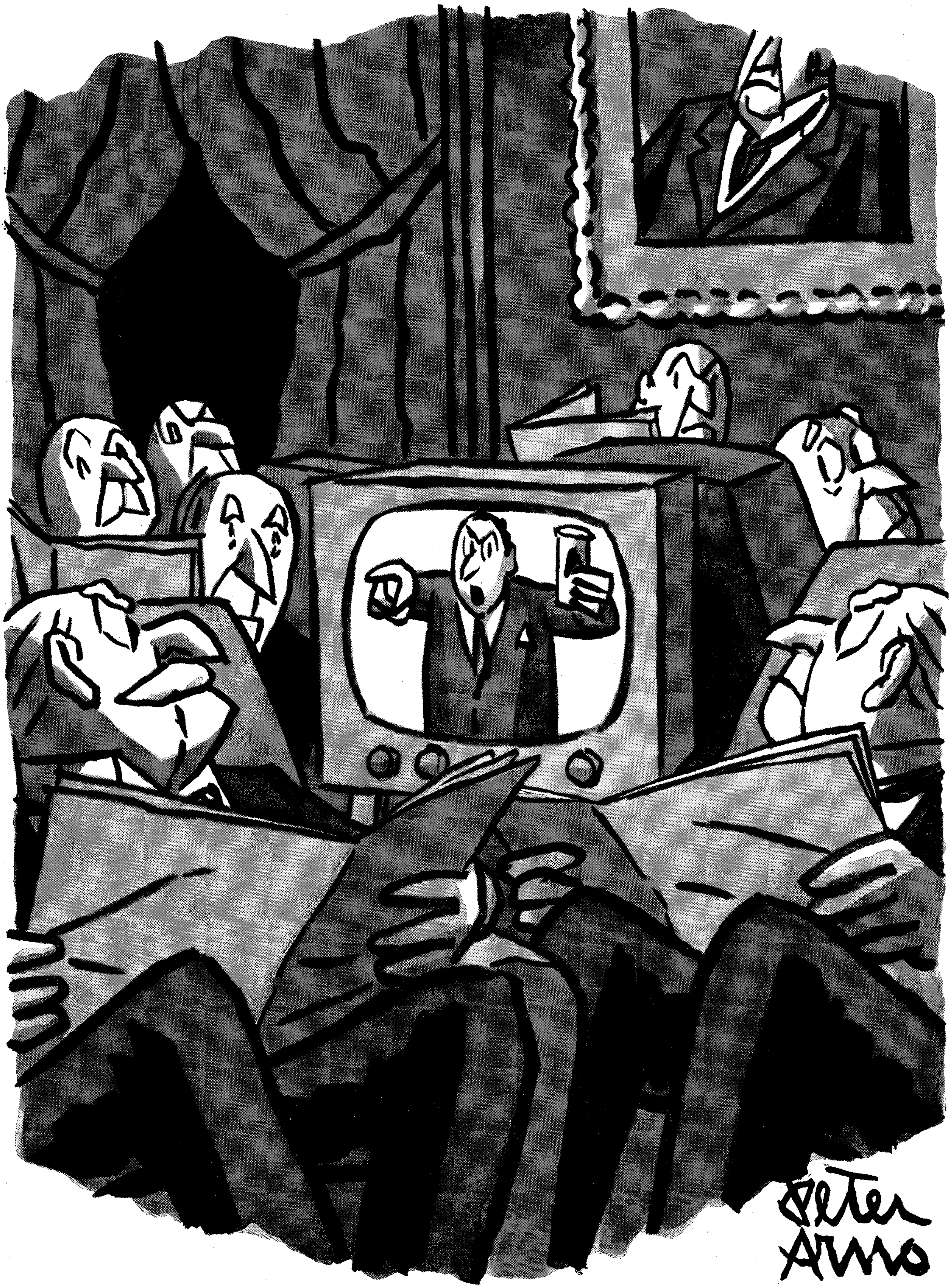
Colors deepen the eye.
I am here, but O! I am here!
Lark, how you tell the ear
When you lift up to the sky!
The gods themselves cheer,
Knowing eternity's near.

Symbols enshrine, consume
The selfless utterly;
A prick song wipes the eye
With the slow, the sad salt tear;
We sit in the humblest chair,
Knowing eternity's near.

The brave, they do not die;
And the gracious sing good cheer
To the dead man slumped in his chair,
His pure soul fled elsewhere,
The self consumed utterly,
Knowing eternity's near.

Sad soul, poised for a while
Above the precipitous stair,
Embrace, giving without guile,
The kiss, the heavenly smile,
And sing, in this evening air,
Knowing eternity's near.

—THEODORE ROETHKE



"*Attention, you men over sixty!*"

ST. FRANCIS XAVIER AND THE MIRACULOUS BROCADE

IN the year 1552, the Jesuit missionary priest Francis Xavier received in Goa, the Portuguese colony on the west coast of India, where he was stationed, several yards of silver brocade that had been purchased with funds provided by the viceroy of Portuguese India and brought to Goa from the island of Hormuz, in the Persian Gulf, with the understanding that the brocade would be sent, along with other gifts made possible by the viceroy, to a certain powerful and Catholic-inclined daimio of Japan. There was, therefore, some consternation in Goanese holy circles when Francis Xavier revealed his intention of diverting these gifts to the Ming emperor of China. He thus set in motion the wheels of a personal and long-cherished plan wherein he hoped, through the splendor of the gifts, the inspiration of his teaching, and, above all, the grace of God, to convert first the emperor and then, by imperial decree, the vast and unknown empire of China to the Catholic faith.

Several years earlier, Francis Xavier had hoped to convert Japan in much the same way, but though he had penetrated to the imperial capital of Kyoto, he had found the city devastated by civil war and the emperor fled, and had consequently been obliged to begin proselytizing the Japanese by more usual methods. Still, the dramatic prospect of converting a whole nation by imperial decree had been too attractive to abandon, and Xavier, carrying the brocade and other gifts, set sail from Goa in August of 1552, bound for Sancien, a small Portuguese-held island off the South China coast, near Canton, determined to obtain from the Cantonese authorities a permit to journey overland to Peking, where he was sure the emperor sat firmly upon his throne. When approached, however, the Cantonese officials were not eager to oblige in the matter of the permit, and after waiting on Sancien for some five months Francis Xavier fell ill of a fever and died.

The silver brocade that he had intended to present to the Chinese emperor was used instead as a covering for his own body, and after a series of sea voyages and various interments and disinterments both the brocade and the body, said to be miraculously uncorrupted, were laid to rest in the great cathedral at Goa, which is sometimes called the Rome of Asia. Certain parts of the body, however—namely, a severed toe and arm—were passed from place to place around the world, to the wonder of the faithful. The silver shroud remained undisturbed over the priest's body until 1932, when it was replaced by a newer fabric. The old brocade was then cut into a vast number of pieces, which were distributed throughout the Catholic world as holy relics.

IN 1952, the fourth centennial of the death of Francis Xavier, who was canonized in 1622, fate, being both mysterious and unpredictable, brought one of the brocade fragments to Japan and, though I was neither a Catholic nor even a Japanese, into my possession. At the time, I, an American, was teaching English in a Japanese university and had fallen ill myself, of an obscure Oriental malady, but with the aid of the new "wonder drugs" I was recovering uneventfully in the International Hospital of Kobe, an efficient institution run by a French order of nuns known as the Franciscan Missionaries of Mary. One of the nuns, Mother Helen, made a practice of visiting the patients in their rooms each morning for the purpose of receiving complaints and dispensing comfort, and on one such morning found me propped up in bed reading a book entitled "St. Francis Xavier," a biography by James Broderich, which I had found in the hospital library.

"Ah!" she cried, throwing up her hands in mock surprise and addressing the walls of my room. "He's reading the lives of the saints! He'll be asking for Holy Eucharist next."

"It's a book filled with rare facts," I said. "I've discovered, for example, that St. Francis passed by this very place more than four hundred years ago on his way to Kyoto."

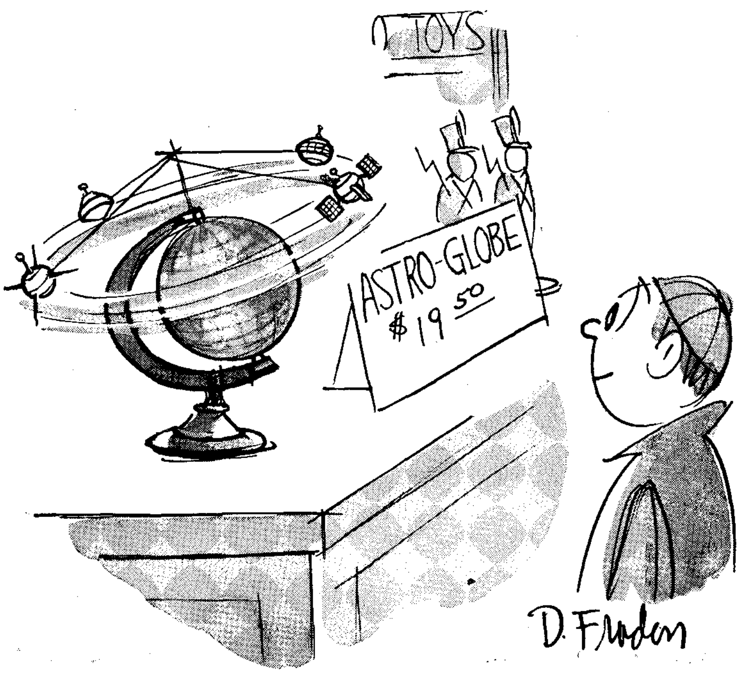
"So?" Mother Helen said.

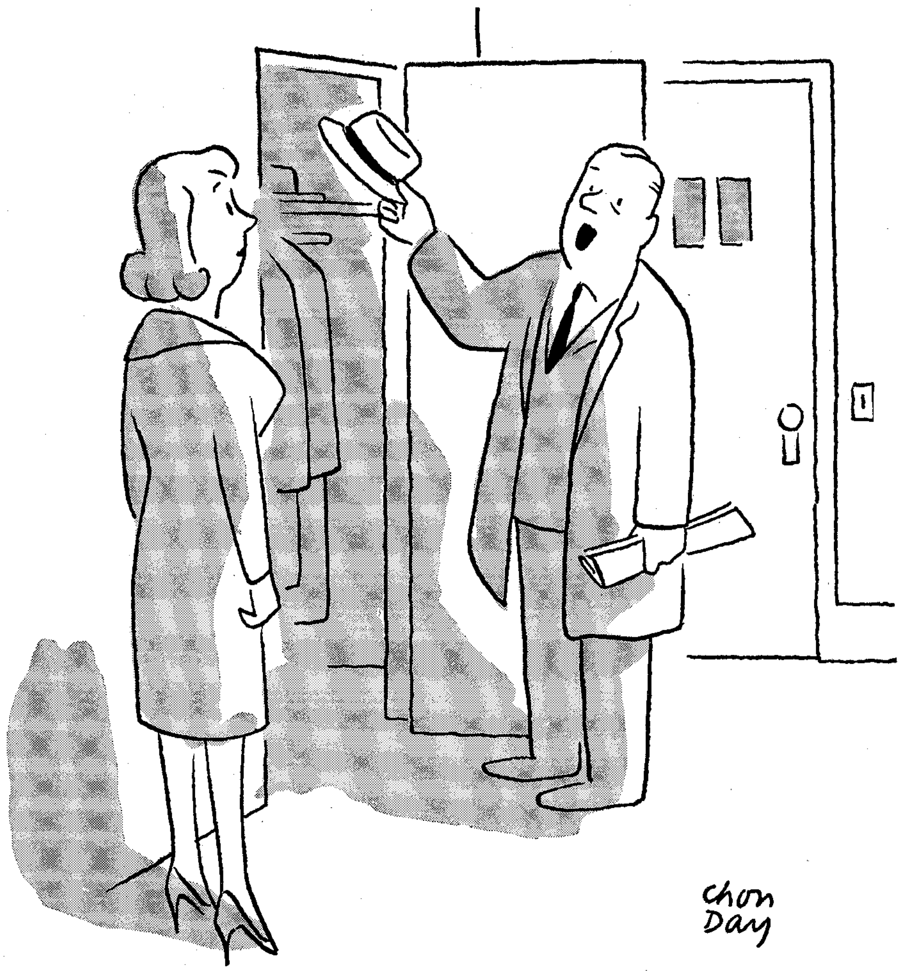
"He also underwent enormous hardships from squatting on the floors of drafty Japanese houses and eating with chopsticks. Listen." I read from the book: " 'He suffered from the drafts, the fearful aches in his legs and thighs, the dainty but inadequate food, the diabolical appliances for eating it, and the language, the terrible language!' The book further states that the sound of Japanese music tortured his sensitive ears and that St. Francis himself wrote back to the missionaries in Goa, 'The worst hardships you have hitherto endured are trifling compared with what awaits you when you come to Japan.' "

Mother Helen, who had lived for some years in Japan, already knew, because I had told her, that I studied and greatly enjoyed playing the koto, a Japanese musical instrument. She also knew that I lived in a Japanese house, and she was, no doubt, able to imagine that I squatted on its mat floors without hardship and occasionally ate with chopsticks as well. Furthermore, Mother Helen herself spoke good Japanese with very little visible pain, so I could only assume (since St. Francis had been too high of mind and short of patience to learn a word of the language) that the origin of his suffering had been nothing much more than the monotony of being unable to talk to anyone but his interpreter, with whom he spoke Portuguese. Though I said none of this to Mother Helen, she seemed to have divined the gist of my thinking, because she shrugged and said, "Saints must suffer. But keep reading. It's good for you."

I did keep reading, and Mother Helen looked in the next morning, as usual. "What does the book say today?" she asked.

"I've finished it," I answered. "St. Francis





"Had a nice long chat with our Chairman of the Board today. We got trapped in the automatic elevator."

died and his body was taken back to Goa, where it remained fresh and of a beautiful pink-and-white color for almost a hundred and fifty years before it turned gray and leathery, and finally shrivelled into a mummy. What do you think of that?"

"Ah, who can explain a miracle?" she said, in much the same cheerful tone of voice she had used when telling me of the case of an old gentleman who, after successfully undergoing major stomach surgery, had died a month later of a heart attack while being fitted for dentures. "I came to ask you," Mother Helen went on, "if you would like to have a relic of St. Francis Xavier. My uncle is a priest in the cathedral at Goa, and he sent me a genuine relic of the Saint this year."

For a moment, I pictured a withered toe lying on cotton wool at the bottom of a box, but Mother Helen quickly explained that the relic in question was a piece of the brocade that had covered St. Francis's body. It was, in fact, the same silver brocade that I had read about, and I was delighted at the idea of possessing a piece. I told her so.

That afternoon, she returned carrying what looked like a picture postcard, and pushed it unceremoniously into my hand, saying, "Here's your relic. It's your reward for good reading."

At the top of the card was a full-length and repellent photograph of the desiccated body of St. Francis inset with enlargements of feet (minus a toe), face, and one hand, and labelled, in English, "The first photographs ever taken from the body itself, 19th January 1932." Under that, written in ink, were the words "Photograph taken in my presence. A.L.T.—S.J." A piece of paper the size of a large postage stamp was pasted on the bottom half of the card over a slightly raised place, about an inch square, which I could feel with my thumb. Printed below that were the words "The attached piece was cut from a larger piece of brocade, which was taken from the coffin of St. Francis Xavier in 1932."

"Where is the brocade?" I asked.

"There, under that piece of paper," Mother Helen said, pointing to the barely discernible bump. "It is a genuine relic and has been in contact with the miraculous body of the Saint for hundreds of years. You must take good care of it."

Though I had expected a piece of brocade not only visible but somewhat larger than a square inch in size, I promised to give it good care, and then ventured to ask, since Mother Helen seemed to be waiting for me to say something, if she thought it would bring me luck.

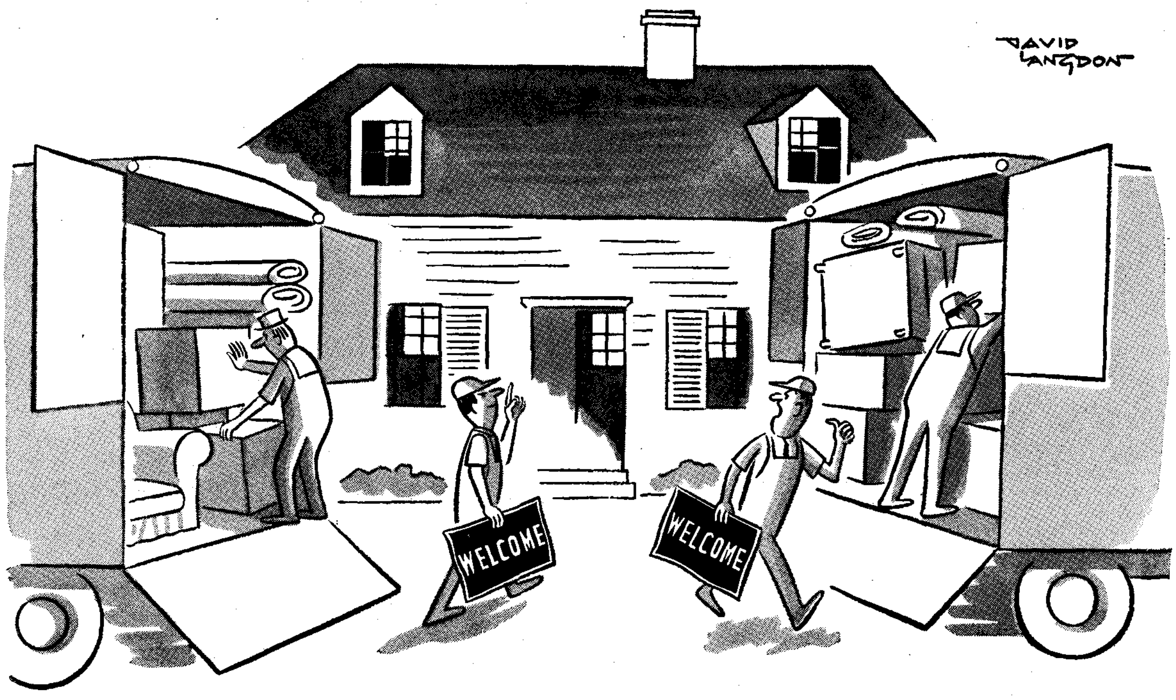
"Luck, sickness, miracles, death—all are the work of God. It will bring you what you deserve," Mother Helen said and, with a somehow depressing rustle of starched white skirts, sailed out of the room.

After she left, I turned the card over and discovered more printing on its back, which read, "The donation from Mr. Mrs. Miss —— of —— has been joyfully accepted in the Holy Name of St. Francis Xavier this —— year of our Lord, ——, ——. A. Le Tellier, S.J." Mother Helen had said nothing about a donation, and I was sure none had been expected. Nevertheless, when I left the hospital a few days later, taking my unseen relic with me, I felt that I had received it under false pretenses.

• •

I LIVED in a rented mountainside house, some of whose walls were of sliding glass, that looked out over an immense view of sea and suburbs, of trees and villas and distant smoking factories lying on the semicircle of Osaka Bay, halfway between the port city of Kobe, to the east, and the industrial city of Osaka, to the west. It was a house and a view I had grown to like very much, and on the warm spring afternoon I arrived home, though still weak and lightheaded, I felt unusually happy to be back and so far above the world and my recent illness.

My housekeeper had left a note saying she had gone shopping, and I began to unpack the bag I had brought home from the hospital. I put the slippers beside the bed and hung my bathrobe in the closet where it belonged. I put the used towels in the clothes hamper and the soap in the soap dish, and then, lifting out my pajamas, found the mummy face of St. Francis staring up at me from the bottom of the bag. I felt as if I had opened a coffin by mistake, and I sat down on the bed. The world was not so far below me as I had thought. I looked into the bag again. There was nothing to do but unpack St. Francis, too, and, picking up the card by one corner, I carried it to the living room, where I put it in the back of the bottom drawer of my desk. I had not forgotten that I had promised



"O.K. It's all yours."

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Mother Helen to take good care of it.

Later that afternoon, my housekeeper arrived, and while she prepared dinner I busied myself replacing a snapped silk string on my koto. A koto is made of unfinished paulownia wood—a slightly arched and tapered hollow box about six feet long, a foot wide, and half a foot through. Thirteen waxed silk strings run the full length of the instrument and are tuned by means of ivory or wooden bridges set one under each string at various intervals. A koto, strung and tuned and ready to play, is an extremely beautiful object to behold.

The player is required to kneel before the koto on the floor, and after attaching ivory picks to the thumb and first and second fingers of the right hand, he is ready to play. Having tended to these requirements, I got down on the floor and, looking occasionally at the music on my music stand, played over the last piece I had learned from my teacher. It was called "The Birds of Iso," and though it seemed to me entirely inoffensive in both sound and sentiment, I remembered that St. Francis had felt otherwise and had been described in his biography as having "suffered much from the frightful Oriental caterwaulings that stood for music in Japan." As if that were not enough, the book had gone on to say, "May all samisens, kotos, and other native instruments of music be turned into firewood to warm the poor." Despite the fact that St. Francis was in the drawer nearby and possessed, I had no doubt, as large a capacity for suffering as ever, I played and also sang the slow, sad lyrics of the song:

"Can this changing world be compared to
anything but a winding river,
Where the deeps of yesterday are the shallows of today?
When did we make an oath not so changeable as its course?
Now, at last, on the slow billows, adrift in
an oarless boat,
My robes wet with dew and dropping
tears,
I shiver in the cold wind,
Where the lonely birds of Iso call."

It could have been a love song, but whatever it was, and whether St. Francis had known it or not, I realized that he may have had good reason to look upon Japanese classical music as a personal enemy, because, like so much else in Japan, it is colored with an ineradicable sadness—a nostalgia for a world, as if once known and lost, where the solitary cricket or the lonely bird crying in the night is able to express more clearly than any voice of man the sum total of human understanding and disillusionment. How much easier St. Francis must have found it to convert the happy savage.

I propped my koto against the wall, beside my music stand, leaving the bridges under the strings in place, although I had often been told by my teacher to remove them when the koto was not in use, since strings kept under constant tension soon grow weak. But removing them was too much trouble, and I went off to a dinner of soybean-paste soup and fish (more insults to St. Francis) and then early to bed.

My house had only paper sliding doors between the rooms, and I was at first dimly aware of noises from the kitchen and then the click of an outside door as it shut and the crunch of receding footsteps. My housekeeper had gone for the night, and the house on its lonely mountainside was silent except for the rustle of leaves and the cry of a night bird. This bird came almost every night to a tree near my house, where it would call softly "Ooh-ooh" for a while and then, with a flapping of wings, take flight. It must have been a large bird, but though I had asked my Japanese friends what sort of big bird flew about at night, no one was ever able to identify it for me. After a while, I would usually hear it calling again in the distance, until, just before dawn and before the busy birds of daylight awoke and filled the air with chattering, it would disappear entirely.

After my bird, according to its custom, had come and gone, I fell sound asleep, and I must have slept for several hours, when something awakened me. I turned on the light and sat up in bed. All the objects of my room seemed to be astir and whispering. I had just begun to realize that something out of the ordinary was taking place, when the air around my head started to whir with a singing, disembodied, spidery sound. I was frightened, though I was still half asleep. Had the night bird found its way into the house, I wondered in a daze, or was it only the ghost of the bird? Could it be the relic of St. Francis protesting callow treatment, or, worse yet, was the sound emanating from me, and was I not, then, already dead of a relapse that had come upon me while I slept?

All these thoughts passed through my mind before I became wide awake and at last recognized in the ululations, distorted and grotesque though they were, the familiar voice of my koto. I struggled out of bed and, turning on lights as I went, made my way to the room that St. Francis had so recently come to share with the koto. Just as I reached the door, the sound abruptly stopped. I switched on the light and stepped in. Nothing had changed. The koto stood propped against the wall beside the music stand, just as I had left it, and the drawer in which I had placed the relic of St. Francis was still shut. I noticed that the window near the koto was open, and then observed that the room was filled with tiny whisperings as curtains moved and the leaves of my music book, lying open on the stand, stirred in the night breeze passing in from the window. As I watched, the breeze grew stronger, the curtains billowed out into the room, the music pages turned of themselves, and I became aware of a low humming almost below the threshold of hearing. The breeze grew still stronger, the curtains opened like sails, and the air was suddenly filled with the same disembodied sound I had heard earlier. Looking just once more at the desk drawer, to be sure it was still closed, I crossed to the window and shut it. The sound immediately ceased.

I went back to bed, where I lay awake for some time thinking about the strange phenomenon. It seemed clear enough that a passage of air moving at the right velocity and at the right angle across the koto's taut strings had set up some sort of sympathetic vibration (inasmuch as all the strings were in tune with one another) and had caused them to give out the peculiar sound I heard. And yet I had left the bridges in before, and breezes had blown before, and the koto had kept its peace. The only change in the room, so far as I could make out, was that the relic of St. Francis, steeped in miracles and suffering, had come to take up residence in the desk, which was near the koto, and I suddenly wished that I had not given Mother Helen my promise to take such good care of it. Nevertheless, the relic was there, and as I saw no immediate way of getting rid of it, I took the precaution then, and during the next few days, of removing the bridges when the koto was not in use and of being sure to see that the window was shut at night.

ON the following weekend, my landlord, Sarumaru-san—literally, Mr. Monkey Circle—came to visit me one evening, accompanied by his friend Kuki-san, Mr. Nine Devils. In fairness, I should say that these two names sound unusual even to Japanese ears and, though they belong to old and once distinguished families, are found only in the Osaka-Kobe area. We sat down in the living room. Both my guests were in their late twenties—modern, married, and, I suspected, rather shrewd in their business operations. Though Mr. Kuki was thin and active and Mr. Sarumaru large and slow-looking, I regarded them as two peas of the same pod, and was mildly surprised when, reddened by the cocktails I had served, they took opposite views in an argument about religion. Mr. Kuki, in his search for the modern, I learned from their conversation, had decided some years ago to believe in nothing at all, while Mr. Sarumaru, even more successfully modern than his friend, had become a Catholic at about the same time. Although I was disappointed to find behind their Oriental faces the same old Western stereotypes, I was interested to hear that Mr. Sarumaru was a Catholic; that any Catholic, even Mr. Sarumaru, should appear in my living room seemed an act of Providence.

"I have something I would like to show you," I told Mr. Sarumaru, in English, as I strolled over to the desk. "In fact, I would like to give it to you."

I opened the drawer and fished out the card and carried it across to him. Mr. Sarumaru, who had held out his hand, suddenly drew it back when he saw the poor dead face of St. Francis looking up at him. Mr. Kuki leaned forward to get a better view of the picture.

"What is it?" Mr. Sarumaru asked, taking the card gingerly between his fingers.

"It's a photograph of St. Francis Xavier," I said, and waited for his reaction. There was none. Mr. Sarumaru had apparently never heard of St. Francis, but when I explained that he was the man who had introduced the Catholic faith into Japan and was by way of being Japan's patron saint, Mr. Sarumaru said that he thought he had heard of him, after all.

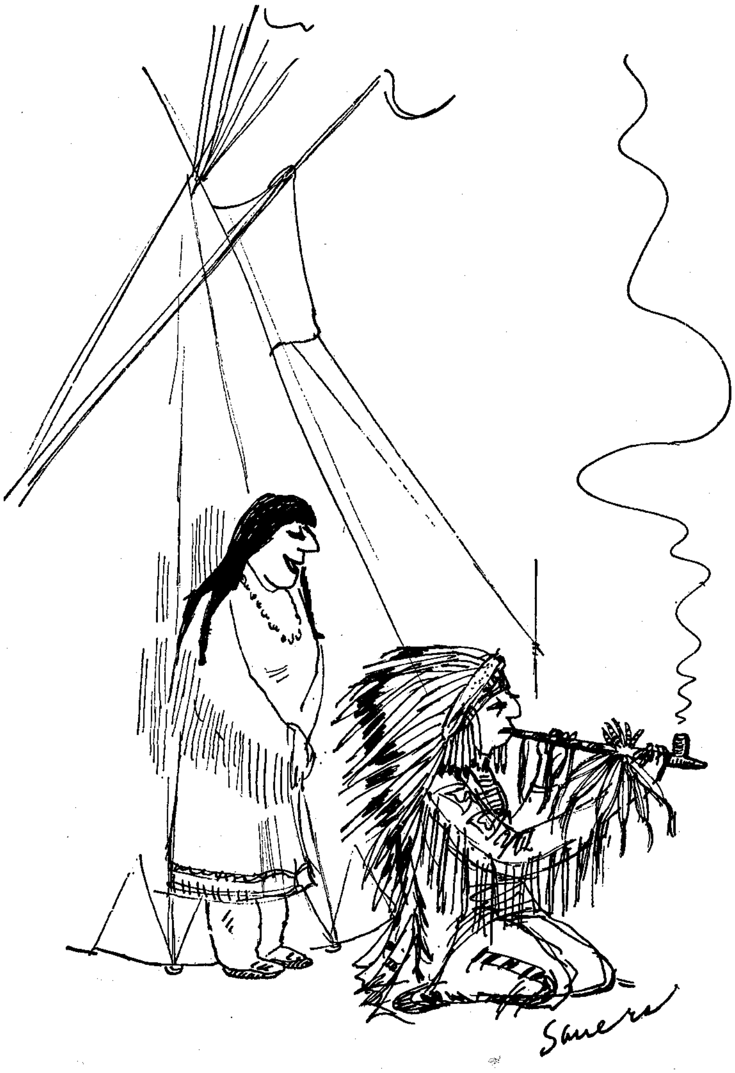
Neither of my guests, I discovered, knew the English word "relic," and because I didn't know the Japanese for it, we referred to an English-Japanese dictionary that gave, as a first word, "*ibutsu*," which meant a treasured, passed-down thing, and, as a second word, "*shari*," from the Sanskrit, which meant bones, hair, or ashes of a Buddha or bodhisattva. If we substituted a Christian saint for a bodhisattva, my relic would combine the meaning of both words, I explained, and to make sure that they understood exactly what I meant, I told them the story of the silver brocade.

"Do you mean there is a piece of four-hundred-year-old brocade here?" Mr. Kuki asked when I finished.

I answered that there was.

He took the card and looked at it, front and back. "Where is it?"

"There," I said, as-



"You look nice with a pipe."

suming the role of Mother Helen, "under that square of paper. You can feel it with your thumb."

Mr. Kuki smiled. "It's just a piece of hard paper."

"No," I said, "there really is a piece of brocade under there."

"How do you know?" he asked. "Did you see it?"

The question surprised me. I had accepted on faith the statement that the brocade was there—but why, I wondered. For that matter, I wondered, what makes the man on the subway platform place his nickels and dimes in a candy-vending machine (however much he may dislike subways and vending machines) with the certain expectation of receiving either a candy bar or his money back.

Mr. Kuki went on, "And if a piece of brocade is really there, why is it hidden under a piece of paper?"

Once again I didn't know the answer, but I had no doubt that a piece of brocade was really there, and I said so.

"And if there is a piece of brocade under there," Mr. Kuki rattled on, "how can we be sure it is the same brocade you told us about?"

How, indeed? "Well, it should look old," I said, searching for an answer that would satisfy him. After all, I told myself, a piece of brocade four hundred years old should be easy enough to distinguish from one that was comparatively new.

Mr. Sarumaru, who had begun to look cross, suddenly reached for the card in Mr. Kuki's hand. "Give it back," he demanded. "You don't know anything!"

But Mr. Kuki's nine devils were not to be gainsaid. He held the card tight and jabbed with his finger at the blank spaces on its back. "*I* don't know anything? Just look what's written here!" he shouted. "These things are made to be *sold* to superstitious, ignorant country bumpkins like you. As a matter of fact, I'll bet you a thousand yen [about three dollars] there's nothing under there but a piece of paper!"

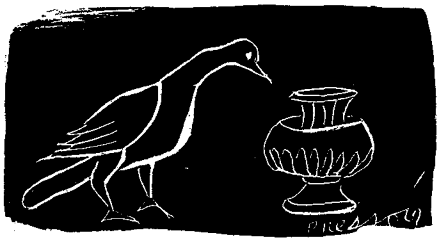
Mr. Sarumaru looked really angry. "Let me open it," he said, appealing to me.

I replied that I had already given the card to him, and that since he was a Catholic, he had every right to open it if he wanted to. Actually, I wasn't sure if anyone had the right to open a reliquary, which was the function of the card and its paper cover, but I wanted Mr. Sarumaru to, because I felt certain that the sight of the brocade would, in some mysterious way, convince Mr. Kuki of its authenticity. After all, miracles were supposed to be the brocade's specialty.

Mr. Sarumaru took the card and asked for a knife. I brought him a letter opener, which he inserted under the pasted-down edge of the paper covering. Mr. Kuki and I both leaned forward to watch as he pushed the blade along under the edge of the paper and lifted it off.

Underneath, pasted to the surface of the card, was a folded piece of paper about a square inch in size. Mr. Sarumaru looked at it in dumb disbelief. I was stunned. And, quite apart from my own feelings of outrage and righteous indignation, I was very unhappy for Mr. Sarumaru. His faith in the existence of the brocade, though perhaps not greater than my own, had meant more, and I had had no intention of embarrassing him before Mr. Kuki or causing him to doubt his religion, however discredited it now seemed to me to be. On top of all that, I had caused him to lose a thousand yen.

Mr. Kuki, who had actually been somewhat surprised himself, I suspected, to find that the brocade really wasn't there, now smirked at our discomfiture. I asked Mr. Sarumaru to let me see the card again, and he relinquished it without a word. It had occurred to me that the relic, perhaps smaller than we had imagined, was in the folds of the paper, and I pried the whole thing off. The paper was so thin that it had been possible to double it over six times. I slowly began to unfold it, looking carefully into each crease for the missing brocade while Mr. Sarumaru's eyes never left the paper. I reached the last fold and opened the sheet to its full spread, some eight inches square, and then laid it out flat on a nearby table. There was nothing. It was a blank sheet of paper. Trying to look indifferent, Mr. Sarumaru stared at a wall and said it didn't matter and he really didn't care, but even Mr. Kuki, nudged, perhaps, by whatever traces of Oriental sensitivity he had left, seemed to realize that his friend had experienced a real disappoint-



SHALL WE DANCE?

Being the Confessions of a Balletramus

I

I've a private, personal problem
That I brood upon *in petto:*
What kind of mane is a ballet fan,
Ballayo or balletto?
Ballayomane has an ugly sound,
Ballettomane even uglier.
Does the language contain no apposite noun
That would fit the palate snuglier?
O ballayomanes, or ballettomanes,
I'm a testier man than Job;
I renounce you both, and pronounce myself
A confirmed terpsichorephobe.

II

I learned my French by working hard
At listening to Hildegarde.
That's why a word like "*entrechat*"
Is something *je ne comprends pas.*
Is it a stage direction that
Calls for the advent of a cat?
Assume a comma in the center:
Does "*entre, chat*" bid cat to enter?
Let's start again. Does "*entre*" mean
"Among," or possibly "between"?
I find I cannot swallow that;
How do you get between one cat?
Let's forget the tiresome *entrechat*
And watch a *danse du ventrechat.*

—Ogden Nash

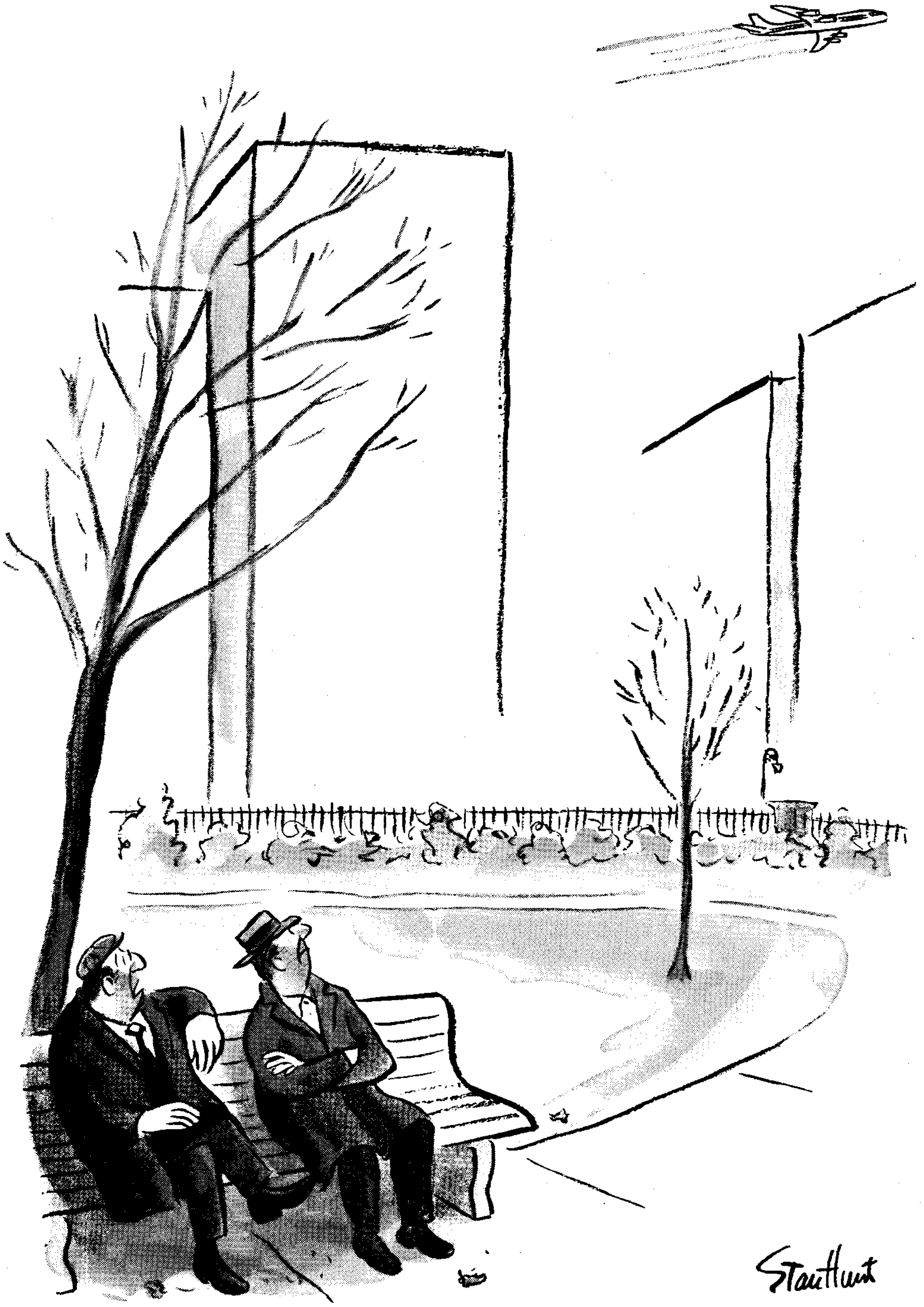
• •

GIVE
Whitney Darrow, Jr

• •

ment, or was at least on the verge of seriously losing face, and without even asking for his thousand yen, he changed the subject of our conversation.

We talked for a while about various topics, during which time I made and served coffee, but we were uncomfortable, and I think that the absence of the relic and its unflattering revelation about human credulity were uppermost in all our minds. Before I had served the coffee, I had removed the outspread piece of paper to a side table across the room, and it lay there now, under a lamp. Mr. Sarumaru and Mr. Kuki were at the moment talking about how the high price of imported scrap iron accounted for the high price of Japanese automobiles, and, not being much interested, I let my eyes follow my thoughts to the paper under the lamp. The one thing I had neglected to do was to hold the paper to the light, and I quietly got up while my guests talked, and went over to the table. The conversation behind me stopped abruptly, but I didn't mind, because when I held the paper to the



"Just look at them up there, swilling champagne and shovelling in pâté de foie gras at seven miles a minute!"

• •

light, there appeared in the upper half of the sheet a tiny square shadow no larger than a flake of ash. "There *is* something here," I called, and Mr. Sarumaru and Mr. Kuki hurried across the room to see what I had found. We all three stood looking down at the square speck of shadow. It was a proud moment, but the question still remained whether the black shadow was really the brocade or not; and then, turning the paper over in my hands, I discovered that it was not one thin sheet of paper that we had found but two sheets of even thinner tissue paper, which had been lightly pasted together at the edges. With both Mr. Kuki and Mr. Sarumaru watching, I quickly separated the sheets and there, at last, between them found a tiny fragment of yellowed brocade.

The original brocade of which this was supposed to be a piece had been silver, of course. I said as much, and for a moment my doubts returned, but Mr. Kuki himself dispelled them.

"Real silver turns yellow with age," he said, and his voice was filled with awe. I looked at him excitedly. The brocade had indeed wrought a miracle, and before my very eyes.

"Will you please accept this gift?" I then said to Mr. Sarumaru, in formal Japanese, handing him the sheet of paper with the microscopic piece of brocade on it. He bowed very low, and took it.

Mr. Kuki, seeming not at all disappointed to have lost his bet, offered then and there to pay up, but Mr. Sarumaru grandly waved him aside. "It is *not a matter for betting,*" he said. "Excuse me, I should not have bet with you in the first place." Mr. Kuki kept his mouth shut, which I thought showed good sense.

Some time later, after they had left, Mr. Sarumaru with his relic and Mr. Kuki still with his thousand yen, I cleared away the coffee cups and practiced a while on the koto. Before going to bed, I didn't take the precaution of removing the bridges, but I did shut the window, and, as I expected, heard nothing during the night, or the following nights, except the usual rustle of leaves and the unalterable cry of the solitary bird.

THE brocade's career, however, had by no means ended in the safe possession of Mr. Sarumaru. First of all, he told me several weeks later, it had cured his sister's child of the whooping cough and had then proceeded to ease the rheumatic pains in an aged uncle's back. Following these triumphs, it had brought the Sarumaru family an unexpected profit in television shares before being loaned to an overdue Mrs. Watanabe, across the street, who at once gave birth to a whole and healthy six-pound son.

Subsequent to this auspicious event, Mrs. Watanabe, so I was told, lent the brocade to her nephew, a wastrel youth and occasional student of economics, named Mr. Yamada, who soon thereafter announced his engagement to the daughter and only child of a wealthy toy manufacturer. Unaccustomed to returning loans, Mr. Yamada had given the now assuredly miraculous relic as a parting gift to a former girl friend and onetime proprietress of the Kiss Me bar, who carried it off to Tokyo, where both she and the brocade disappeared from view. I assumed, though, that her arrival in the capital met with a happy reception. —David Kidd

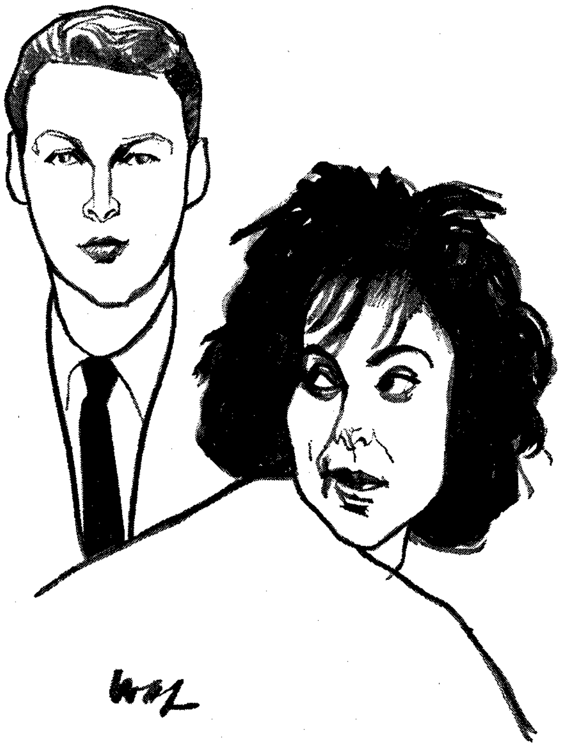
•

THREE MEN ASPHYXIATED
TO HEAD TULANE UNIVERSITY
—*St. Louis Post-Dispatch.*

Well, it's a fresh approach, anyway.

PROFILES

A TILTED INSIGHT

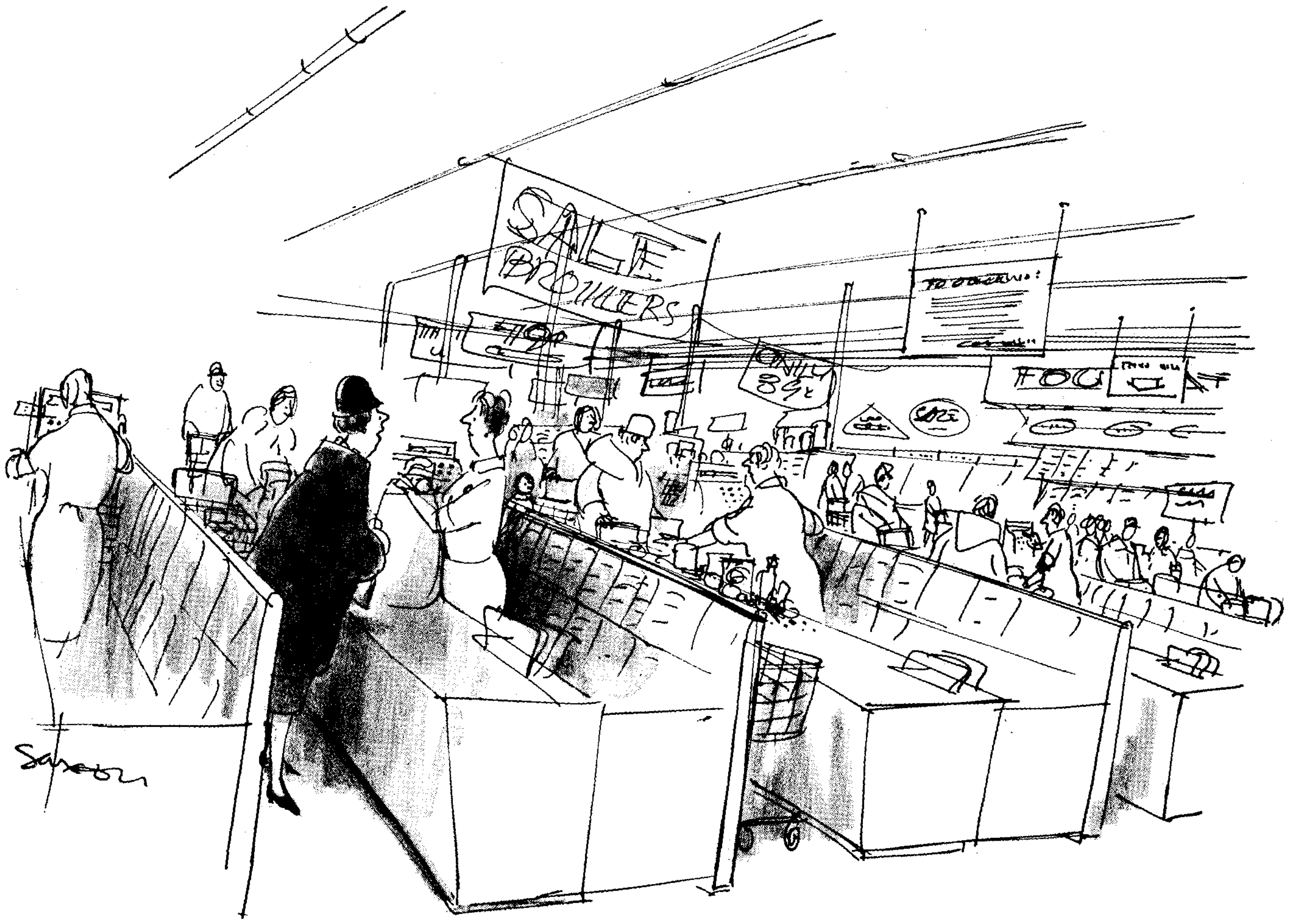


Mike Nichols and Elaine May

ONE surprising development in the entertainment business during the last half-dozen years has been the ascent of a generation of young comedians whose public attitude is indignation and whose subject matter is man's inhumanity to man—of which, if their work is a reflection of their state of mind, they consider themselves to be outstanding victims. Gone is the time when being jocose about Bing Crosby's toupee, Jayne Mansfield's structure, or the outcome of the daily double at Hialeah was fashionable; the new comedy covers a bleak political-psychological-sociological-cultural range that reaches from the way public affairs are conducted in Washington to the way private ones are conducted in Westchester. Of the members of the group of suffering entertainers—though it may be disrespectful to use the word "group" to describe people who spend much of their time being disrespectful to groups—the two who have devised the most striking way of making their pain laughable are the team of Mike Nichols and Elaine May. Nichols and May use the Stanislavski method of acting to perform comedy sketches in classic blackout form. The result is a wholly original technique that allows them, at one and the same time, to make funny faces and wear funny hats and to deal accurately and candidly with what one man who has worked with them calls "the secrets of the family"—the appalling (to them, at least) relationships that habitually exist between mothers and sons, fathers and daughters, brothers and sisters, husbands and wives, or, in short, males and females. As depicted by Nichols and May, mothers tend to whine, grown-up sons to snivel, adolescents to pant or prattle, unfaithful wives to simper, little boys to bluster, and husbands to drone. Their attitude toward the people they have invented is rigorously unsentimental but by no means unemotional; as well they might, they often seem to be enraged by the way their characters are behaving. A comment that both of them feel is a just description of what they do and how they do it was recently made by the critic Walter Kerr, who wrote, "It's a good thing Mike Nichols and Elaine May are partners. How would either of them ever find anyone else he'd distrust so much?" One thing most Nichols and May characters are addicted to is clichés, spoken in tones of embarrassed and embarrassing sincerity. "I can't stand to see you this way," one of them, horrified by the agonies the other one is going through in an effort to give up smoking, will say, to the accompaniment of those circumstantial spasms of the larynx, the nostrils, and the jawline that are characteristic equally of a congenital clown and of a Method actor. Or "I wouldn't respect you and I wouldn't respect myself," or "Darling, I'm so ashamed." Not only is the acting of Nichols and May so substantial that they can construct believable characters out of literary rubble like that, but their literary discipline is substantial enough for them to know when a character is so solidly built that he can deliver a punch line. In view of the fact that family secrets, even when they are handled in a resolutely anti-soap-opera manner, are an inexhaustible source of best-selling copy, no one need be flabbergasted to learn that Nichols and May, neither of whom has yet reached thirty, have been deriving from their work in night clubs, television, and radio, and on Broadway, where their show "An Evening with Mike Nichols and Elaine May" is in its seventh month, gross annual receipts of nearly half a million dollars.

Nichols is light-haired, light-eyed, and light-skinned. He is not only the male lead but the master of ceremonies, and in the latter role he is debonair and self-assured enough. Once he plunges into a scene, though, it becomes apparent that he is a doomed man. His full-lipped and rather fleshy face is peculiarly suited to expressing the nuances of frustration, from the compressed mouth and round eyes of helpless resignation, through a whole gamut of pouts, to the expanded nostrils and knitted brows of ineffectual anger. His somewhat nasal voice can ring just about all the changes on querulousness. As the doomed man, he is flimflammed by telephone operators, browbeaten by his mother, and terrified when his girl friend submits to his amorous advances. Sometimes he tries to be satanically dominant—with his little sister, say, or with an audience of women gathered to hear him lecture on the drama—but his masterfulness and malevolence are usually feeble. Nichols' characterizations are ably conceived and executed, but there is no more doubt in his mind than in anyone else's that Miss May is the team's virtuoso actor. She is a short, buxom young woman, as uncompromisingly brunette as Nichols is blond, with an enormous amount of crazy hair and crazy energy. She can arrange her features and tune her voice in so many different ways that it is impossible to say what she really looks or sounds like. As a movie starlet with wide eyes, a dazzling smile, and a husky voice, she is clearly one of the most alluring women in America; as a mother with sagging shoulders and jowls, twitching hands, and a whine, she is one of the most repellent; as an Englishwoman with protruding teeth, a rigid spine, and clipped diction, or as a clubwoman with unmanageable eyebrows, aimless gestures, and a shrill cackle, she is one of the most absurd.

However, describing Nichols and May as solo performers is beside the point, for the essence of the act is that it is a duet. If there is a difference in kind between the contributions of the two, it is that Nichols, as the one less



"Is there anyone I could tell I was disappointed in some romaine lettuce?"

likely to lose himself in what he is doing, is the one more likely to know when the moment has come to change the direction of a scene or to end it. Certainly it is Nichols who has taken day-by-day command of the team's career. Alexander H. Cohen, the producer of "An Evening with Mike Nichols and Elaine May," estimates that he has a telephone conversation about business with Miss May every ten or twelve days and that he has one with Nichols three or four times every day. "Mike's middle name is Emergency," Cohen, who has limitless affection for the eccentricities of actors in general and for those of Nichols and May in particular, said not long ago. "He may call me at home from his dressing room during intermission to tell me the theatre is 'in total darkness,' and when I check with the stage manager I'll find that one bulb burned out up on the bridge and has already been replaced." The sort of thing that exasperates Miss May professionally is of a different order, which she recently summarized by imagining a situation in which the team appears on a television show with Dinah Shore. The hypothetical script calls for Miss Shore and Miss May to exchange the customary inconsequences before the team goes into its act, with Miss Shore beginning by saying, "Why, Elaine, you're wearing the same dress I am." Miss May finds it psychologically impossible to make any reply but "Certainly, didn't you see it at dress rehearsal?," and her part of the badinage is suppressed. Because Miss May's imagination teems with mortifying predicaments like that, Nichols handles most of the public chitchat for the pair.

In most respects, though, Nichols and May are a team that carries teamwork to extraordinary lengths. As trained and convinced Method actors—Nichols took lessons from Lee Strasberg, the theoretician-in-chief of the Actors' Studio, and Miss May studied under the late Maria Ouspenskaya, an alumna of the Moscow Art Theatre—they both insist that establishing and maintaining a believable personal relationship onstage is the foundation of good acting, and therefore of good comedy, and that any effects, however showy, that are irrelevant to such a relationship are inartistic, and therefore unfunny. The way they compose their pieces is an even more impressive demonstration of teamwork than the way they perform them. The characters Nichols plays and the words Nichols speaks were invented by Nichols, and the characters Miss May plays and the words Miss May speaks were invented by Miss May. Everything they do started as an improvisation and was gradually hardened and polished in the course of performance without ever having been written down or even discussed much. "We've killed some promising things with too much talk, so we've learned to talk very carefully," Miss May said recently. Miss May tends to use words in a special way. There is little carefulness in the accepted sense in the way they talk to each other privately during practically every intermission. In fact, these colloquies are often conducted in such injurious terms that the team sounds much like a married couple on the way home from a

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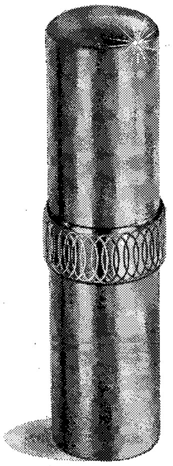

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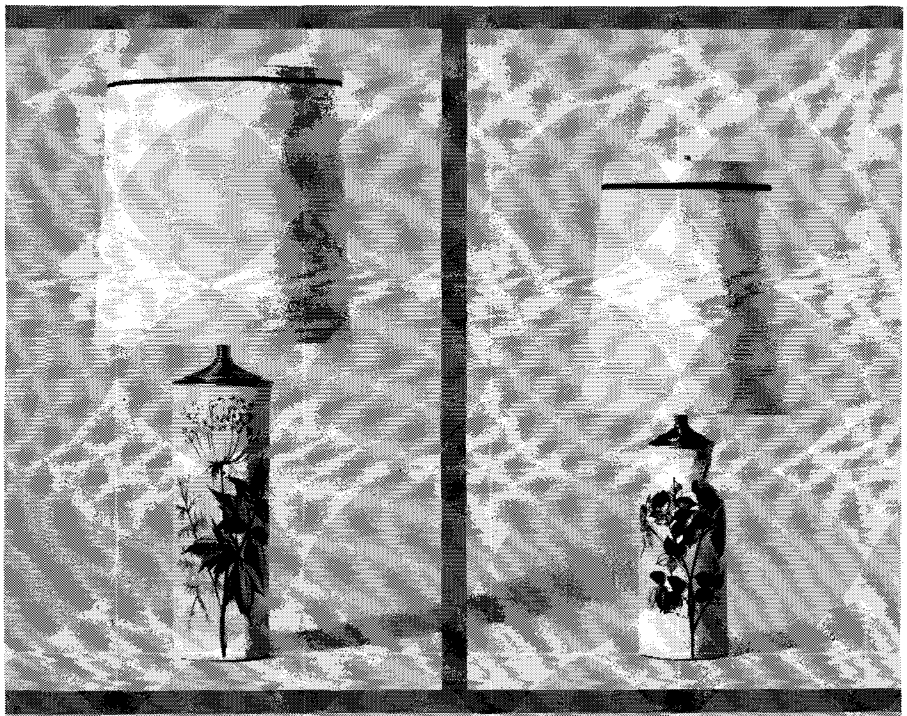

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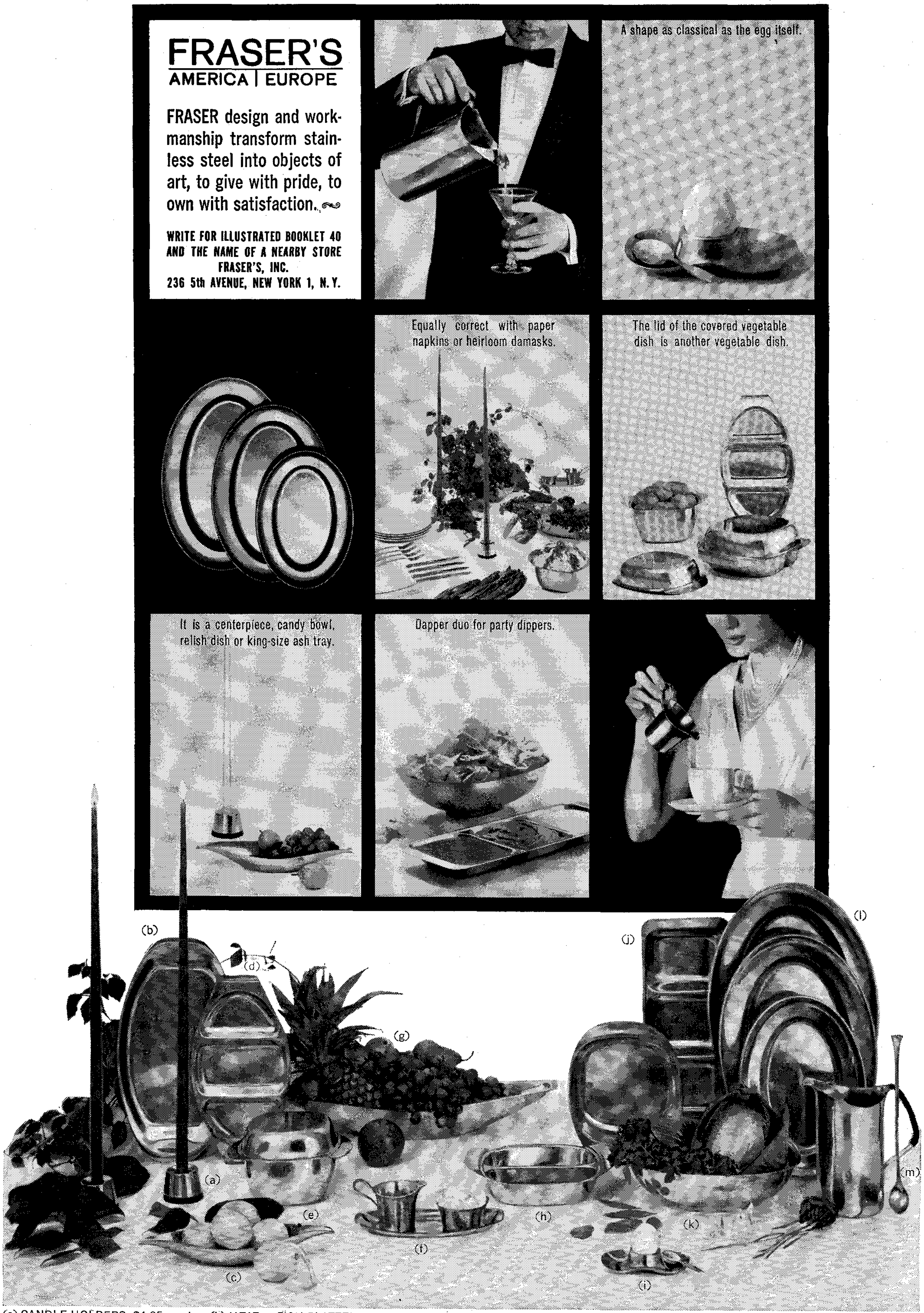
particularly disorderly cocktail party; how-dare-you-treat-me-this-way is a recurrent theme. The sense in which they can be said to exercise care after the curtain comes down is that they confine themselves to discussing their general attitude toward each other while the curtain was up, and avoid all mention of details of inflection, gesture, or grimace. They cherish the spontaneous nature of their work so fiercely that they have a calculated policy of remaining as ignorant as they can of such minutiae. Their instinctive reflex when one of the scenes is analyzed in their presence is not to listen, and when one of them is written down, not to look. In order to be able to cue "Evening's" backstage crew properly, the show's stage manager, shortly after it opened, obtained a script by the use of a tape recorder and a typist. One day, Miss May injudiciously read what she had been saying in a solo scene as a Parent-Teacher Association chairlady. She was amazed to find that, in her words, "there isn't a joke in it." The discovery made her so self-conscious that she wasn't satisfied with the way she performed the scene for a couple of weeks, which was how long it took her to stop listening to herself telling all those non-jokes and to regain her confidence that her acting was funny enough to compensate for the absence of verbal wit. Since Miss May and Nichols have more respect than any audience for their mysterious ability to mesh their separate notions into a coherent piece ad lib, it is improbable that they have ever studied the script of one of their joint numbers. They are able to account for their rapport only in the most general way. A recent manful, if not altogether lucid, attempt by Nichols to explain it was, "Neither of us is capable of having a different kind of idea from the other." As for Miss May, she defines the element that binds their work together as "a tilted insight."

ALTHOUGH it is clear from what Nichols and May do that their insight tilts in the direction of being aggrieved, they seldom make their grievances explicit. Their method of voicing an opinion is to embed it in an ostensibly factual report rather than to proclaim it in an editorial. They make known their suspicion of mother love, for example, by enacting a seven-and-a-half-minute telephone conversation between a young man and his mother, who has phoned him because for weeks he has neglected to phone her. The sketch, one of their most renowned,



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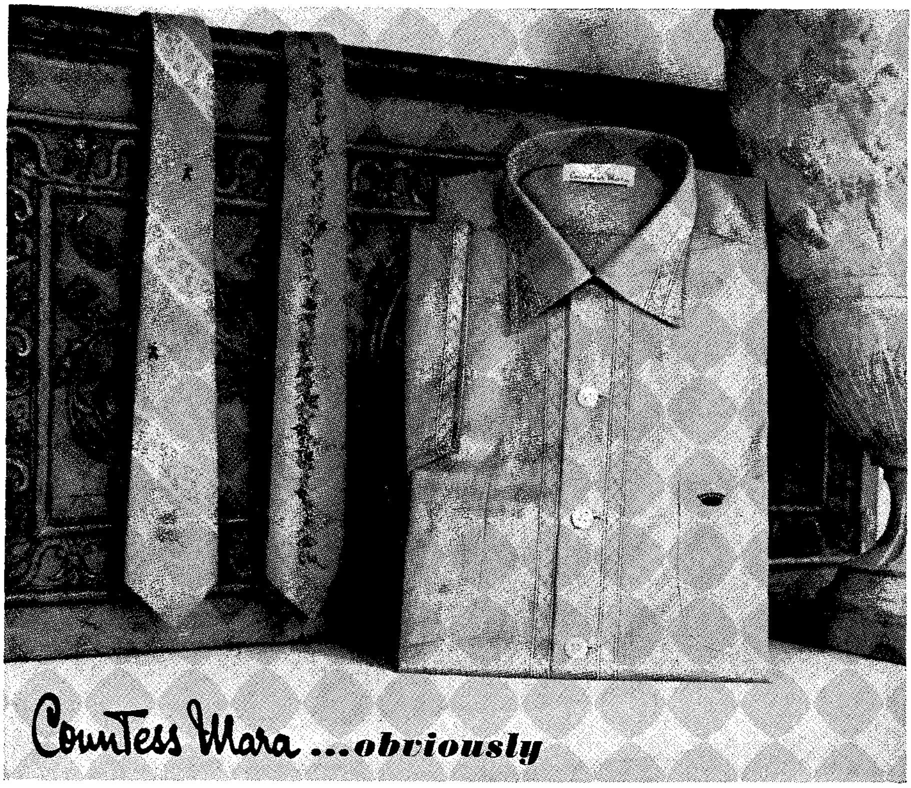
reaches its climax when Nichols says, "I feel awful," and Miss May replies, "Arthur, if I could only believe that, I'd be the happiest mother in the world." They have a forthright attitude toward adultery, which, in essence, seems to be that committing it and not committing it are equally pointless; it takes them ten and a half minutes to expound this theory by way of a series of three scenes in the lobby of a hotel. The first is between a conscience-stricken American couple. (NICHOLS: "You want to know how bad *I* feel? If I hadn't rented that room already, I'd say forget it.") The second is between a tight-lipped English couple. (MISS MAY: "I'm early." NICHOLS [*not moving*]: "Nice to have the extra time." MISS MAY [*sitting down*]: "Yes.") The third is between a preposterously exuberant French couple. (NICHOLS: "Where's George?" MISS MAY: "My husband? . . . But, darling, I don't know. Didn't *you* bring him?") In much the same deprecatory manner, they deal at length with female civic-mindedness, industrial bureaucracy, modern child-rearing, radio journalism, the cult of Southern squalor, and adolescent courtship. In addition, they have made dozens of summary, but no less disenchanted, comments on subjects they evidently regard as not complicated enough to merit exhaustive treatment, like space travel, Christmas, police corruption, summer camps, the Presidential election, psychiatry, and almost anyone's literary output. Their evaluation of the novels of Fëdor Dostoevski takes just ten seconds; Miss May laughs hilariously for nine and a half seconds, Nichols says, "Unhappy woman!" and the lights go out. The painstakingly documentary nature of almost any Nichols and May scene that runs much longer than ten seconds tends to provoke a kind of laughter that, while voluminous, is distinctly uneasy. At a midweek matinée, there is generally a tinge of hysteria in the obbligato of soprano giggles that accompanies Miss May's impersonation of the P.-T.A. chairlady, and few audiences are able to keep their mirth from sounding shrill as they watch "Teenagers," a detailed examination of what a high-school boy and a high-school girl on their first date say and do in the back seat of a parked car. Some people even find Nichols and May too precise to be funny at all, among them a number of ardent admirers who look upon the team less as entertainers than as important social critics, or even leaders of a crusade for a more decent world. One such devotee, a social critic himself, recently



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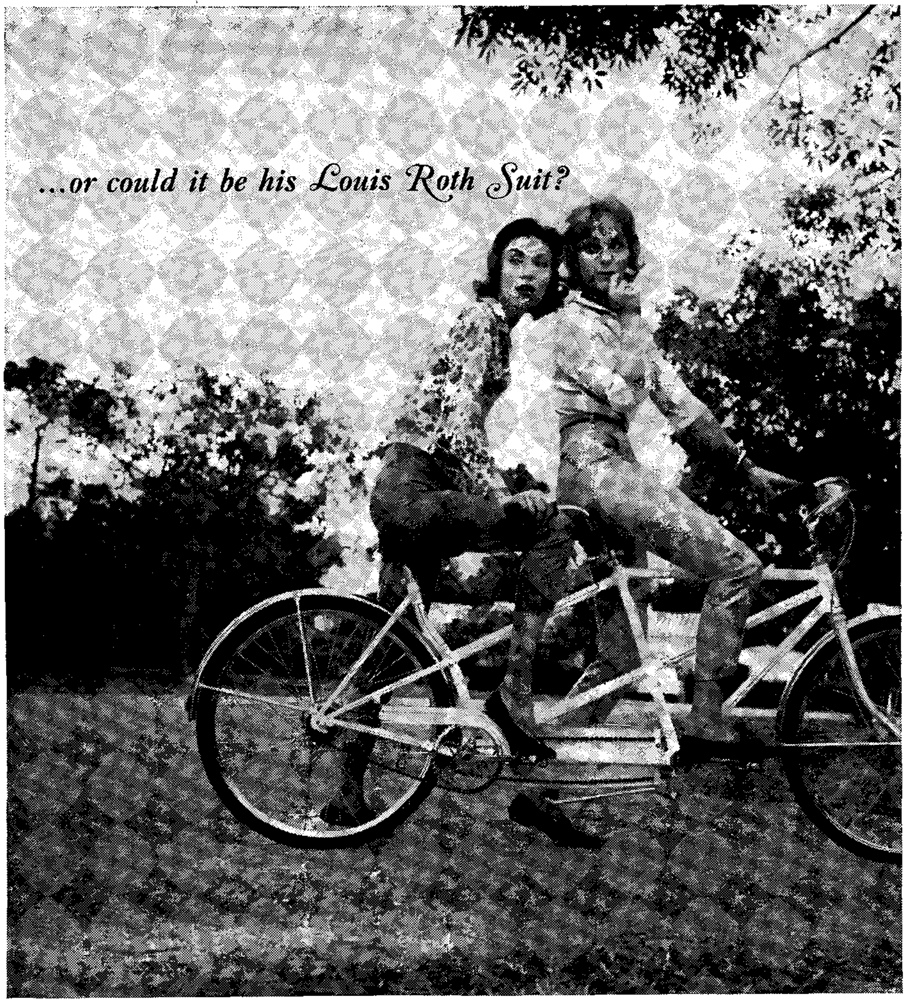

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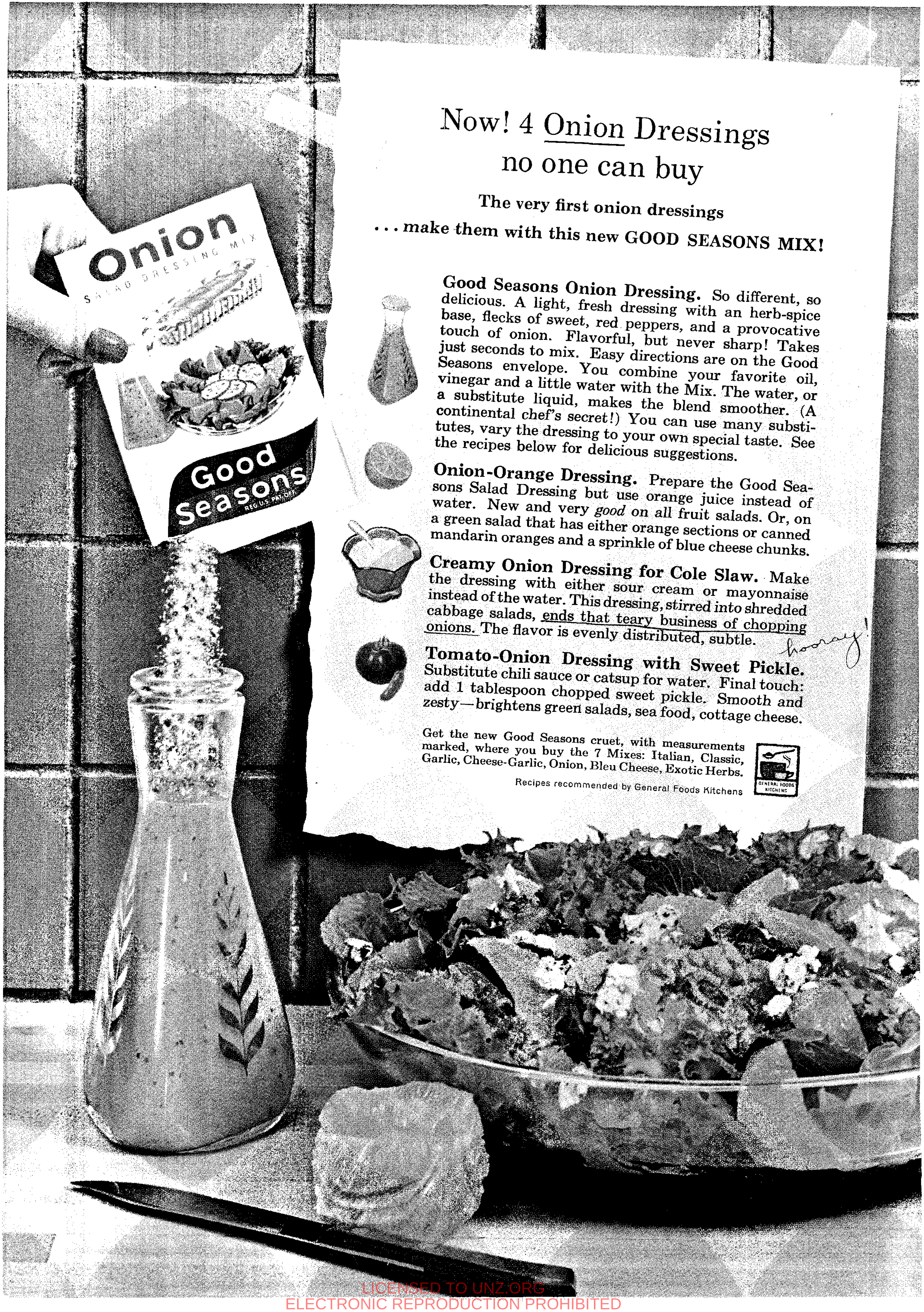

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asserted that he remembers being moved by just three broadcasts: the radio announcement of the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor, the radio announcement of the death of Franklin D. Roosevelt, and the first television performance of "Teen-agers." Few comedians, surely, have ever received such an accolade—and still fewer, not including Nichols and May, have ever sought one.

Perhaps the most complete, and certainly the most complex, statement given by Nichols and May of their distrust of each other and everything else is an eighteen-and-a-half-minute scene they call "Pirandello." It uses that skeptical Italian playwright's system of questioning the integrity of all *human relationships* to demonstrate that two small children who play at being their parents and apparently become their parents really are two actors playing a scene in which children become their parents—or, rather, *really* are Mike Nichols and Elaine May playing two actors playing a scene in which children become their parents. It is a piece that gives Nichols and May a chance to be leery of each other from, so to speak, the cradle to the grave, and it provides a splendid setting for the disclosure of family secrets as well. It lets them express in detail what is conceivably a chief ingredient of their common view of life—that people, whether they are children, adults, actors, or Nichols and May, treat each other in much the same way: abominably. It lets them disparage in passing, to name just a few of the objects of their scorn, "Zorro" comic books, cocktail parties, the theatrical temperament, profane language, witty *women, and* skeptical Italian playwrights who question the integrity of all human relationships. It lets them display their profound sense of theatre, since they have worked the material so that it yields suspense and a number of frightening climaxes as well as laughter. And it lets them act their heads off—particularly Miss May. Her portrayal of a solemn, inarticulate little girl is one of the most meticulously observed, most heartfelt, and funniest characterizations on Broadway. Nichols and May use "Pirandello" to close the first half of "Evening," presumably so that an audience can smoke off its shock in the lobby. As a matter of fact, though "Pirandello" may be their definitive statement, it is the only thing of its kind they do. The ways they unburden themselves most naturally and most often are by turning everyday

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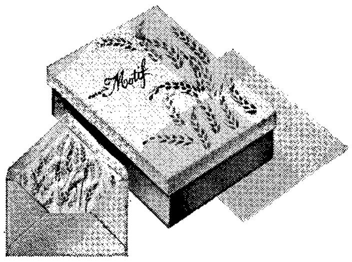

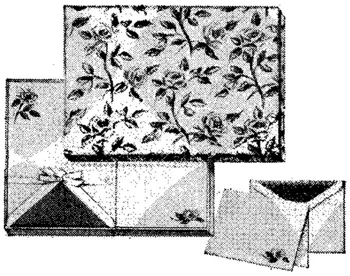

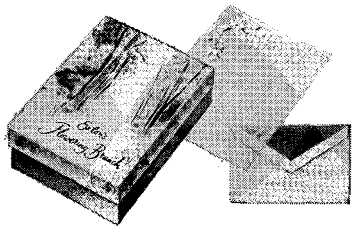

Letters . . . the most beautiful, the most immediate breath of life. —GOETHE

events into melodramas, by turning melodramas into everyday events, and by enacting Most Embarrassing Moments, a category of human experience they seem to be inordinately, not to say painfully, well acquainted with. The dialogue about giving up smoking and the telephone conversation between the mother and son are fair examples of the first method. Typical of the second are a pair of radio skits, one a version of "Oedipus Rex" that has Oedipus saying plaintively to Jocasta, "Look, sweetheart, you're my mother," the other a domestic contretemps that has the husband saying cheerily to his wife when she tells him she has been chosen to be the first woman into space, "I'll manage the house somehow." As for Most Embarrassing Moments, perhaps the funniest radio skit they ever did was about a psychiatrist with the hiccups, and another effective one concerned a traffic policeman trying to elicit a bribe from a woman driver too obtuse to understand his hints. They also operate quite often in the area of humor that is currently known as "sick." False teeth, falling hair, protruding ears, and gross overweight crop up a good deal in their work. "Sweetie, have you ever thought of bleaching your mustache?" is a fairly characteristic thing for Nichols to say to Miss May when they are groping for new material.

Nichols and May do a good deal of groping in the course of discovering what they want to say. Since they shoot from the hip, they necessarily score a great many partial hits and total misses. For the last year or so, they have been recording a series of one- to five-minute improvised comedy spots that are inserted, at the average rate of five times a weekend, into N.B.C. radio's weekend program called "Monitor." By now they must have attempted more than six hundred taped spots. Perhaps three hundred have been considered usable by the "Monitor" people, many of them after considerable cutting and splicing, and of those not more than a dozen or so represent Nichols and May at the top of their form. They have also been improvising regularly for the last year as the voices in a series of cartoon television tributes—for which they receive no billing, only a great deal of money—to Jax Beer, a New Orleans beverage that both of them now stock in their iceboxes. Their percentage of successes for Jax has been higher than for "Monitor," but the percentage of real triumphs almost certainly much smaller. In a night club or a theatre,

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they do only their high-gloss set pieces, except for one improvisation, toward the end of each show, based on a suggestion from the audience, and they themselves say that the improvisation is seldom on a par with the rest of the pieces. When it does come off, though, it shakes an audience more than any set piece ever can. It also shakes Nichols and May. Things they are quite unable to explain happen to them when they are carried away by an improvisation. Once, in a night club, they held a couple of hundred semi-sober delegates to a sales convention spellbound for fifteen or twenty minutes with an improvisation inspired by Plato's "Dialogues," a work that they had no reason to believe any member of their audience except the one who suggested it was familiar with, and, moreover, one that they themselves had had no idea they felt any passion about. On another occasion, Nichols suddenly became aware, with a feeling much like terror, that he was speaking fluent Yiddish—a language he didn't know he knew.

NICHOLS and May began their life together with an improvisation. It was a performance designed solely for their private entertainment, though it may well have also entertained, or astounded, a number of loiterers in the waiting room of the Randolph Street station of the Illinois Central in Chicago, which is where it took place. One evening in the spring of 1954, Nichols was walking through the waiting room on his way to a train and Miss May was sitting on a bench reading a magazine. They knew each other by sight, both having for a time hung around the University of Chicago and been associated with various little-theatre groups that originated on or around its campus. As Nichols remembers it, he had avoided becoming acquainted with Miss May, because he was sure she was sneering at him. He still speaks of "the look of utter contempt" that he believes was on her face as she watched him playing a part in Strindberg's "Miss Julie"—the first time he recalls seeing her. Miss May denies that she ever regarded Nichols with contempt. "I didn't regard him at all," she said recently. In any case, that day in the waiting room Nichols resolved to face up to Miss May. He sat down beside her and, talking out of the corner of his mouth, assumed the character of a secret agent making contact with a colleague. She responded in a heavy Russian accent, and they went into a long scene that Nichols recalls as "half spy, half pick-

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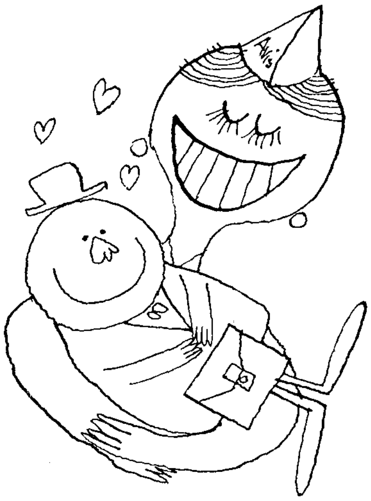

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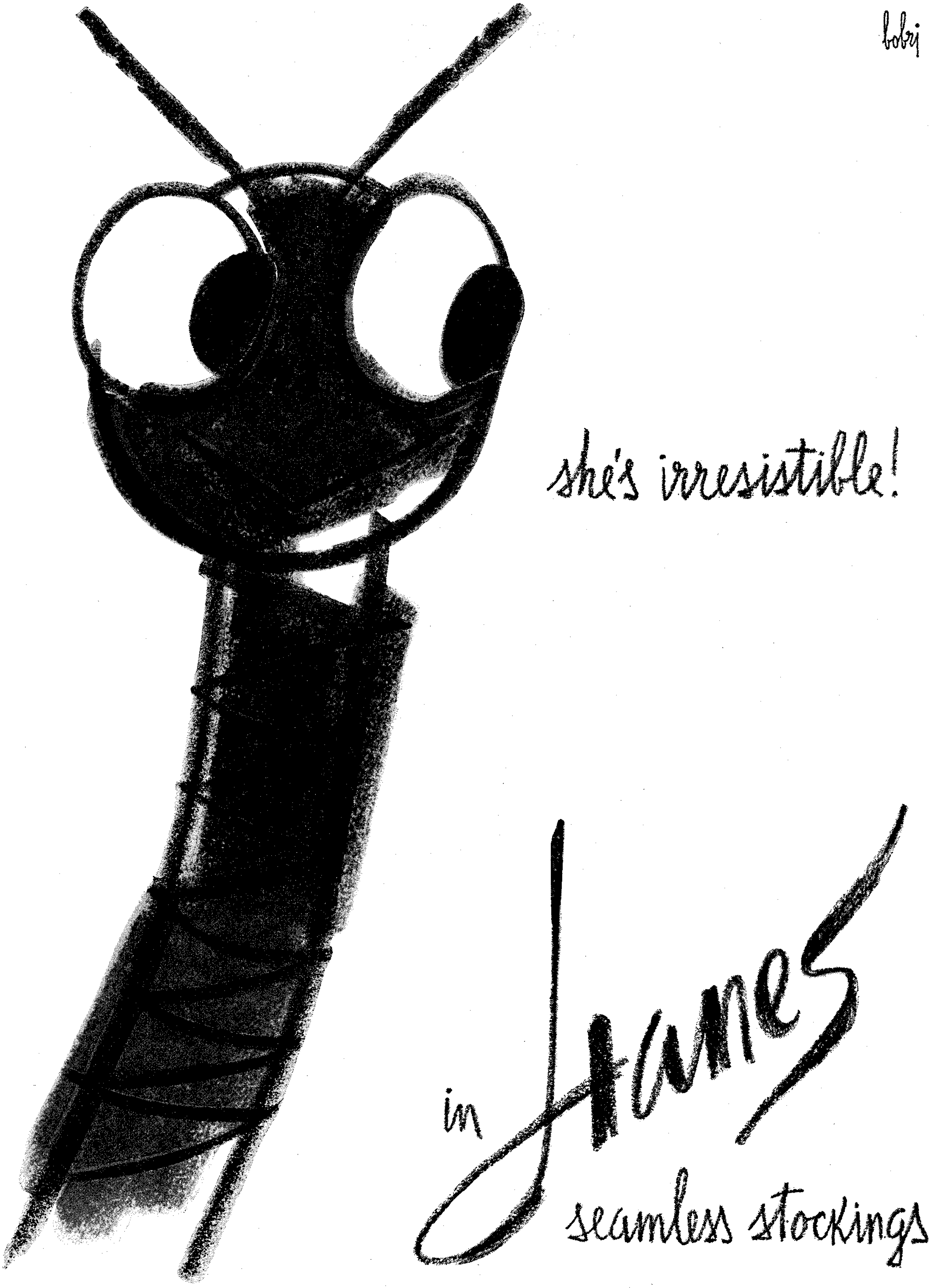
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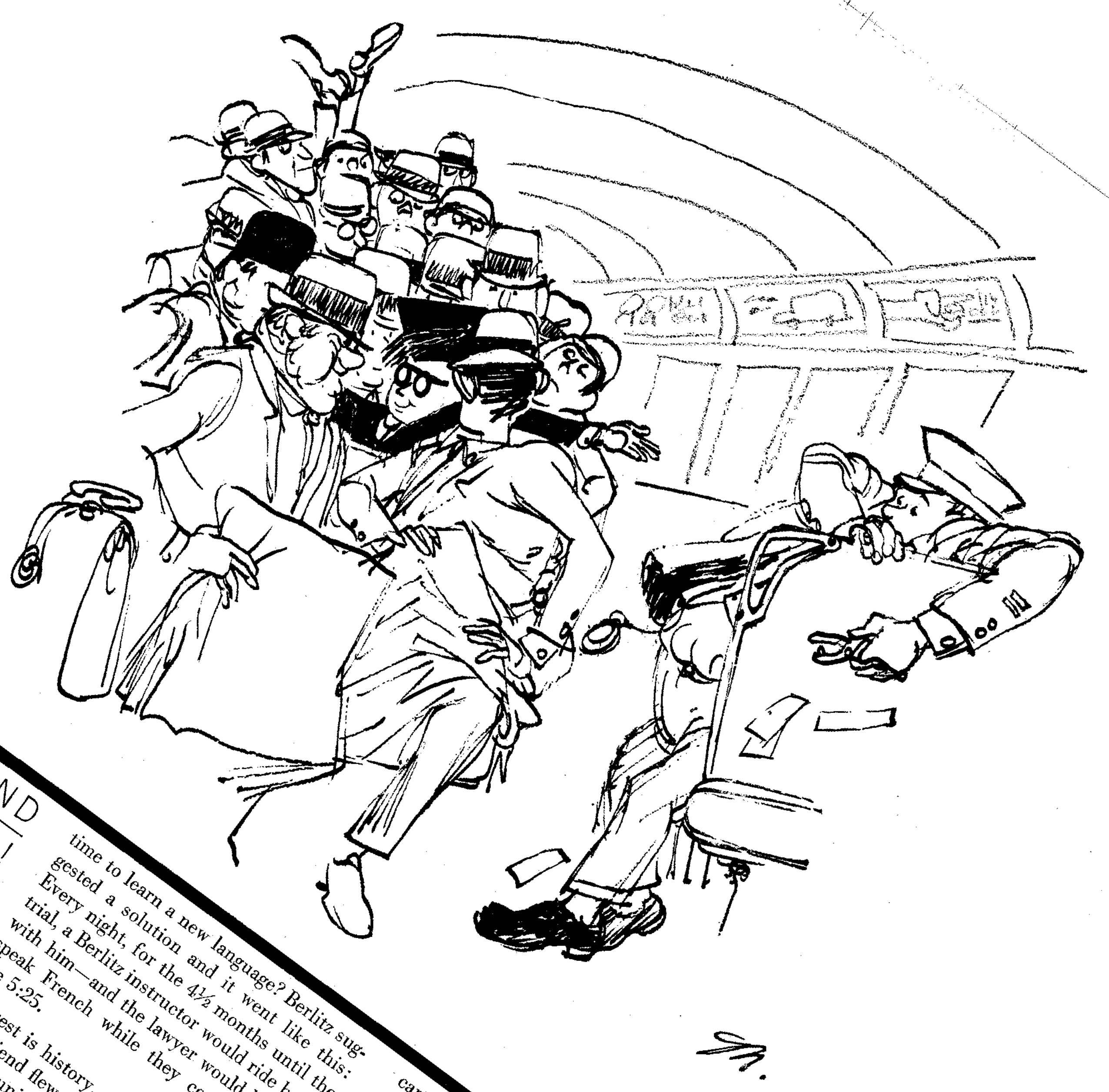
up." They no longer remember just what they said, of course, but if by any chance the scene foreshadowed a spy spot they did a few months ago for "Monitor," it may have begun something like this:

NICHOLS: I beg your pardon. Do you have a light?
MISS MAY: Yes, certainly.
NICHOLS: I had a lighter, but (*pause*) *I lost it on Fifty-seventh Street!*
MISS MAY: Oh. Then you're Agent X-9?

They both enjoyed their performance immensely. "It took the place of a lot of chitchat and coffee cups," Miss May said not long ago. In subsequent weeks, they had further meetings and conversations, and evidently discovered how much they had in common. Both of them were, as an old Chicago acquaintance of theirs has put it, "on the lam from their childhoods," which in Nichols' case had been spent largely in New York and in Miss May's largely in Los Angeles. Both of them had found the University of Chicago campus an asylum for insurgent spirits like theirs. Both of them were fascinated by the sort of theatre—Strindberg, Pirandello, Brecht—that is a good deal more likely to fascinate insurgent spirits in Chicago than commercial managers in New York or Los Angeles. Both of them had sharp tongues. And both of them were broke. Nichols recalls that one evening in Chicago he was so hungry, and so reluctant to cadge either another meal from friends or another package of bologna from a grocery store, that he dined on a jar of mustard, the only eatable in his room. He also recalls that when Miss May asked him to eat with her, in a cellar she was then occupying, the dish she was most likely to serve was a delight consisting of a small amount of hamburger, a small amount of cream cheese, and a large amount of ketchup. He says it was delicious. It is possible that he really thought so, since not long ago a friend who was sitting with him in the living room of his East Side penthouse watched him sup, with every evidence of pleasure, on a glass of butterscotch Metrecal and a can of corn, eaten cold out of the can.

The trail that led Nichols to the Illinois Central waiting room began in Berlin, where he was born in November, 1931, to parents who qualified in almost every possible respect as objects of Nazi persecution. His father was a Russian-born Jewish doctor, Paul Peschkowsky, who, after the revolution, had settled in Germany. His mother's



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It seems that the Counsellor (legal ethics prevent using his real name) is an expert in a highly specialized law field. An important client insisted that he handle a difficult case in France. His own experience and the advice of his colleagues convinced him that speaking to a judge and jury through an interpreter would weaken his case. (The embarassed barrister couldn't tell a tort from a demurrer in French.) But where and how was he going to find the time to learn a new language? Berlitz suggested a solution and it went like this: Every night, for the 4½ months until the trial, a Berlitz instructor would ride home with him—and the lawyer would learn to speak French while they commuted on the 5:25.

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family was prominently identified with the German Social Democratic Party; in fact, her father was an early victim of Nazi assassins. Hitler became Chancellor when Nichols was two. Nichols' chief memories of his personal life in the Germany of the thirties are of attending a segregated school for Jewish children and of being taunted and jostled sometimes on his way to and from school by boys with respectable ancestors. He was able to leave the country at an early enough age to have been spared experiences more devastating than those. In 1938, his father acquired the papers that were needed to effect his own departure from Germany and admission to the United States, and sailed for New York, with the idea of sending for his family when he had qualified to practice medicine here and was able to earn a living. Upon his arrival, he took the name of Nichols. A year later, Michael arrived, accompanied only by his younger brother—now an interne in San Francisco. Their mother was ill, and had been unable to make the trip with them, as she had planned. She came in 1941, only a few weeks before the United States entered the war. Dr. Nichols rapidly built up a good enough practice to maintain the family comfortably in the West Seventies, near Central Park. For the first three or four years here, Michael was bandied about from school to school; finally, he was installed, for his high-school years, in the Walden School, an institution of the kind known as progressive. It is possible that his attitude as an adolescent toward the adult world is recapitulated in the last line of a summer-camp spot that he and Miss May did for "Monitor." The camp director says, "If I didn't hate kids so much, I'd close this camp." In 1944, Dr. Nichols was stricken with leukemia, and died. Since he had not been working long enough in this country to accumulate much of a reserve, the family had to reduce its standard of living sharply, but Michael was able to continue at Walden as a scholarship student. However, organized education was one of many things he had little use for. Once he had squeezed through Walden, with a minimum of effort, he had no idea of undertaking any further formal studies, except, perhaps, those connected with the theatre, a vocation to which he felt called but for which he was certain he would never be chosen. "I knew I was bright, but I didn't think I had any talent," he said recently. "I simply couldn't imagine a part anyone would cast me for." He did make a halfhearted investigation of the Department of Dramatic

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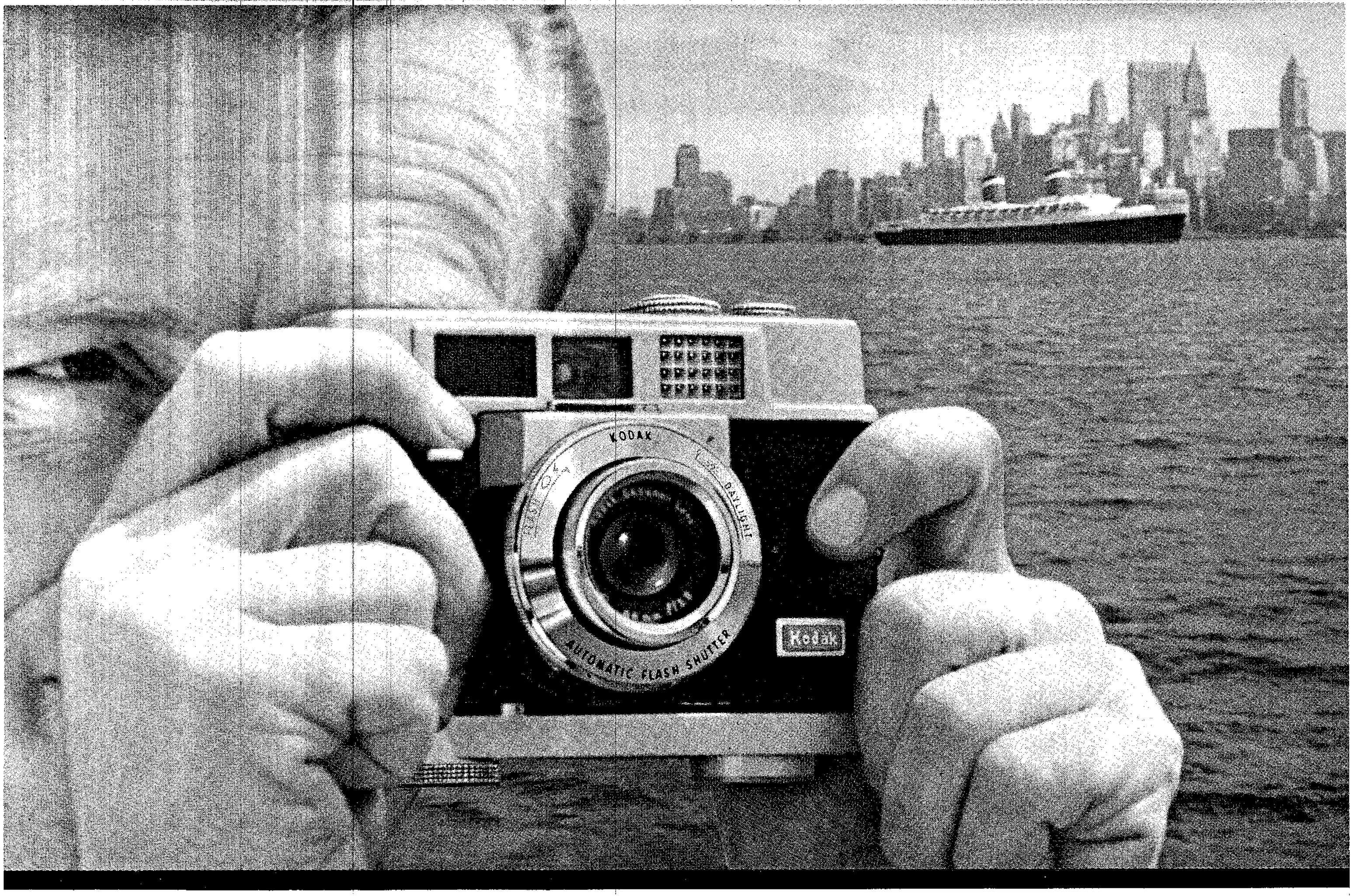

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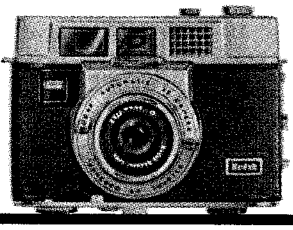

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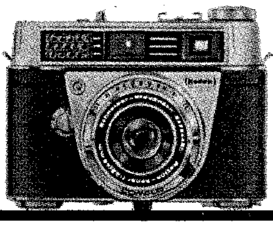

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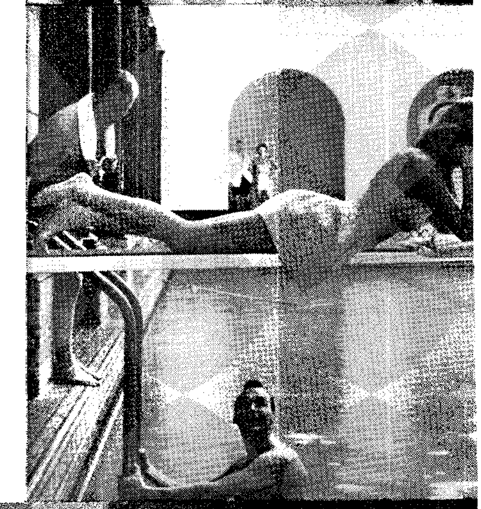
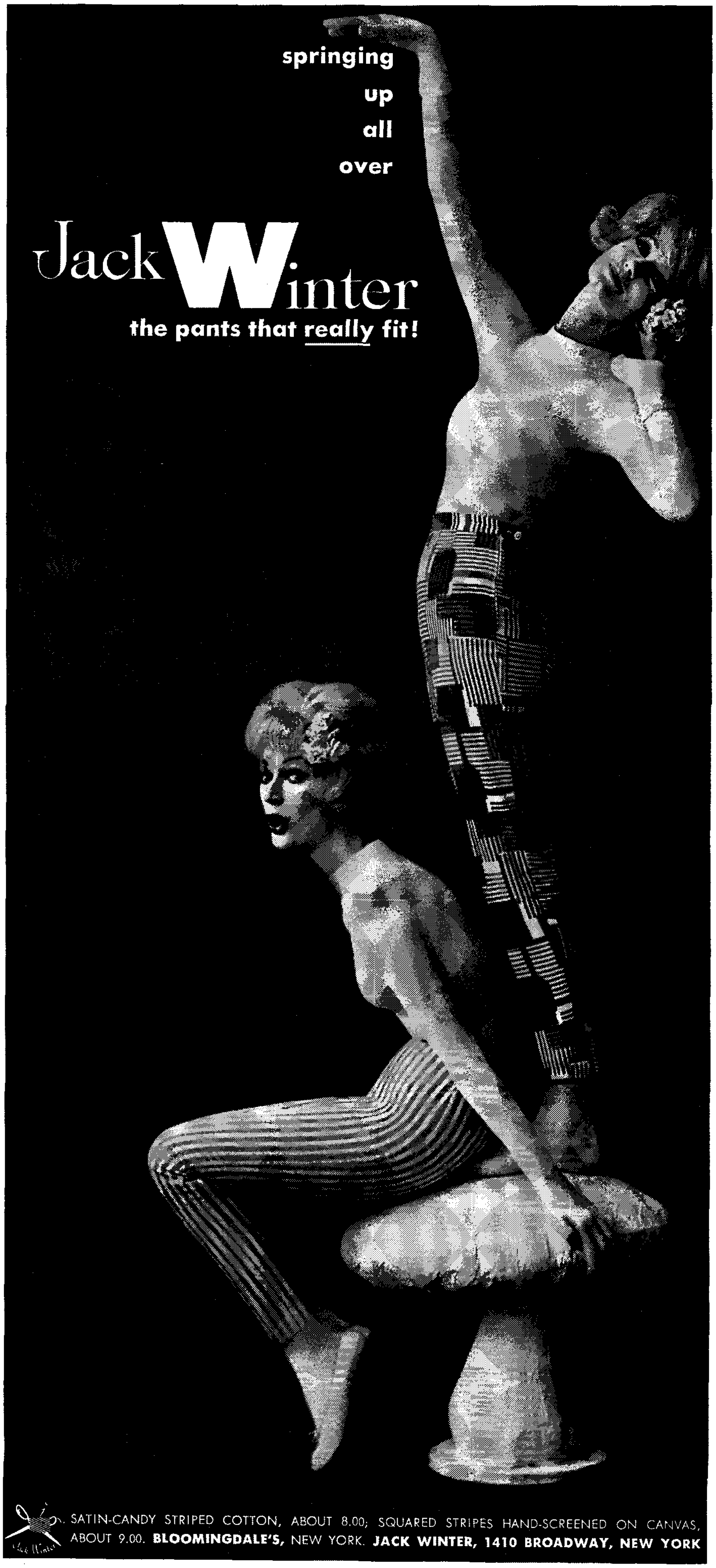


Arts of New York University, but when he discovered that one thing N.Y.U. students were expected to master was the words and melody of the school anthem ("Oh grim, grey Palisades . . ."), he left indignantly and got a job as a shipping clerk in a company that made costume jewelry. After a year there, it occurred to him that if it came to choosing between rhinestones and alma-mater songs, there was probably something to be said for alma-mater songs. He therefore enrolled in an academic course at the University of Chicago, but he made a point of seldom attending classes or taking examinations. The intellectual and artistic ferment on the Chicago campus did stimulate him, though, and he began to come to grips with his destiny when he joined practically every theatre group in sight. One of his first appearances was in the production of "Miss Julie" that was the occasion of Miss May's giving him the alleged fisheye. Presently, he was able to free himself partly from a mustard-eating economy by getting a job as an announcer for an FM radio station that concentrated on classical music, which he admires and knows a good deal about. He was on his way from the radio station to his lodgings, on the South Side, when he encountered Miss May in the waiting room.

Miss May arrived at Nichols by just as rocky a road. She was born in 1932 in Philadelphia, though it might as well have been any other large city in the United States, Canada, or Mexico, because her father, Jack Berlin, was the director of, the writer for, and the principal actor in a travelling Jewish theatrical company. She herself began appearing onstage at an early age, playing little boys, who, to the best of her recollection, were all named Benny. When she was ten, her father died and her mother went into partnership with one of Miss May's uncles, who operated a Chicago establishment called Fogarty's Grill. A couple of years later, the family moved to Los Angeles. Miss May's schooling was brief indeed. Because she was on the road, she didn't start it until she was eight, and because her resistance to education was monumental, even by comparison with Nichols', she stopped it when she was fourteen. The only thing she ever liked to do in school, she has said, was diagram sentences. Mathematics she found impenetrable and history inconceivable. She has too hard a time remembering what year anything happened to *her* to be able to say what year something happened to Pepin the Short. While still in her teens, she was married to a young man named



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Marvin May, and something more than a year later she had a daughter, who, to show how circular life can be, is now attending the Walden School. (The Mays' marriage was ended by divorce some seven years ago.) Miss May looks back with distaste on her years in Los Angeles, a city she abhorred and abhors. "I feel in opposition to almost everything anyway, but it comes to its height in Los Angeles," she recently explained. Though she says she felt no specific urge then, and feels none now, to be an actress—or, in her words, "be anything"—the theatre was evidently her destiny, just as it was Nichols', because soon after her marriage she drifted into Mme. Ouspenskaya's acting classes. She acquired a good deal of useful training there, she thinks, though she had a difficult time at first, particularly with a standard Method exercise in which the actor is expected to portray a seed that gradually sprouts from the ground, grows into a tree, buds, and bursts into leaf. Miss May has always been strict about living the part she is playing. "They all had to wait for me. I couldn't bud to save my life. I knew I wasn't a tree," she recalled not long ago. She also drifted into association with various theatre enthusiasts in Los Angeles, and when some of them moved to Chicago to pursue their work, she followed, and found herself in the circle in which Nichols had been moving.

THE friendship that developed between Nichols and Miss May after the scene in the station was only a prologue to their professional association. When about six months had passed, Nichols resolved that the time had come for him to plunge, and he returned to New York to study under Strasberg. At first, he tried living in the city and paying his way by working. He got a job as a waiter in a Howard Johnson's restaurant, for example, but it ended abruptly after two weeks, when, upon being asked for the fortieth time in one day, what kind of ice cream the establishment served, he grinned maniacally—he has one of the best maniacal grins in the business—and answered, "Chicken." There were other on-the-job crises, and so he moved to Philadelphia (life is circular), where his mother, who had remarried, was living, and still lives. He got a job with a Philadelphia radio station and commuted to New York twice a week for his lessons with Strasberg. Meanwhile, back in Chicago, Miss May joined one of the theatre companies that Nichols had been in. She acted in an assortment of plays that included "Peer

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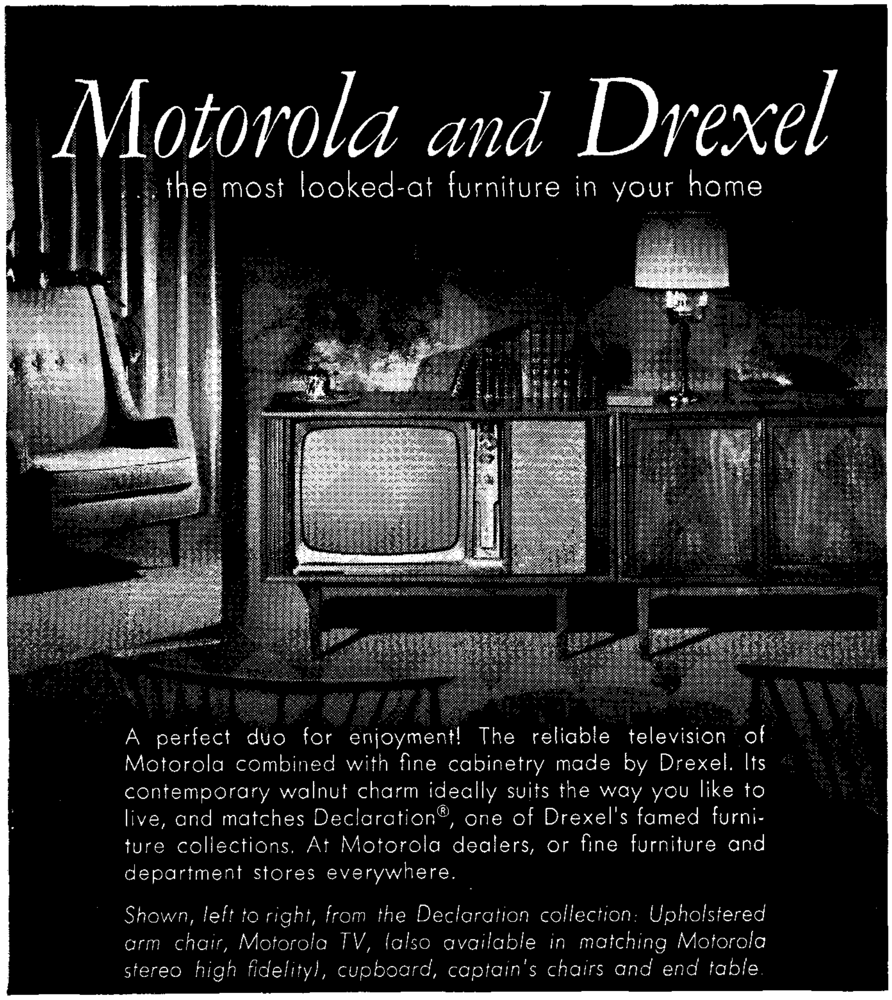

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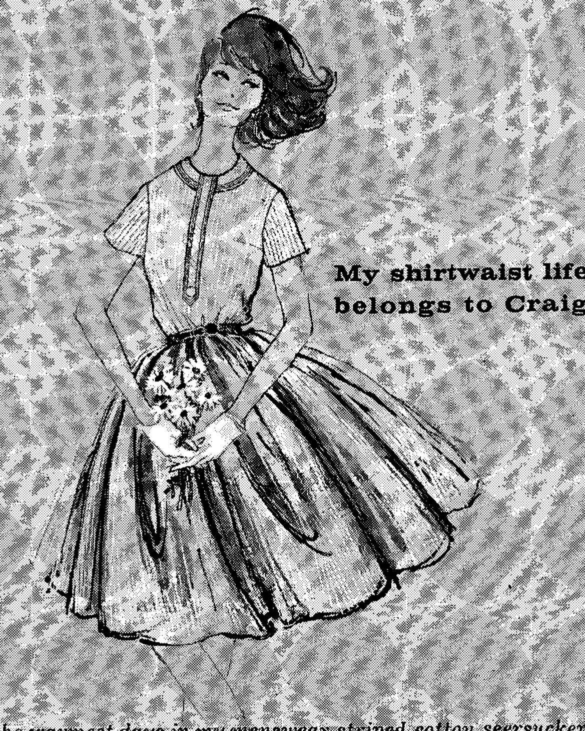

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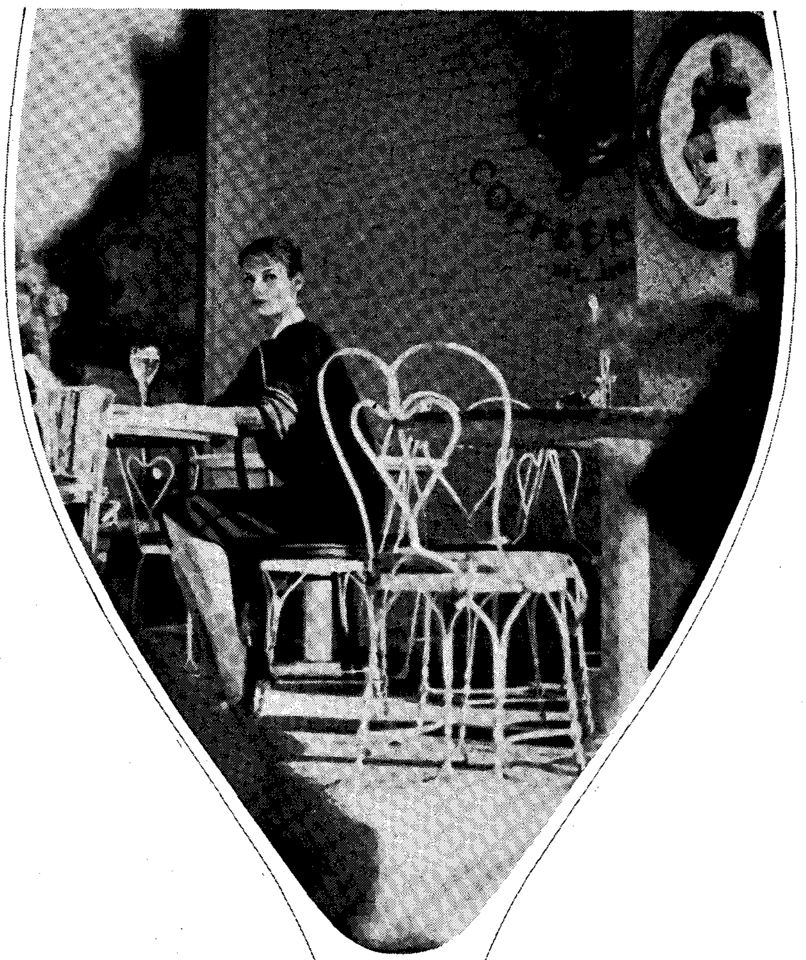
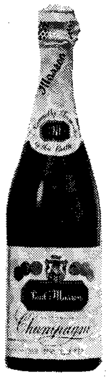
Gynt," "Red Gloves," "Murder in the Cathedral," and "A Midsummer Night's Dream," and both she and the company scored such smashing successes that when she had been with it for only a few months her salary was raised from twelve dollars a week to twenty-five. Then, in the spring of 1955, the Fire Department closed the company's theatre, and one of its producers, David Shepherd, who was a theatre buff with a little money and a lot of admiration for what went on in European cabarets, said, as Miss May recalls it, "The hell with all the forms," and organized Compass Theatre—not a theatre but a night club, in which half a dozen actors (four male and two female), using brief scenarios based on ideas they either thought up themselves or elicited from the spectators, improvised scenes. Compass, of which Miss May was a charter member, proved sufficiently attractive to the drinking public to pay its performers fifty-five dollars a week. Late in 1955, a vacancy occurred at Compass, and Nichols, in Philadelphia, was asked by Shepherd to come to Chicago and fill it. Nichols had not maintained any contact with Miss May during the time they were apart—"Neither of us ever maintains any contact with anybody," he remarked a few weeks ago—but they had no difficulty in resuming their friendship at the point where they had suspended it, and they found working with each other, and at Compass, exhilarating. Most of the major pieces they do today had their origin at Compass. (Compass cheated about improvising in one respect; if a scene worked out well, it was kept in the repertory, though it changed from one performance to the next.) As a matter of fact, one of their scenes, a series of hysterical dialogues between a man who has lost his last dime in a coin telephone and a procession of operators, was first performed by Miss May and Shelley Berman, a contemporary of theirs at Compass who has also graduated from the fifty-five-dollar-a-week class. It is the only big Nichols and May number that involves no family secret. Considerably more representative of what they used to do together was a scene, evidently containing the first inklings of "Pirandello," that covered the history, from childhood to old age, of a couple who spent their lives playing games with each other. (A Compass improvisation could go on for an hour, if that was the way the actors felt about it.) The scene started with their playing Monopoly, proceeded through gin rummy, and





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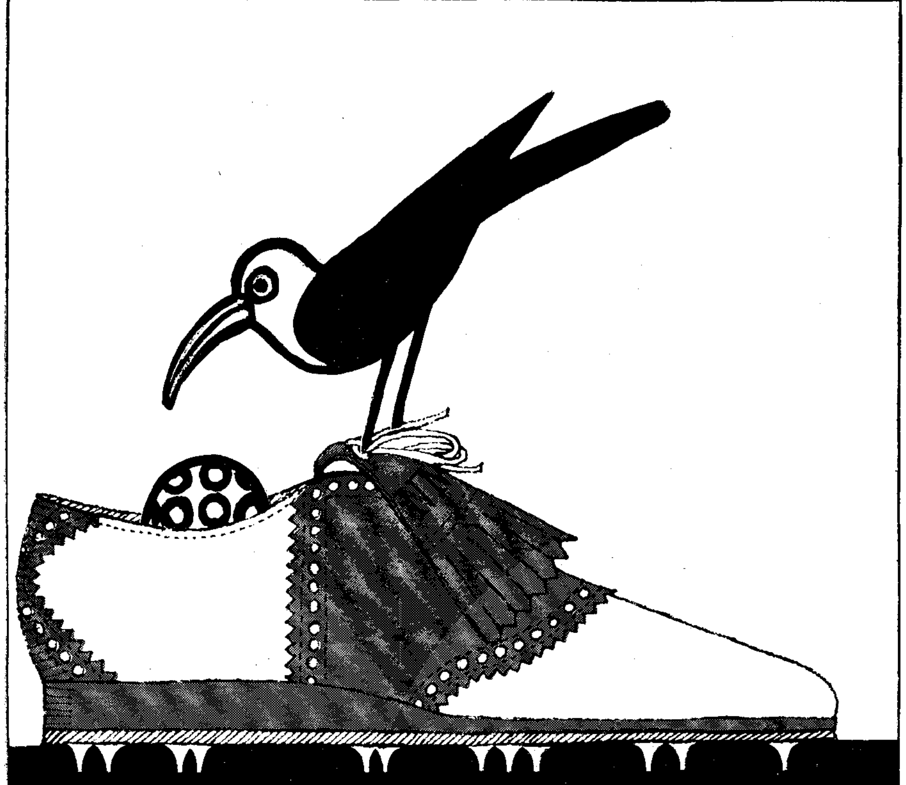

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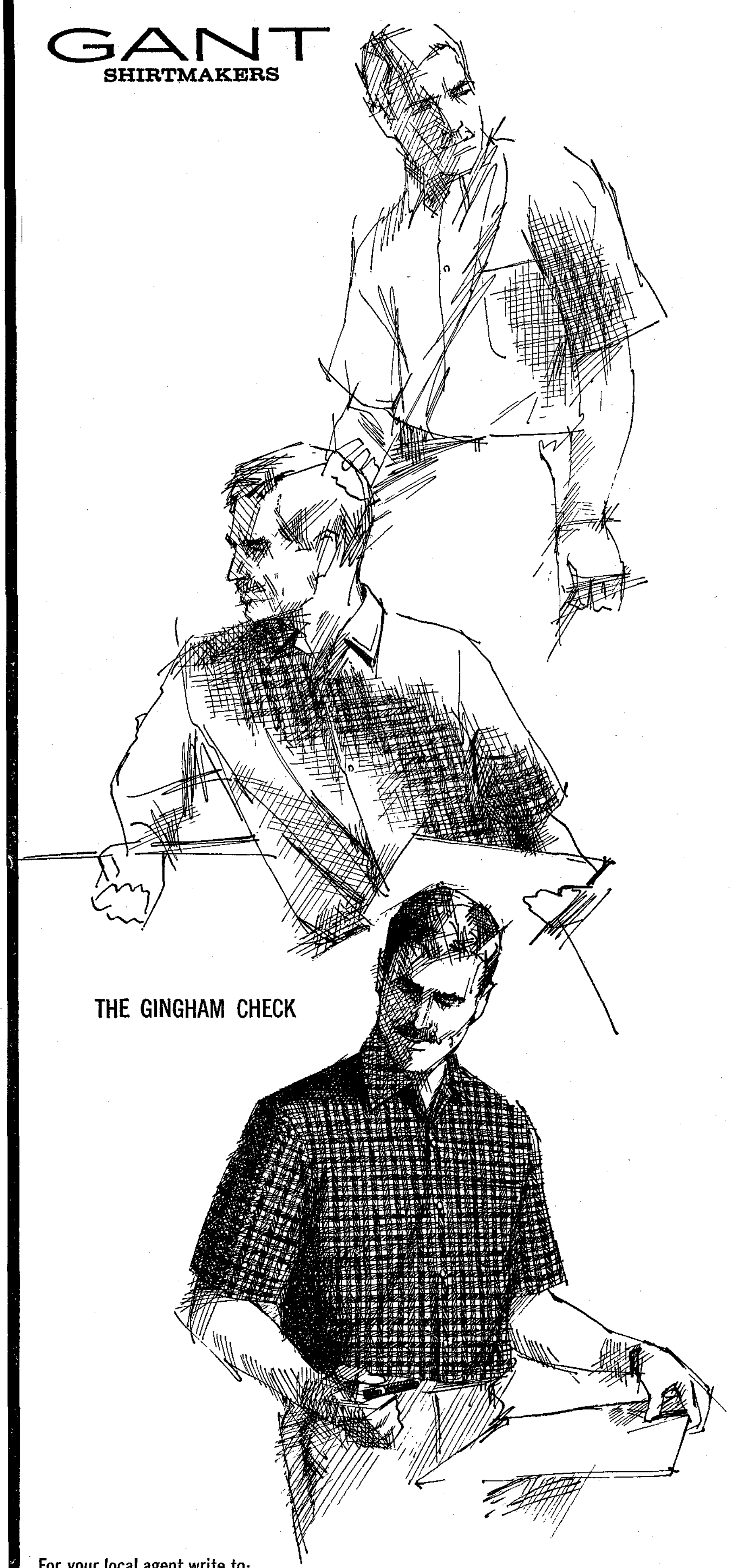
finally arrived at chess. Nichols always lost. At last, when they were doddering and palsied, he was able to cry, "Checkmate!" Miss May dropped dead. Nichols paid her no attention. "I won! I won!" he shouted, jumping with glee. End of scene.

Nichols and Miss May spent a couple of years exchanging joyous thoughts like that with each other and with their colleagues. Then Compass suffered a complex of business ailments, and in the fall of 1957 it had to be disbanded. Shepherd reconstituted the company in St. Louis, with the idea of taking it on to New York, and a new Compass, with Nichols and May as its cadre, did enjoy a four-month run in St. Louis, in what Miss May has graphically described as "a tiny place called the Crystal Palace." The move to New York did not come about, though. The only insurance that the team had taken out against such an emergency was to get, from a friend of Nichols', the name, address, and telephone number of Jack Rollins, a New York manager who was presumably looking for new acts to manage. Since both Nichols and May were in New York, participating in the abortive negotiations for Compass to appear here, they called on Rollins and, over lunch at the Russian Tea Room, gave him an idea of what they did. He was struck by the excerpts they offered between mouthfuls of beef Stroganoff, and asked them to return a day or two later for a more formal audition, in his office. On the basis of that performance, he undertook to represent them. They returned to St. Louis, where Compass had three or four weeks to run before making its next-to-last disappearance from any stage. (It was revived for about six months in 1958.) Meanwhile, Rollins arranged for them to have an audition at the Blue Angel when they got back to town. In discussing the audition, Rollins uses such inescapable managerial adjectives as "unique," "exciting," and, of course, "great," but for once they seem to be approximately accurate. (He has also said of the audition, "They're so unshowbusiness they didn't know to be scared.") The audience at the Blue Angel cheered them, and the club's owner immediately offered them a booking in ten days, when he would be changing shows. He was so carried away, in fact, that when they looked forlorn at the idea of having to wait so long to work—they had just forty dollars between them at the time—he put them at once into another of his clubs, the Village Vanguard, to serve as a curtain-raiser for Mort Sahl until the vacancy at the Blue Angel occurred.

SINCE then, Nichols and May have coasted rapidly uphill. At the moment, any night club in the country would be glad to get them; the two records they have made are selling well; "Evening" does close to capacity business on West Forty-fifth Street; "Monitor" is pleased with them; they have won a couple of scrolls for excellence in making commercials; and not long ago Rollins informed an acquaintance, in a hushed voice, that offers for television spectaculars had been coming in at such a rate that he had had to reject eight of them that very week. The abrupt transition from the obscurity and penury of Compass to the luxuries of stardom has left Nichols puzzled and Miss May rather breathless. Nichols, who, of course, spent much of his childhood in the neighborhood of Central Park West, has had no trouble adjusting to taxicabs, Brooks Brothers shirts, and a penthouse. He says, though, that success has made no inward impression on him, whatever it has done outwardly. "My ambitions are not connected with success," he told a friend not long ago. "I perceive nothing operationally different in my life." Miss May, on the other hand, speaks of having money as "an enormous kind of adventure." When she arrived in New York, she had seldom worn high heels, had sometimes worn second-hand clothes, and had had her hair set only twice. Climbing out of her black stockings and tennis shoes and making the acquaintance of Lord & Taylor salesladies, interior decorators, and an eminent hairdresser named Mr. Kenneth has been a process that has alternately entertained and repelled her. "My dresser at the theatre is a nice lady," she told a friend shortly after the show opened. "She lets me dress myself, mostly." Miss May says that while she was having a decorator do the apartment—a roomy one on Riverside Drive—where she lives with her daughter, Jeannie, she couldn't resist occasionally saying to an antique dealer who was becoming particularly rhapsodic over a cobbler's bench or a dry sink, "You mean it's second-hand?"

The way Miss May organizes her life would distress any employer less purposefully tolerant than Alexander H. Cohen. He says, "Elaine relates to things that are important, and she knows what's important. She may be late for half-hour call at the theatre, or



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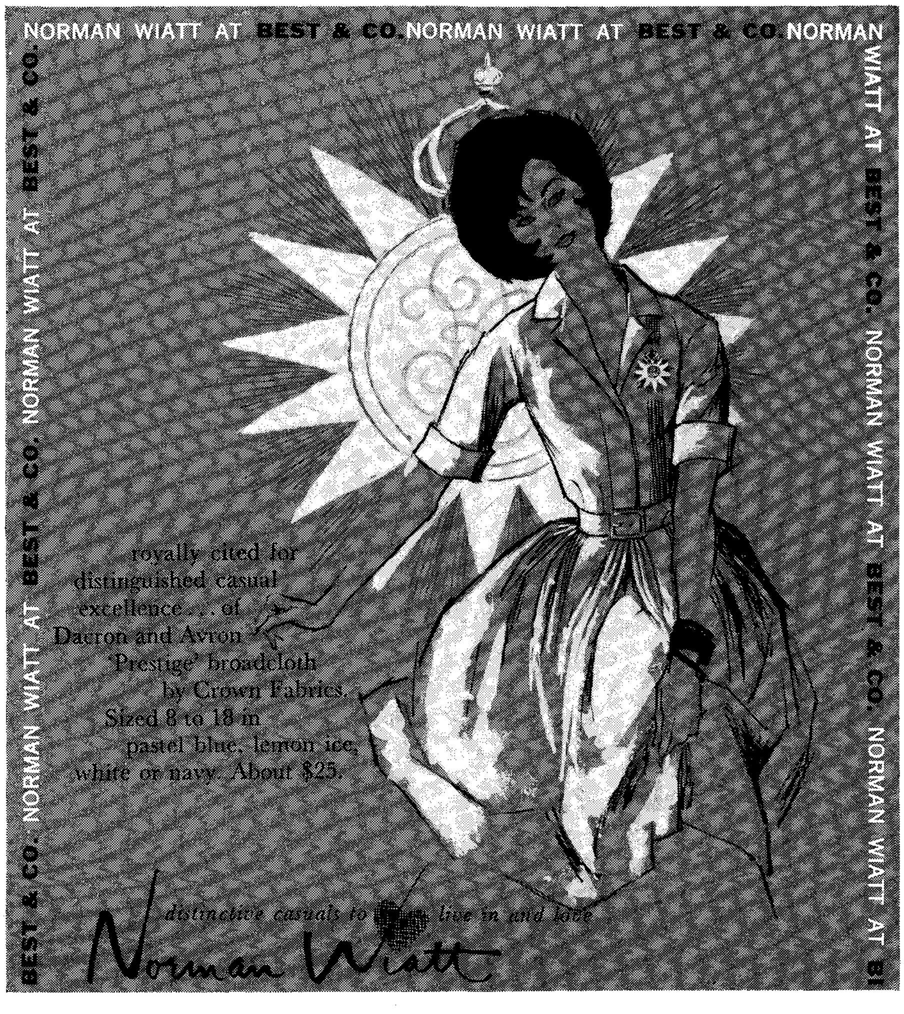
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forget to comb her hair, but she never misses a dinner with Jeannie." Some months ago, he tried to reshape Miss May into the model of efficiency that he thought at first she should be, but he soon gave up. The occasion of his change of heart was a strong lecture that he delivered to her in his office one afternoon. In the course of it, he laid out a complete daily schedule for her, reproved her for neglecting a number of chores she had undertaken to do, and gave her various pieces of avuncular advice about how to live her life. She sat speechless through the whole thing, he remembers, her eyes cast down and her hands in her lap, and when he had run out of things to say, she left quietly and with every evidence of contrition. It was closing time by then, and Cohen started clearing the top of his desk—a task he faithfully performs every day, since he *is* a model of efficiency. Concealed in the mass of papers he found a page from a small memorandum pad. It was covered with Miss May's handwriting, and read:

> Wake up (open eyes), get out of bed.
> Get hair fixed.
> Take bath (get towel, soap, washcloth; undress; fill tub).
> Dry self.
> Dress (put on underwear, dress and/or skirt & blouse, shoes).
> Comb hair.
> Do other things (as thou wouldst have them, etc.).
> Correct Alex's souvenir program.
> Look for hat.
> Give insurance policies to Ronnie at 6:00.
> BUY STAMPS.
> Avoid answering phone in case it is Michael (or answer in disguise).
> Avoid door in case it is neighbor (or answer in disguise).
> BE AT ALEX'S AT 4:00!

Cohen never attempted to lecture Miss May again. He simply gave her the use of a limousine and chauffeur for the run of the show.

In the years since Compass expired, Nichols and May, despite their voluminous improvising, have developed few new full-scale pieces. And since by now they have exposed a good part of their repertory—a fragment at a time on television and almost *in toto* in the theatre—they do not have the material to do eight spectaculars in a week, or in a year, even if Rollins wanted them to. What's more, they are not at all sure that working up a new "Evening's" worth of numbers—presumably from those "Monitor" spots—is what they want to do. Both of them apparently have the feeling that if they aren't careful, their career as entertain-

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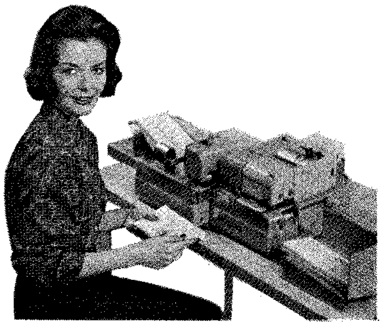

Here the Model 5400 postage meter machine is shown with the envelope feeder attached—stamps, seals and stacks up to 65 letters a minute.

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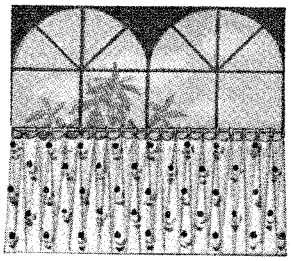

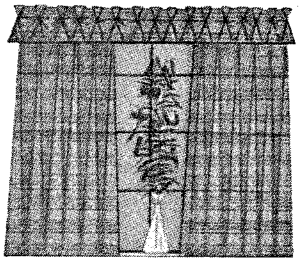

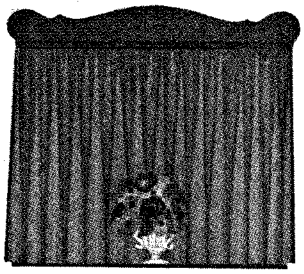

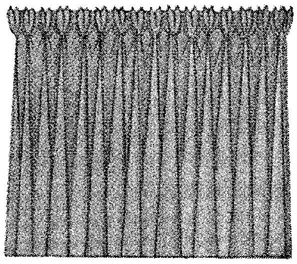

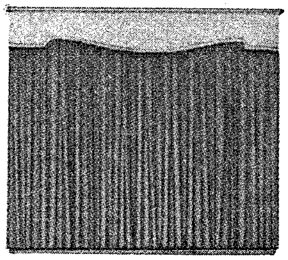

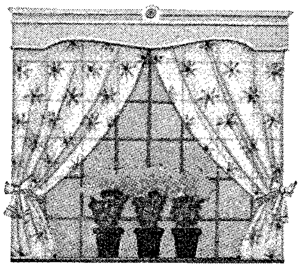

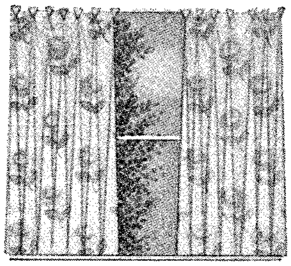

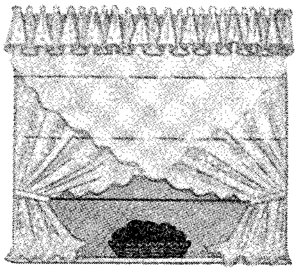

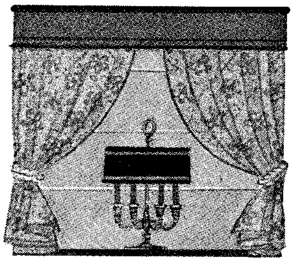

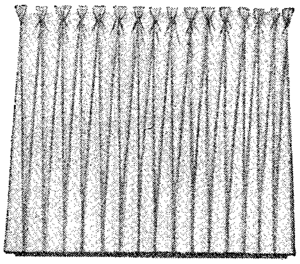

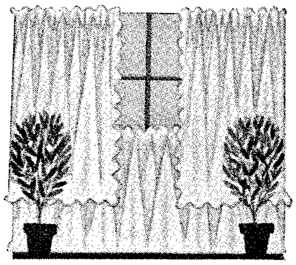

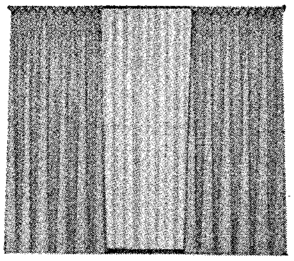

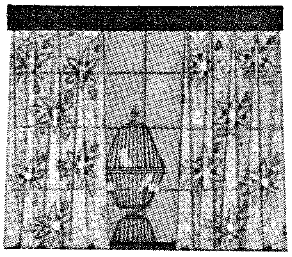

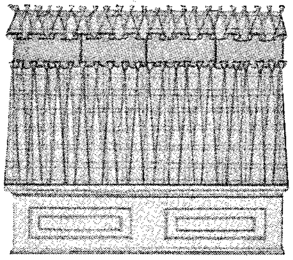

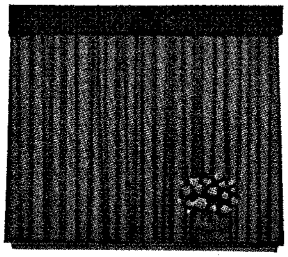

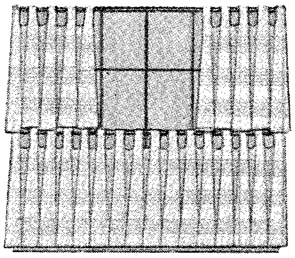

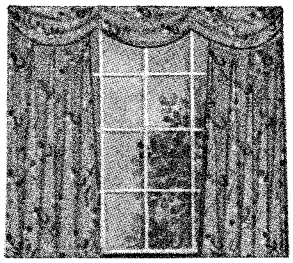

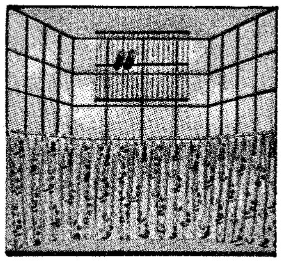

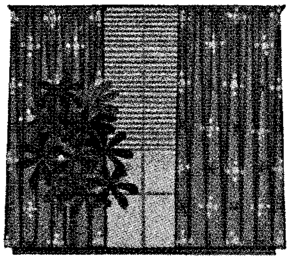

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Hess, Goldsmith & Co., Inc. • A Division of Burlington Industries Burlington ers will develop a sinister force of its own that will compel them to keep on doing the same thing long after they have ceased to get any satisfaction from it. Miss May recently quoted with approval something that Nichols said to her soon after they became rich and famous: "You do your work and you have your career, and the two are diametrically opposed." On her own, she added, "The funniest thing that has happened to us is that we make our living this way—but nobody laughs." What their career is is made clear to them every day, in a seemingly endless series of interviews with newspapermen, luncheons with advertising-agency executives, conferences with Rollins, and long-distance telephone conversations with movie producers—not to mention the laughter and applause of their audiences and the pay checks that are sent to Rollins every week. They wish they could be equally clear about their work.

Miss May has written a play—a comedy about family secrets, of course—which she hopes will be produced next season. Nichols would like to write a play, too, but he hasn't yet been able to build up enough resolution to sit down to it. He has been in what he considers a state of torpor ever since "Evening" settled down to its run. "I can't think of the show as a full-time job," he said plaintively not long ago. "There are twenty-two other hours in the day." As to whether or not, separately or together, they have a message worth delivering, Miss May is a good deal more positive than Nichols, who recently said, with vehemence, "I have no sense of mission about our work. I have nothing I want to tell people." Miss May has things she wants to tell people. "Remember Swift and the Irish babies?" she asked a friend a few weeks ago. "That's the way you have to go." That's the way she does go, too. "The nice thing is to make an audience laugh and laugh and laugh, and shudder later," she says. Note the word "nice."

—Robert Rice

•

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THE THEATRE

VOYAGER ON UPSET SEAS

THE trouble with Henry Denker's play "A Far Country," at the Music Box, is that it attempts to establish suspense in dealing with an early experiment in psychoanalysis by Sigmund Freud. The experiment, which occurred on the eve of the twentieth century, was quite revolutionary at the time, but now that Freud's technique has been so widely recognized that lay analysts are willing to straighten out anybody's psyche at a cocktail séance, the originality of the notion is rather frayed. Also militating against the drama is the fact that most of us know that in this experiment, and many another, Freud was successful, just as we know that even the followers who deserted him have acknowledged their debt to his researches. In the circumstances, it is obviously difficult to set him up as a sorely put-upon Horatio Alger hero of the psychological world. The title of the play comes from a remark of Freud's to the effect that to see a far country one must stand on the shoulders of a very strong man, and it is as such a man that Steven Hill portrays him.

All the action of the piece takes place in Freud's middle-class flat in Vienna, where he worked for more than forty years before the Nazis made life in that city unbearable. As his central theme, Mr. Denker has taken Freud's explorations into the mind of a young woman who, after ministering to an invalid father and a moribund sister, has become a paralytic. The woman has been a patient of Freud's friend Dr. Joseph Breuer, but Breuer, having grown cautious with wealth, is not willing to take a chance on the radical method of treatment that Freud recommends. Freud, however, pursues his preordained course, and the result is a triumph, as you might expect.

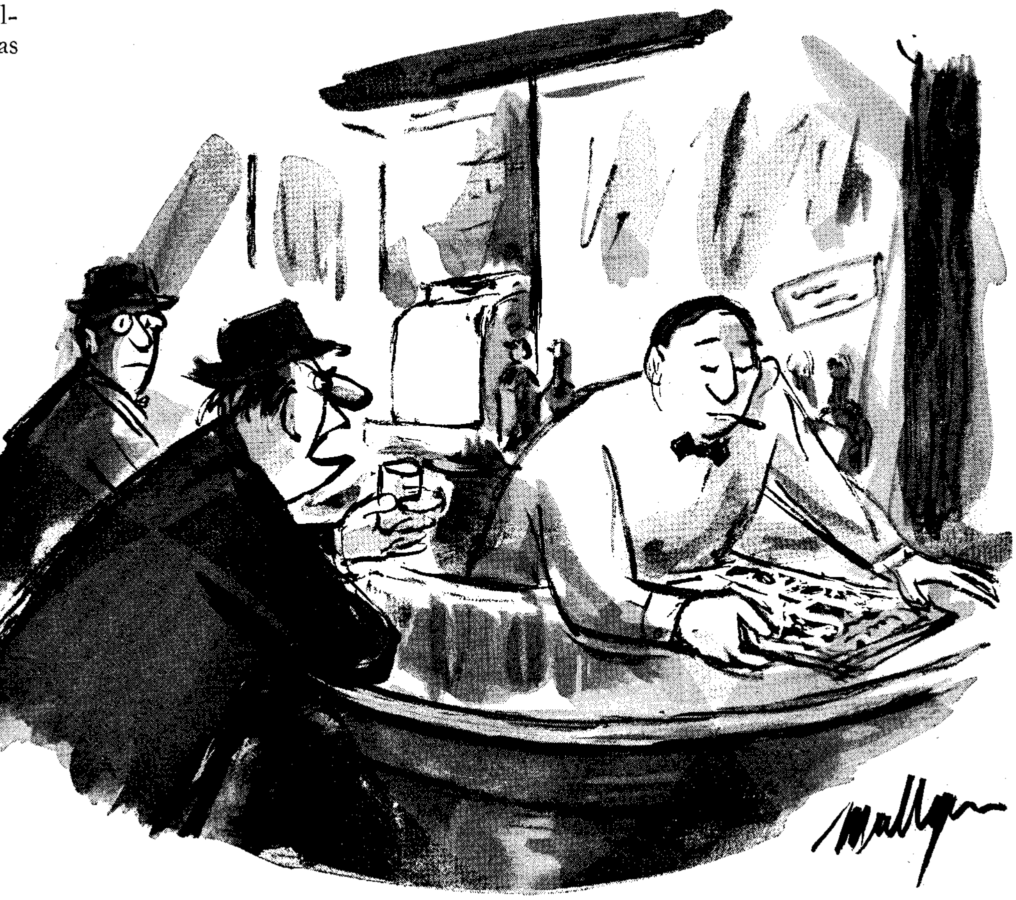
As Freud, Mr. Hill is a compelling man, and as Dr. Breuer, Sam Wanamaker does well with a role that offers only limited dramatic opportunities. As the paralyzed lady, Kim Stanley is effective, but that she is going to walk eventually is as certain as that Lazarus would rise. Both Mr. Hill and Mr. Wanamaker smoke a good deal (the infantile impulse, I hear), and the others in the cast—among them Lili Darvas, as Freud's interfering mother, and Salome Jens, as his wife—all seem to be convinced that a little veal and sour cream would get the Freud establishment back to bourgeois normality. "A Far Country" sags now and then, but Alfred Ryder has directed it with ingenuity, and the setting and lighting, by Donald Oenslager, are true to Freud's Alt Wien.

WHEN I was a child, I thought as a child, and when I had a quarter, I went off to the peanut gallery of B. F. Keith and enjoyed myself by watching the vaudevillians on display. Now that I am a man, I find that my tastes haven't changed as much as perhaps they should have, and so I liked a good deal of the simple-minded slapstick in "The Happiest Girl in the World," at the Martin Beck. This musical consists of another go at Aristophanes' "Lysistrata," and has a book by Fred Saidy and Henry Myers, lyrics by E. Y. Harburg, and music by Jacques Offenbach, who composed the march that has become the United States Marine Anthem. In "Lysistrata," as you'll remember, the girls refuse their favors to the boys, and the result is chaste chaos. Don't pay any attention to this wheezy old plot. Just watch Cyril Ritchard, as Pluto; Dran Seitz, as Lysistrata; and, in particular, Janice Rule, as Diana. Or, for that matter, watch the old Greek soldiery marching up and down as if they were on their way from the halls of Montezuma to the shores of Tripoli. Maybe it's primitive, but when the dancing begins, you may have an urge to join in. —JOHN MCCARTEN

OFF BROADWAY

Way Out

THE young English playwright N. F. Simpson, whose one-act comedies "The Resounding Tinkle" and "The Hole" are being given their



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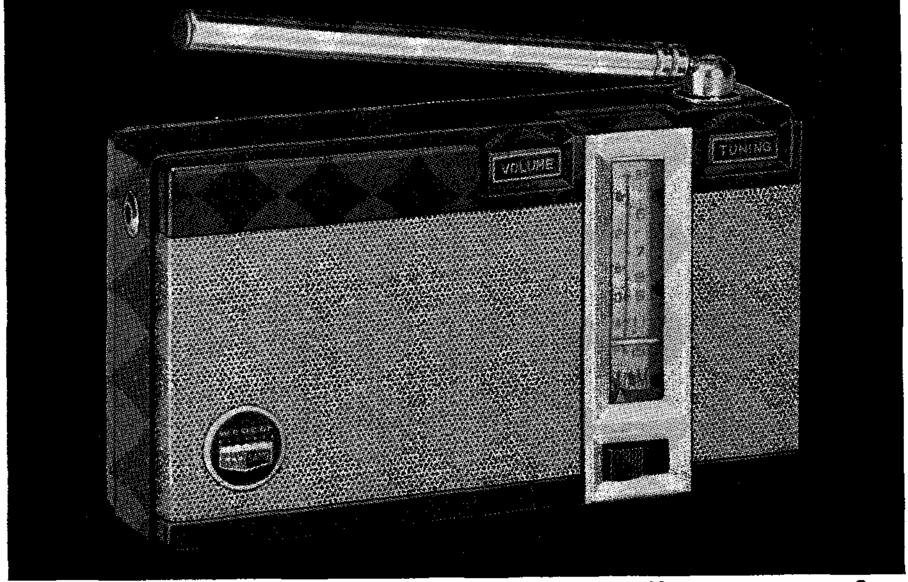

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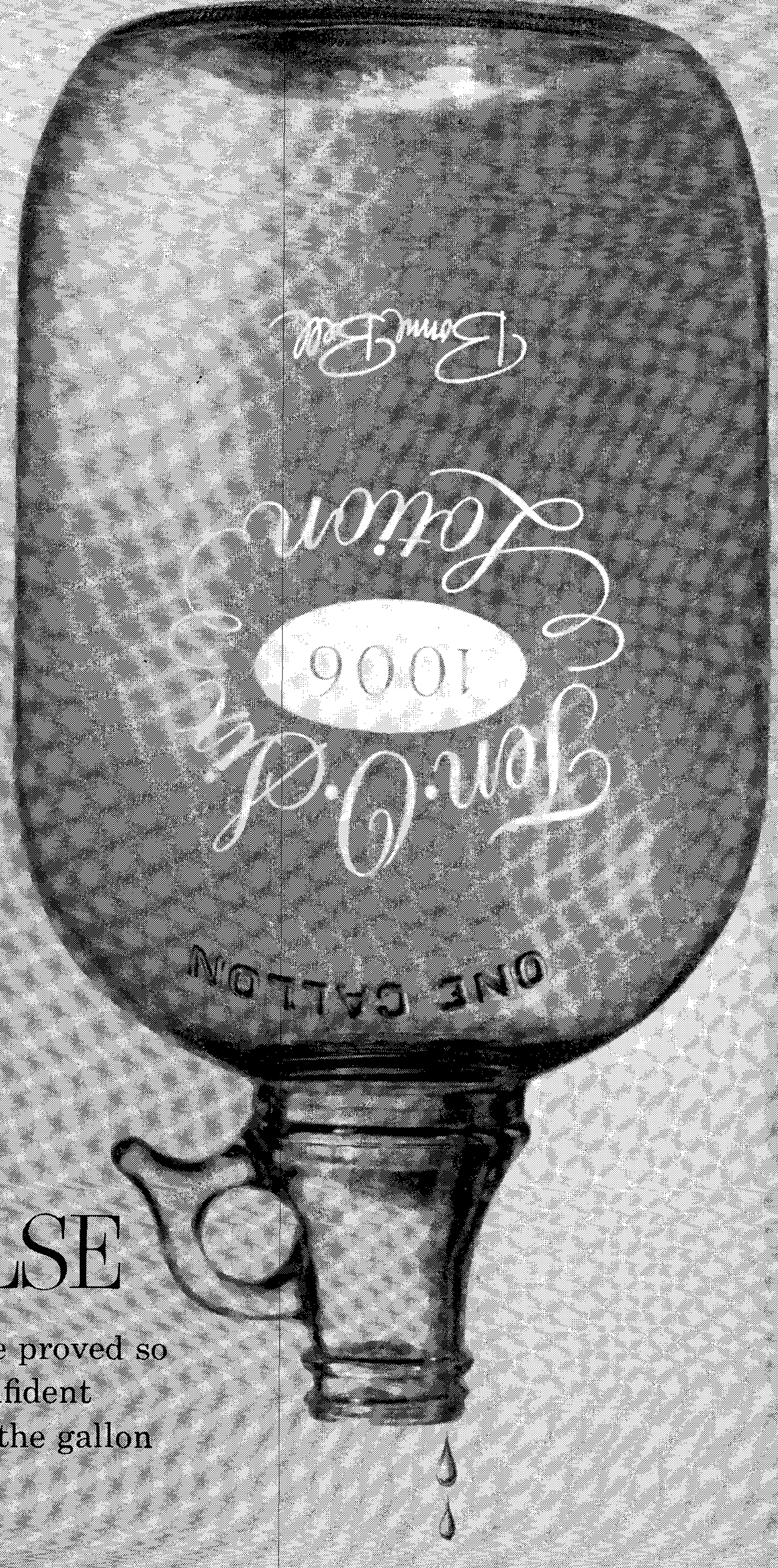
American première at the Jan Hus, under the collective title of "The Only Sense Is Nonsense," is a formidable Surrealist. In fact, Simpson's plays are not plays at all but expertly fashioned dreams, which apply the rules, or non-rules, of Surrealism to respectability and order (the first play), and to the quest for truth (the second play). Most dreams partly distort reality; Simpson's go all the way. They are, however, not nightmarish. Total unreality is their reality, total illogicality their logic. A suburban couple unconcernedly quarter an elephant on their lawn, a charitable lady starts a fund to buy parachutes for eagles, a group of observers peering down an open manhole decide it contains cardplayers, card-billiard players ("He needs more chalk on his queen"), golfers, tropical fish, and a prisoner. (The names of these observers—The Visionary, Endo, Celebro, Soma, Mrs. Ecto, and Mrs. Meso—are, in the best avant-garde manner, about the only unsurprising things in the plays.) Simpson's humor has been linked to Robert Benchley and W. C. Fields, but Benchley and Fields always kept one foot on the ground. Simpson, never touching earth, goes far beyond pumping up the ordinary into the ridiculous. (Remember Benchley's movie short in which he tries to sleep despite the Chinese-water-torture sounds of a dripping faucet?) Indeed, Simpson depends, like a super standup comedian, on a sheer accumulation of absurdities so absurd that their everyday origins are almost completely unrecognizable. Though such madness falters on paper, here are a few of its convolutions:

"The Resounding Tinkle" starts just after the delivery of the suburban couple's elephant, which turns out to be far larger than the one ordered. (This is close to the fantasy of a children's book, as are similar touches in both plays.) As a result, the couple, Middie and Bro Paradock, swap it for a neighbor's snake, which turns out to be too small. The foundations built, Simpson starts amassing. A man comes to the door and asks if Paradock would care to form a new English government. He refuses. Two comedians, who have visited the Paradocks before, offer to entertain them. They are refused. Uncle Ted arrives, and lo! he has turned into a woman. In place of a drink, he/she is given a "read"—a short paragraph clipped from a book—which is eaten and enjoyed. Brief passages in the play are occasionally repeated as a kind of idiotic cement, which is applied for the last time when the Paradocks hear on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the radio their conversation of five minutes before, as well as the words they will speak five minutes later.

"The Hole" is far more abstruse, and suggests that if Simpson has any identifiable counterparts they are probably Ionesco, Edward Albee, and Mort Sahl. The four men gathered around the manhole spend nearly an hour arguing about what they see at its bottom. After the prisoner is done in by a bomb, they come to the conclusion that the manhole simply contains an electrical junction box, whose cables may be either leaving or entering it. While all this is going on, two women intermittently appear and antiphonally discuss their absent husbands, one of whom is a conforming nonconformist and the other a nonconforming conformist.

By and large, the two different casts at the Jan Hus handle this undiluted tonic properly by supplying absolute poker faces. Yet these straight faces are often so assiduous that they become disturbingly frozen, as if the familiar words they were mouthing were somehow forming an unknown language. And perhaps they are.

—Whitney Balliett

•

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[*From the Columbus (Ohio) Dispatch*]

Lancaster, Pa.—(UPI)—A new Sunday School course shows pictures of Christ and His followers, and even the patriarchs, prophets and kings of the Old Testament, dressed in clam-digger shorts and casual sports shirts.

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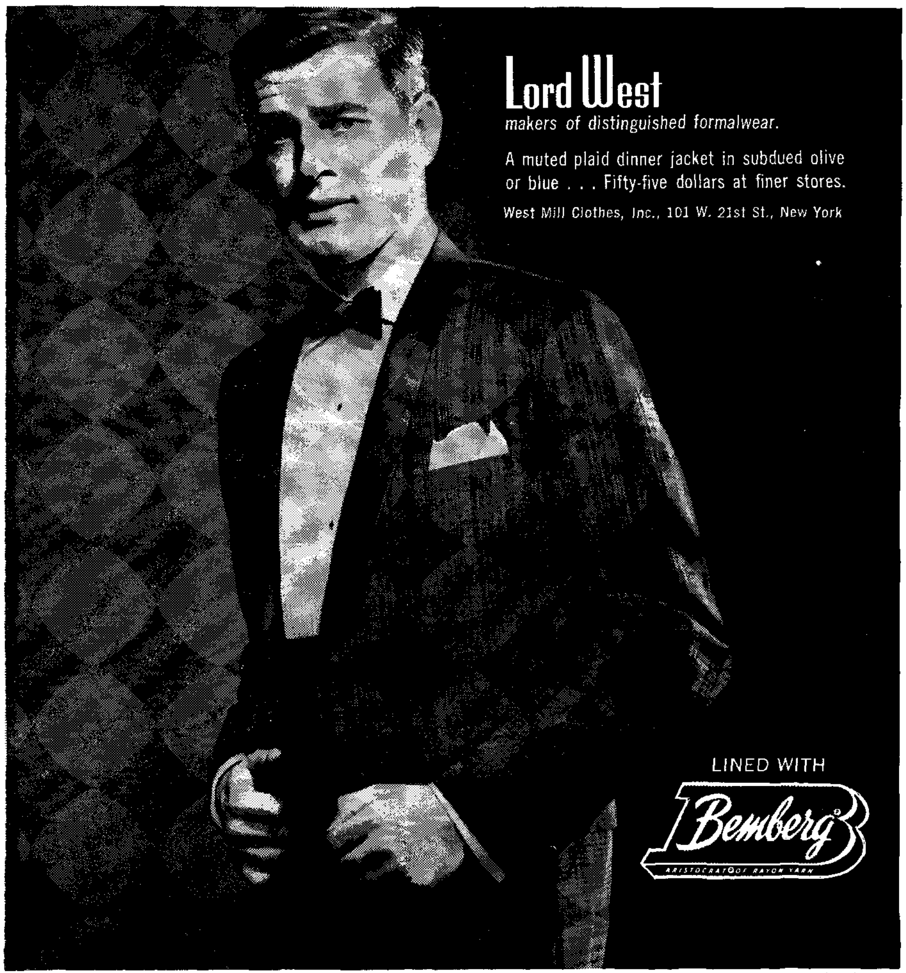
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THE RACE TRACK

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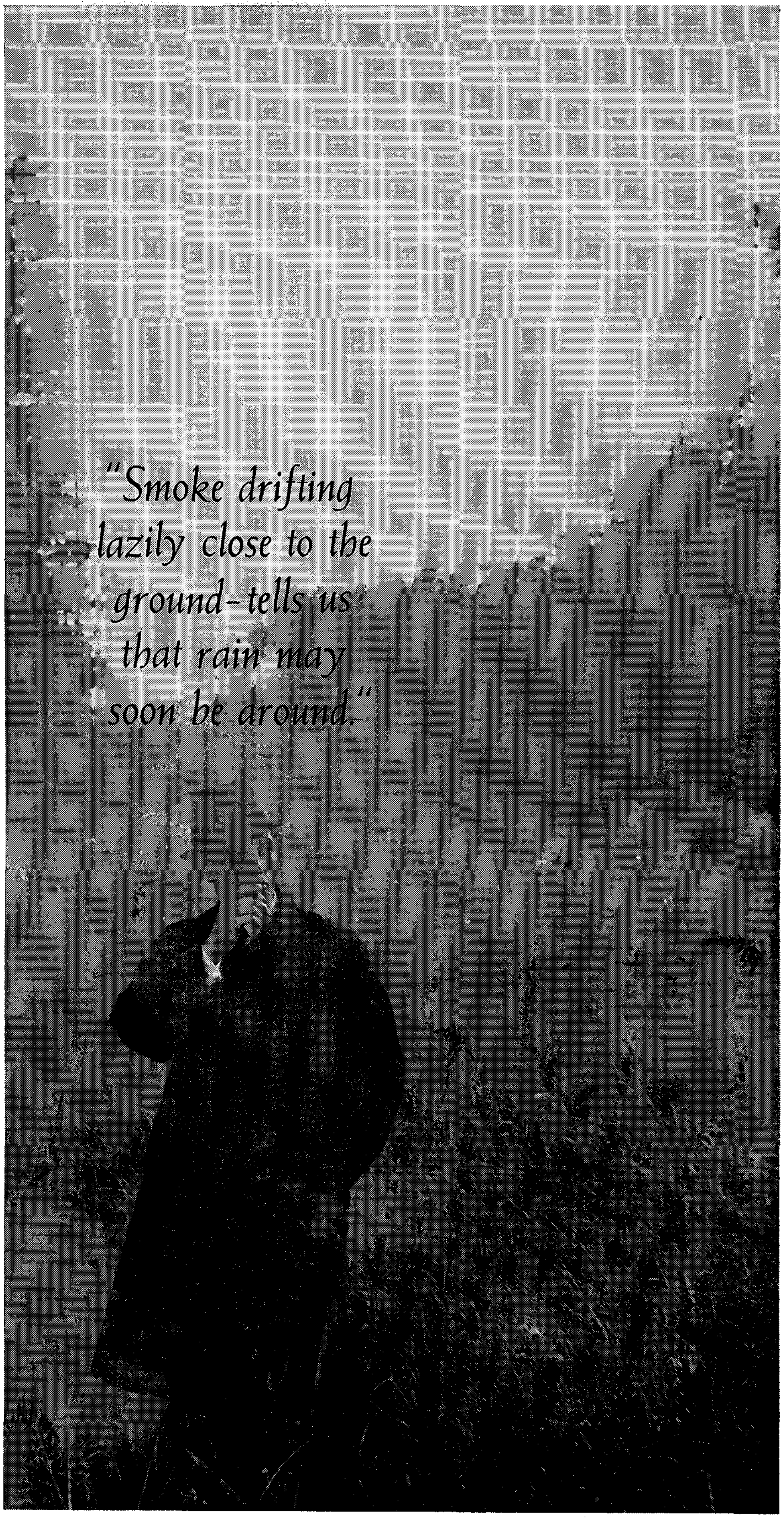
4TH RACE
SCRATCHES

THIS season has been a regular Donnybrook Fair for the three-year-old colts. Every time one has poked his head above the crowd, he has been rapped with the blackthorn. Globemaster and Merry Ruler got their lumps in the Gotham Stakes at Aqueduct last weekend, and while the race warmed up discussions of the coming spring classics, I doubt whether it either complicated or clarified the outlook. About a fortnight ago, Globemaster beat Ambiopoise and four others by seven lengths in a six-furlong sprint, but on Saturday Ambiopoise beat Globemaster almost as easily—by six lengths, that is to say—at a mile. Globemaster, perhaps the showiest racer in training (after all, he cost $80,000 as a yearling), never looked better, and was never more on his toes. He had every chance in the race, too, but after disposing of Merry Ruler at the turn into the stretch he was unable to cope with the challenge of Ambiopoise. Merry Ruler, thanks to his victories in the Swift and the Bay Shore earlier in the meeting, had to give weight to everything in the Gotham—eight pounds each to Ambiopoise and Globemaster—and he simply wasn't up to it. As for Ambiopoise (and I shiver a little every time I write the word, a meaningless portmanteau of his sire's name, Ambiorix, and his dam's, Bull Poise), I didn't think he was at concert pitch, but he was certainly forward enough in his training to make a good showing. However, we shall know more about the stuff he's made of after he runs in the Wood Memorial Stakes a week from Saturday.

As you've probably heard, Carry Back will also be a starter in the Wood Memorial. From all accounts, he has recovered from the shoe boil that made him limp and set his followers all atremble after he won the Florida Derby. A shoe boil is a swelling on a horse's leg caused by the rubbing of one of his shoes against the elbow joint when he folds his legs under him while lying down. To prevent such rubbing, Jack Price, Carry Back's owner and trainer, has had a soft leather boot made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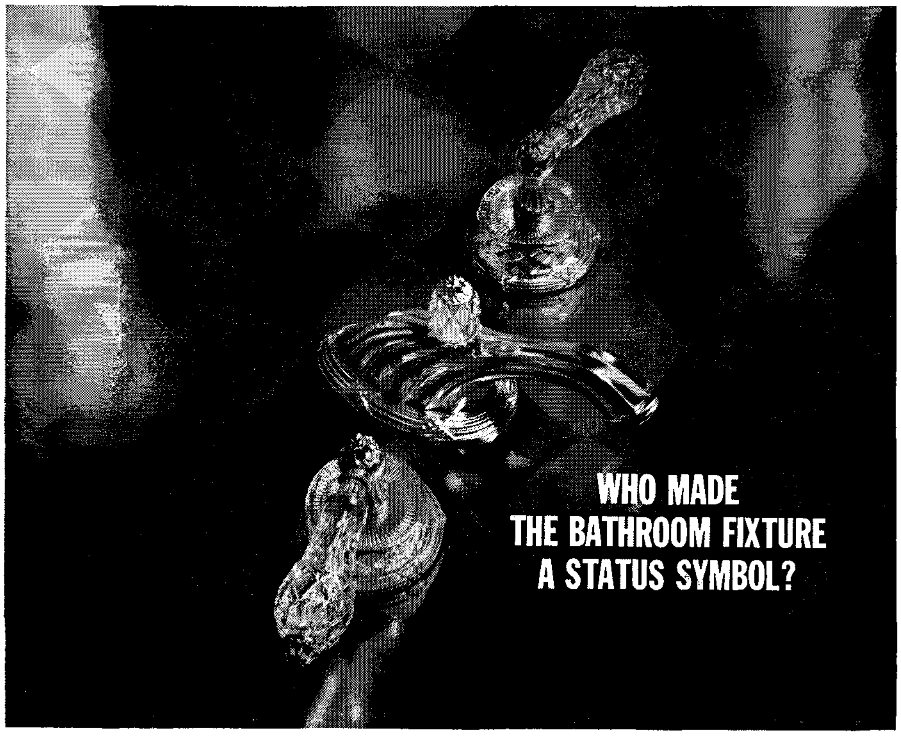

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THIS weekend, Kentucky Derby and Preakness hopefuls will be out for the Chesapeake Stakes at Laurel, but I don't think any of them will be worth a second thought. There will be special interest, however, in the running of the California Derby at Golden Gate Fields the same afternoon, for one of the starters will be C. V. Whitney's Songman, who won the California Derby trial at Tanforan recently; another will be Flutterby, the running mate of Four-and-Twenty. Incidentally, though it's generally agreed that Songman is a nice colt, it's whispered that Speed Point, a stablemate, is just as good—maybe better. Most prominent of the Derby candidates training at Keeneland, which opened last weekend, are Four-and-Twenty, who they say is as fast as anything; Crozier, whose stable is still trying to figure out what makes him swerve in the last furlong of his races; and Calumet's Beau Prince and Sho Lea.

THE better older horses—and they seem to be fewer every year—will have their innings at Aqueduct this weekend in the Excelsior Handicap, another of Jamaica's cherished fixtures. (I drove past Jamaica the other day, and all that remains is the old iron fence.) No doubt the race will bring out Mail Order, winner of the Westchester; something from Calumet Farm; and probably Talent Show, April Skies, and Divine Comedy, the last of whom turned in a smart effort last Saturday. I daresay Don Poggio will also have a go at the Excelsior, since he seems to be in first-rate form again. Aqueduct is really booming along; last Saturday, the paid attendance was 52,502, and nearly five million—$4,917,484, to be exact—was bet in the tote. How's that for high? —AUDAX MINOR

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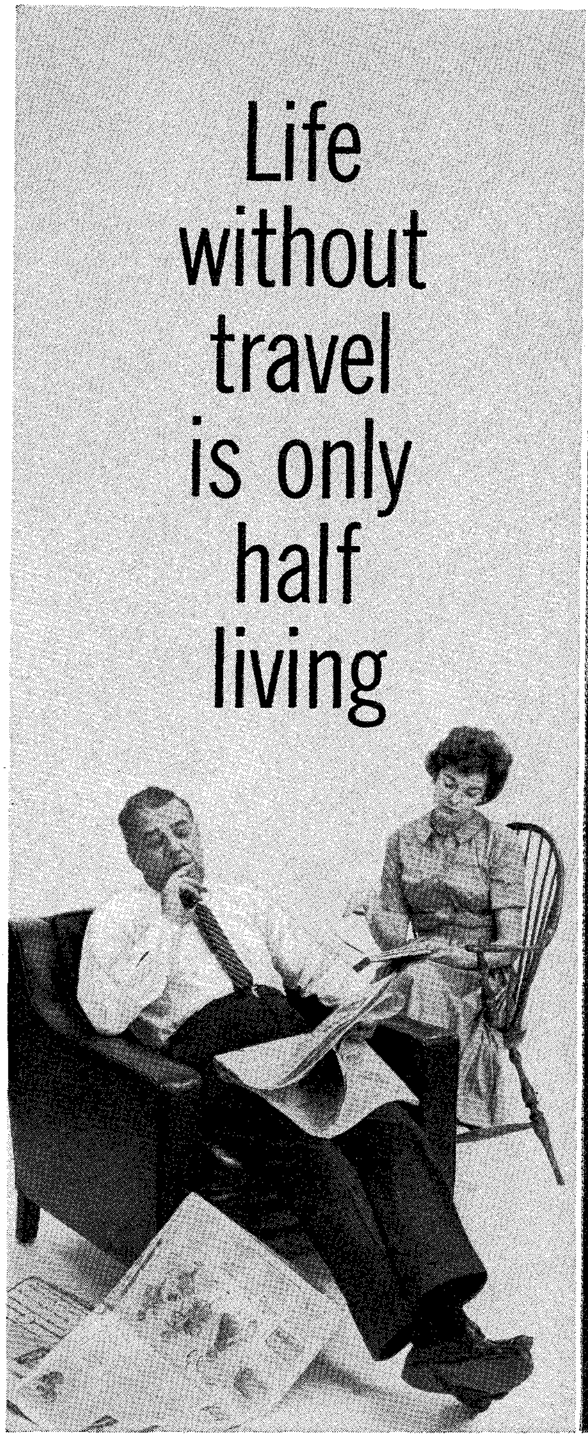

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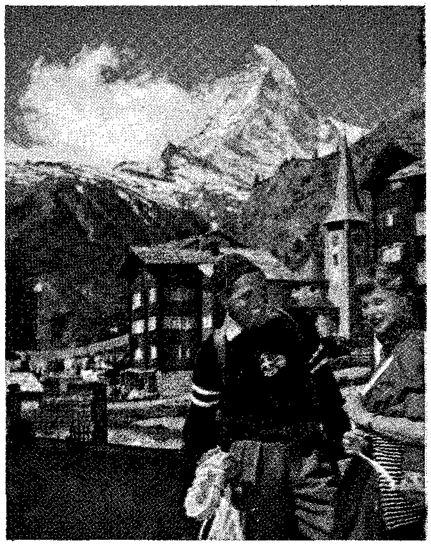

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MUSICAL EVENTS

And So to Mr. Kreisler

THE two principal symphonic programs in what turned out to be a rather dull week at Carnegie Hall failed to arouse me to any state of overwhelming enthusiasm. Charles Munch and the Boston Symphony, on Wednesday evening, presented a miscellaneous selection of nineteenth-century items, done with that orchestra's dependable polish, of course, but lacking any special distinction of interpretation. At least, this was true of the performances of Beethoven's Fourth Symphony and Wagner's "Siegfried Idyll." A little more interest was provided by the solo parts of Liszt's First and Second Piano Concertos, which, under the steely and scintillating fingers of Byron Janis, achieved considerable dash and momentum. I do not remember ever before hearing both concertos on a single program, and their juxtaposition confirmed a previous impression of mine that the First is a far more coherent and spirited work than the Second.

On Friday afternoon, the New York Philharmonic presented a miscellaneous selection of twentieth-century items, ranging from the moderately-titillating-provided-you-don't-examine-it-too-closely (Carlos Chavez' "Sinfonía India") and the unabashedly vulgar (Khatchaturian's Concerto for Piano and Orchestra) to the serious and technically highly professional (Prokofieff's Fifth Symphony). The Chavez work was conducted, capably enough, by a young maestro named Elyakum Shapira, and the others enlisted the familiar talents of Leonard Bernstein. Much as I have come to loathe the Khatchaturian concerto, its performance was undeniably accomplished with all the appropriate blood and thunder by Mr. Bernstein and by another steely-fingered young American pianist—the sixteen-year-old Lorin Hollander, a virtuoso of some promise whom I should probably enjoy hearing in something else. The applause was deafening.

I SHOULD like to turn from these sometimes routine and sometimes rather theatrical doings to a concert that took place earlier in the week in the same auditorium. It was not what you

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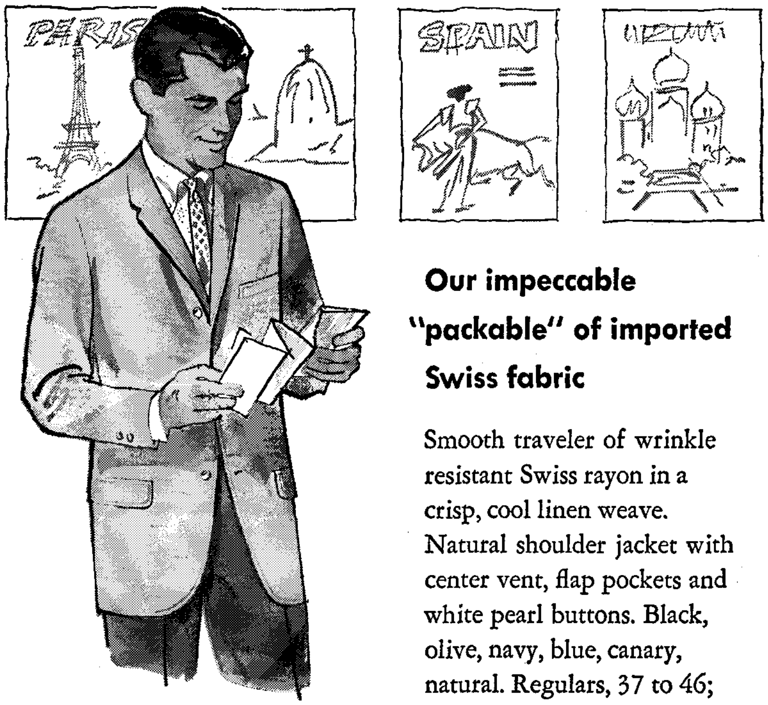
would call a staggeringly important musical event, and it was not very well attended, but it brought me some genuine pleasure. This was an affair organized by the violinist Ruggiero Ricci to celebrate the eighty-sixth birthday of his old friend Fritz Kreisler, and the program, performed by Mr. Ricci and the Symphony of the Air, consisted entirely of Mr. Kreisler's compositions and arrangements. As a performer on the violin, Mr. Kreisler, of course, passed his peak nearly a generation ago and subsided into a long retirement, becoming all but forgotten by the fashionable musical world, though New Yorkers have frequently noticed his aging and dignified figure strolling about the streets of mid-Manhattan, where he has made his home. In his time, he was one of the most celebrated of performing musicians—never the most brilliant of technicians but a personality of truly engaging charm and a man who could bring rare insight to the interpretation of works that demanded maturity of style. He was also a man of considerable intellect, and a composer of modest pieces for his instrument, many of which have remained very popular, and none of which strained after self-conscious originality of any sort. Of the grace and formal perfection of these pieces, one can say, as my colleague Paul Henry Lang recently said of Mozart's formal perfection, "It might almost be likened to the fastidious attire of a gentleman who is careful in his dress not because he seeks attention but precisely because he wants to avoid it." Mr. Kreisler's aim in composing was simply the nowadays almost forgotten one of providing a few moments of enjoyment for his listeners. In this, he succeeded wonderfully, being a gifted, if somewhat nostalgic, melodist and a highly skillful craftsman. Actually, along with the late Sergei Rachmaninoff and the late Ernö Dohnányi, he stands as one of the last of the great composing virtuosos, a type that is today practically extinct, though during the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries a composer who was not also a master of the performing art was so rare that the exceptions to the rule (Berlioz, among very few others) stood out as eccentrics. It could be that all composing should be done by virtuosos, and that the lack of performing virtuosity among contemporary composers explains a good deal about what is the matter with modern music. At any rate, the composing virtuoso, from Bach and Mozart onward, seems always to have exhibited a deep understanding of musical instru-



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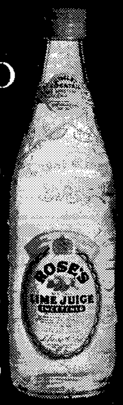

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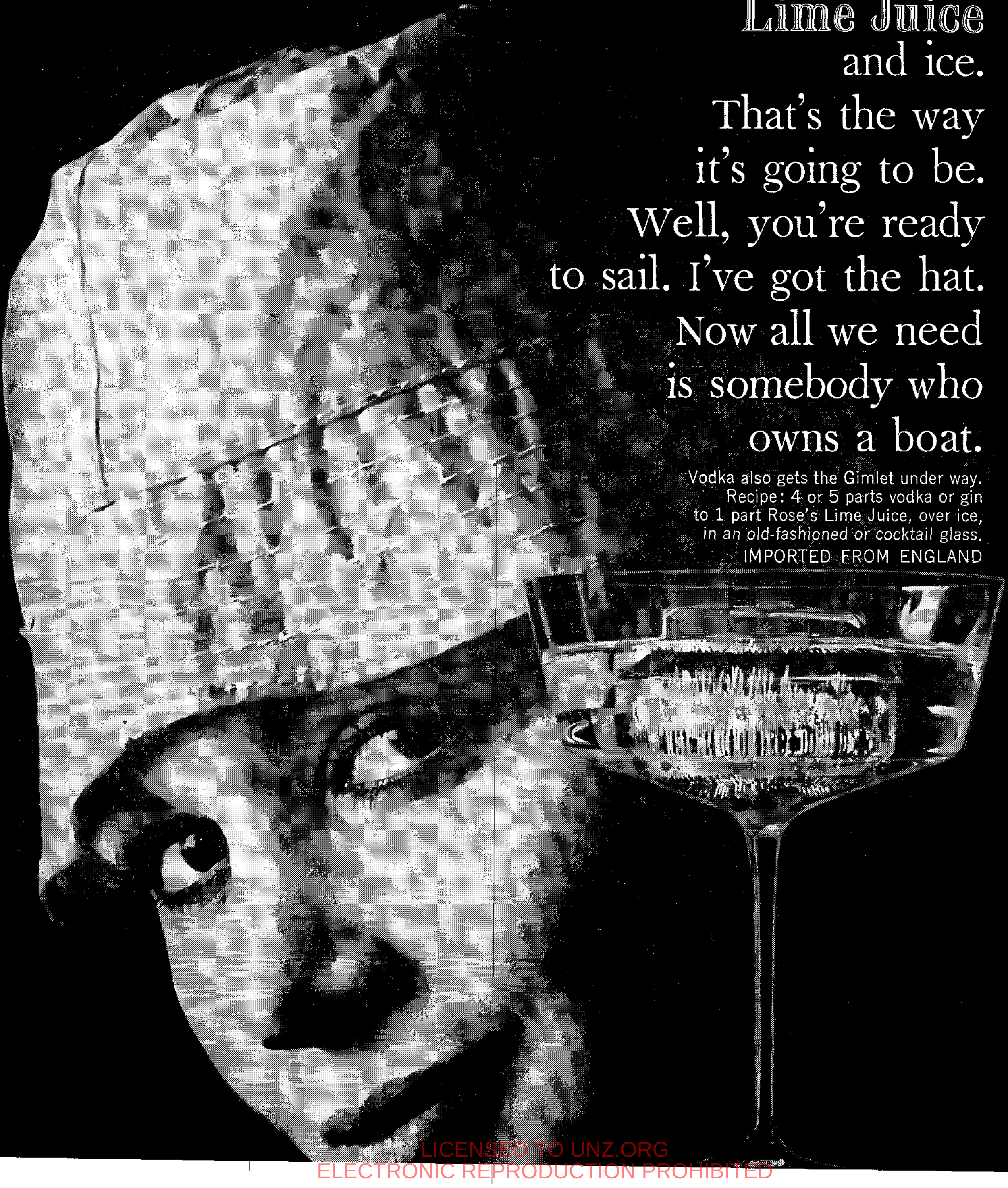

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ments and a deep awareness of audiences that are not characteristic of the composer who lacks performing experience.

Perhaps it is somewhat pompous on my part to make Mr. Kreisler's innocent and melodious little compositions the subject of a general dissertation on the relation of composing to performing. Still, they do exhibit the fastidiousness and appropriateness found in the music of men who are not strangers to the concert platform. Two of the items done by Mr. Ricci and the orchestra the other night were merely arrangements of works by Tartini and Paganini; another was a concerto written "in the style of Vivaldi," though there is more Kreisler than Vivaldi in it. The evening closed with a group of those inimitable numbers that Mr. Kreisler used to play as encores, including the Recitative and Scherzo-Caprice for Unaccompanied Violin, the "Liebeslied," the "Liebesfreud," and "La Gitana." They are all unpretentious, tasteful, engaging, and—I suspect—immortal.

—WINTHROP SARGEANT

JAZZ RECORDS

Check List

CHARLES MINGUS PRESENTS CHARLES MINGUS (Candid 8005). Four long, typical, and fascinating socio-musical explosions from a Mingus group (Ted Curson, trumpet; Eric Dolphy, alto saxophone and bass clarinet; Dannie Richmond, drums; and the leader, bass) that has recently disbanded and that was in many ways his best-trained. All the compositions—"Folk Forms, No. 1," "Original Faubus Fables," "What Love," and the succinctly titled "All the Things You Could Be by Now If Sigmund Freud's Wife Was Your Mother"—are by Mingus. The first two are related to the blues and the remaining ones are variations on "What Is This Thing Called Love" and "All the Things You Are." "Folk Forms" is noteworthy, aside from its squealing-pig ensembles, for a passage in which Richmond first solos and is then joined by Mingus, who pushes them both along with a ferocity that results in an extraordinary rhythmic interlude. Curson, who occasionally suggests that most young trumpet players sound like Miles Davis trying to sound like Clifford Brown, plays affectingly in "What Love," and there is a queer, lengthy, and purposely off-pitch series of exchanges in the same number between Mingus and Dolphy (on

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bass clarinet) that is reminiscent of a couple of ancients querulously swapping talk about their liver spots and the politics of the Taft administration. Mingus's brief but masterly solo appearance in "Original Faubus Fables" explains why he has few peers among jazz musicians and none at all among bassists.

Harlem Banjo! The Elmer Snowden Quartet (Riverside RLP 348). Snowden, who is sixty, formed a band in the early twenties that eventually became the first Duke Ellington group, and, before retiring in the mid-thirties, he put together countless other stellar outfits, which included men like Count Basie, Jimmy Lunceford, Tricky Sam Nanton, Chick Webb, Fats Waller, Jimmy Harrison, Sid Catlett, Roy Eldridge, and Dickie Wells. This recording, his first since 1934, has Cliff Jackson on piano, Tommy Bryant on bass, Jimmy Crawford on drums, and the leader on banjo. It is beguiling proof that the banjo, freed of its customary razzmatazz minstrel uses, can be an attractive and even a stirring instrument. Snowden employs a single-string attack and a tone that falls between the banjo and the unamplified guitar. His solos are superb melodic embellishments rather than improvisations, and they are based on an irresistible rhythmic sense. Among the twelve numbers, all standards, are "It Don't Mean a Thing If It Ain't Got That Swing," "Runnin' Wild," "Them There Eyes," "Alabamy Bound," and "Dear Old Southland." There are pleasant moments in every selection, such as Snowden's spare, provocative statement of the melody in "Runnin' Wild" and "Diga Diga Doo," and his opening solo in "Dear Old Southland," in which he echoes Louis Armstrong's celebrated first recording of that number. Jackson, a stride pianist who has never believed in rests of any kind, is an effective accompanist and a cornucopic soloist, while Bryant and Crawford provide distinguished support.

Lambert, Hendricks and Ross Sing Ellington (Columbia CL 1510). Hip, or what used to be called hep, music. Lambert, Hendricks, and Ross are Dave Lambert, Jon Hendricks, and Annie Ross, and for the past couple of years they have dedicated themselves to the remunerative task of faithfully transposing various famous instrumental recordings into singing with words. However, none

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of the three, with the exception of Miss Ross, who has one of those pure, God-give-it-me voices normally associated with talented folk singers, is a particularly adept performer (Lambert sings either just below or just above most of his notes), and Hendricks' hip-hep lyrics are merely obtrusive. This record, though, has its moments, partly because of Ellington's untiring melodies and partly because of Miss Ross, who, in "In a Mellow Tone," re-creates Cootie Williams' great muted growl solo with an attention to detail and feeling that sends one back to the original, which suggests a rehearing of *all* the original recordings, which makes L., H., and R. rather useful after all.

JACK TEAGARDEN'S BIG EIGHT! and REX STEWART AND THE ELLINGTONIANS (Riverside RLP 141 and 144). Since the B sides of both these records are largely superfluous, one wonders why the exhilarating A sides were not simply assembled on one glorious L.P. These contain eight invulnerable numbers recorded in 1940 by Rex Stewart, Teagarden or Lawrence Brown, Barney Bigard, Ben Webster (four selections), Billy Kyle, Brick Fleagle, Wellman Braud or Billy Taylor, and Dave Tough. Although Teagarden, Webster, Kyle, and Bigard are in top form (Kyle has never been better on records), it is Tough who upstages all with his liquid cymbal work, flicking, breath-stopping offbeats on the snare rims, and his beat, which was probably the steadiest and most infectious ever developed by a drummer. Essential records, despite the extraneous matter.

—WHITNEY BALLIETT

•

According to Hal Clark, of Doylestown, president of the Delaware Valley Protective Association, with a membership of over 1,500 men and women, the park will surround a large reservoir that will be built by the state, providing plenty of water sports as well as flood control and water shortage.—*Newtown (Pa.) Enterprise.*

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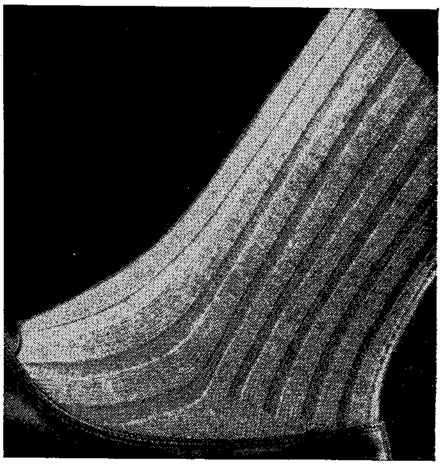

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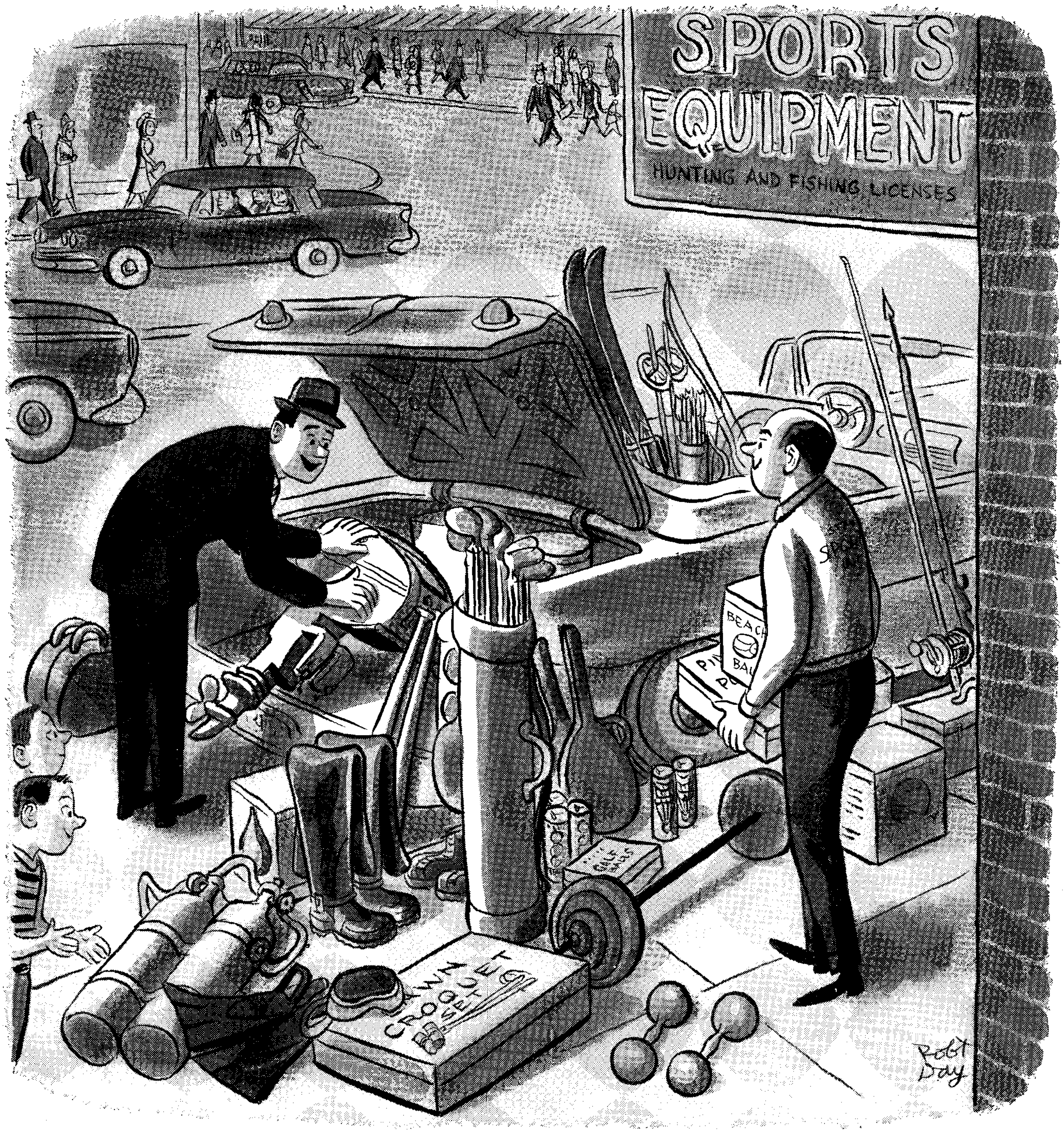
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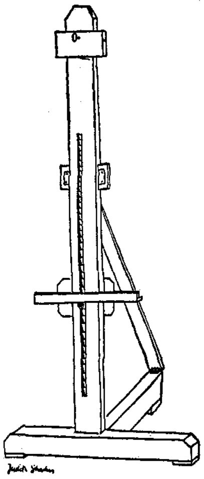
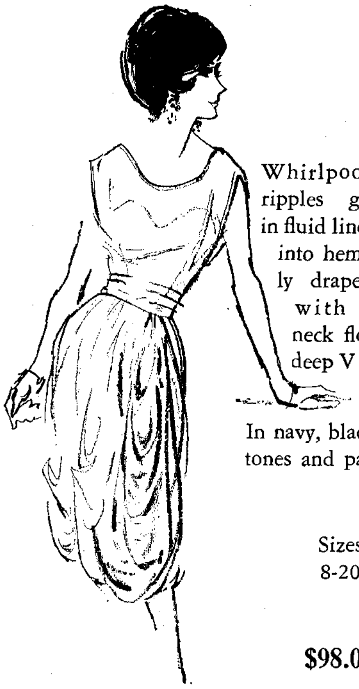
Past and Present



THERE has been what may properly be called a dearth this season of exhibitions of Old Masters, or, indeed, of anything but purely contemporary art. And since the styles of any single period can, too steadily explored and exploited, become monotonous, it is a pleasure to announce a break in the progression, in the form of a fairly large and extremely sumptuous loan collection at the Wildenstein, put on for the benefit of the Citizens' Committee for Children of New York and as a memorial to Mrs. Adele R. Levy, who founded the organization. It's called simply "Masterpieces," and it is a further pleasure to add that for once the use of this often abused word is justified, for of the fifty-four paintings and fifteen drawings, I can't think of more than a half dozen that don't amply merit the distinction.

The show's range is from a couple of panels by Bernardo Daddi—a "Last Judgment" and a "Virgin and Child," the latter especially appealing—dating from the beginning decades of the fourteenth century, to a Braque still-life, "Le Guéridon," done in 1929, and all along there are pieces that cry out for lingering inspection. I was stopped early on my way by a Carpaccio called "The Meditation on the Passion." Done around the end of the fifteenth century, when the artist was in his late forties, this shows the dead Christ set down (it would seem by chance, yet as if symbolically enthroned) on a shattered stone garden seat, while two elders, raggedly clad, sit sorrowfully beside him. It's an odd variation on the usual treatment of the deposition, for generally the mourners are women and the atmosphere is one of wailing and lamentation, while here the men are seated quietly, almost pensively, and their mood is resigned. For one used, like me, to Carpaccio's larger, earlier, more vividly colorful, more formalized Venetian paintings, the subdued tonality and the compactness of the composition were arresting. I was most struck, though,



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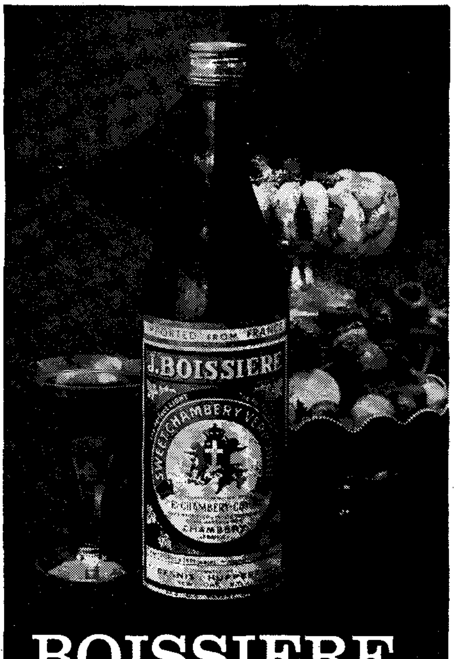

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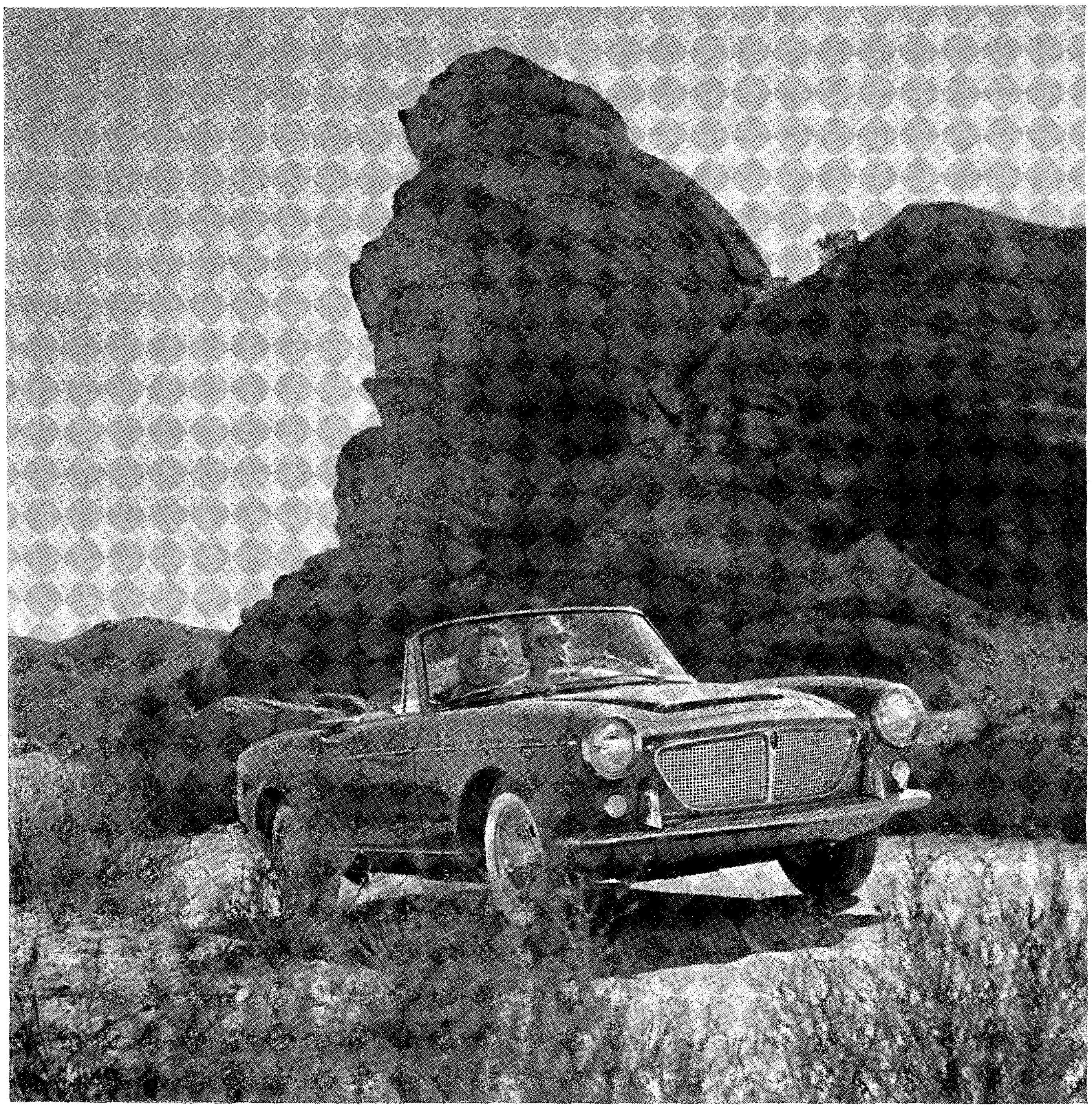

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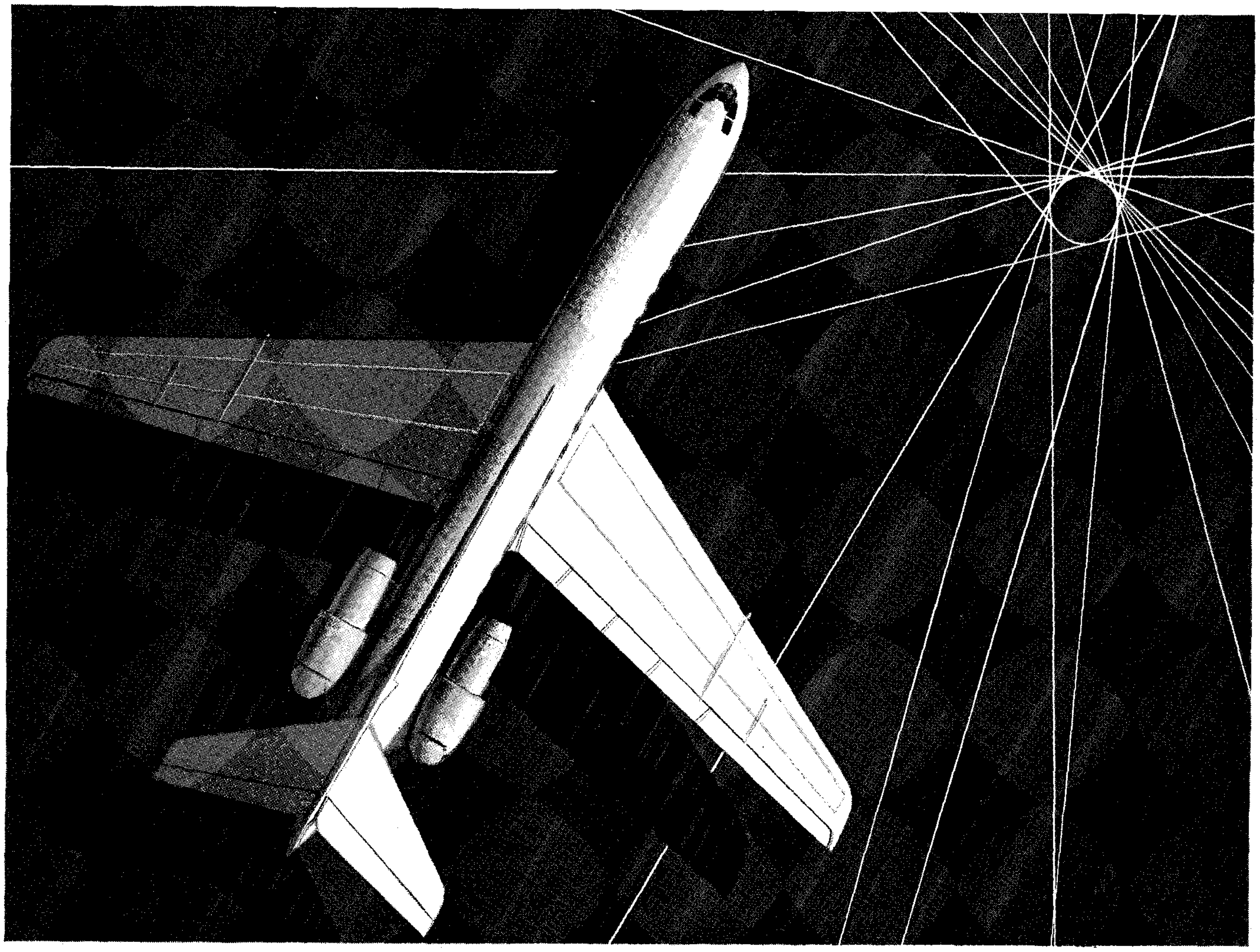

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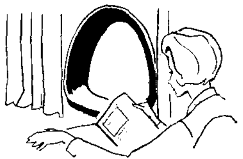

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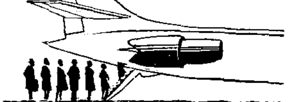

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by the subtlety of the modelling and the infinitely fine gradations of light and shade, which, together with the accuracy of the delineation (note the treatment of the veins in the bare legs of the old man on the right), give so great and so immediate a reality to the figures. It's a picture in which formalization and sophistication are perfectly blended, and I came back to it time after time.

There are plenty of other show-stoppers, and since the arrangement is far from chronological, I might as well take the pictures more or less as they come. The hanging, to be more precise, is so wildly *un*chronological that I noted one wall on which a Toulouse-Lautrec, "La Goulue at the Moulin Rouge," is flanked by a dark, charming Zurbarán study of a trussed lamb, called "Agnus Dei," and an "Expulsion of Adam and Eve from Paradise" by the early-fifteenth-century primitive Giovanni di Paolo; in another section, a Winslow Homer marine ("Cannon Rock"), a stiff, satiny double portrait ("Mary and Elizabeth Royall") by John Singleton Copley, and a rampageously colorful Matisse ("Plum Blossom Green") are in similar contiguity. The result is to give a charming freshness to the affair; it's a little like wandering into the home of a marvellously selective collector who hangs his pictures exactly as it pleases him.

I was stopped, too, by the Delacroix "Turkish Women Bathing" and the Henri Rousseau "The Sleeping Gypsy." The Rousseau is the well-known example in which the sleeping man, his mandolin beside him, is being surveyed by a prowling lion, and I had seen it before many times. But whether because of a difference in the hanging, or the lighting, or just plain happenstance, I was struck for the first time by how much the gleam of teeth in the man's slitted mouth and the slivers of white between his almost shut lids heighten the dramatic effect of the picture. It's as if he had been portrayed not asleep and yet not quite awake but at the instant between, and already with some apprehension of the threat above him.

The Delacroix was new to me, and completely charming. Delacroix could be a bit theatrical, and his color at times tended too much to a harsh, sun-and-sand tropic brilliance. This, however, is a sylvan scene, with the group of women scattered casually in a small, shady stream or on its banks as it flows through a forest, and the atmosphere is cool, intimate, and at the same time curiously innocent, while the treatment of

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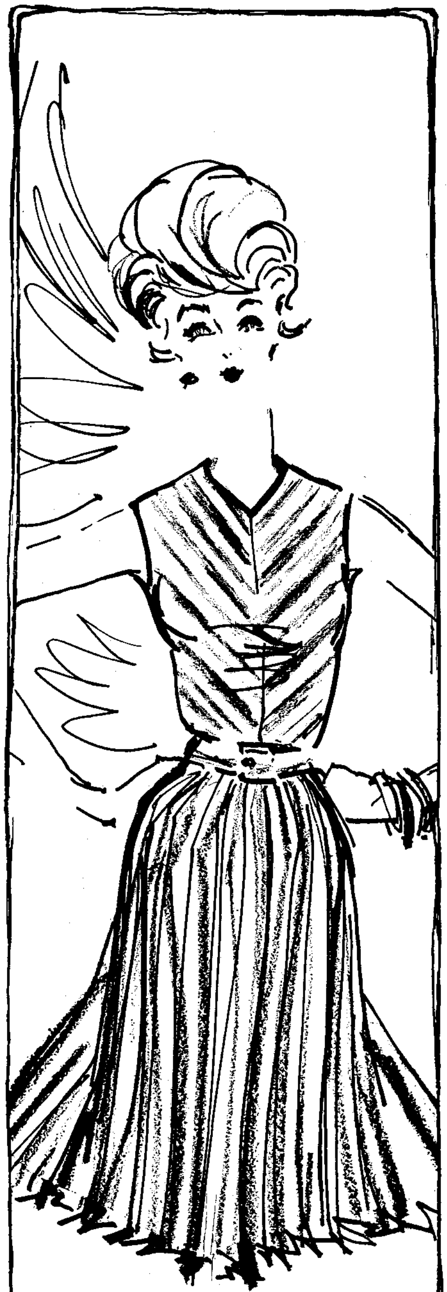

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the green leafage of the trees as they follow the stream into the forest is an achievement in the creation of atmosphere that is worth looking at over and over again.

I was stopped farther on by Poussin's "The Triumph of Neptune and Amphitrite"—slightly florid in design, with the happy couple surrounded by Nereids, cherubs showering flowers, and so on, but smaller and neater than such set pieces usually are, and notable for a softer, more suave modelling and rosier textures than one commonly finds in this artist's works. But then, one of the distinctions of the show is the number of pieces in which the treatment is pleasantly at variance with a man's customary manner. The large "Portrait of Lavoisier and His Wife" by David, for all its considerable size and elaborate composition, has more warmth and geniality—more really affectionate feeling—than one might think this normally rather austere painter capable of, while the very late and very beautiful van Gogh "Plain at Auvers," with its receding pattern of green-and-yellow furrowed fields, conveys a sense of sunny serenity often lacking in his canvases of that last, tormented period.

Another standout, but slightly more modest, is the silvery-textured gray-and-blue "Mater Dolorosa," by Joos van Cleve. Among other paintings by Netherlands artists are three Rembrandts (including the small but sparkling "King David with His Harp") and a superb Hals, "Dorothea Berck, Wife of Joseph Coymans." The Italians of the Renaissance are represented by, among others, a wonderfully bravura "Jacob and Rebecca at the Well" (note the brisk, brilliant, painterly quality of the handling of the copper ewer in the foreground), by Veronese, and a sturdy, imposing Tintoretto "Portrait of a Venetian Senator," and despite the seeming randomness of the hanging it soon becomes apparent that the selection covers its allotted centuries and periods with commendable thoroughness.

The question arises, though: When does a painting become a masterpiece? One tentative definition might be that it's when the work acquires an authority that transcends styles and periods and becomes a part of universal expression. The next question is: How long does the process take? This again can have only a chancy answer, for artists often have historical ups and downs. El Greco had his, and so did Rembrandt, and it may be remembered, in another field, that Colley Cibber found it necessary to

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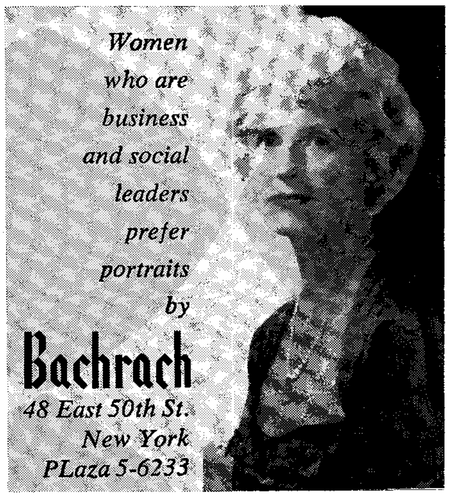

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rewrite Shakespeare to make him conform to the tastes of a more "cultivated" era. Rubens is in a "down" phase now, Constable in an "up." In view of all this, I was interested to note how well, on the whole, our modern masters stood up against their venerable companions. Cézanne's "Boy in a Red Waistcoat" held its own alongside the Tintoretto, as did the Picasso "Two Acrobats with a Dog," the Braque still-life, and the vivid, Fauve "Studio, Quai St. Michel," by Matisse. Going a bit further back, there are a lovely, calm Monet landscape called "The River," a charming Bonnard "La Grande Rue de Vernon," and a spirited Degas "Chanteuse au Gant" that do quite well for themselves, while the shimmering "Baigneuse Assise," by Renoir, would be a standout anywhere.

COMING up to the present, in this case with a clash and clatter, the Staempfli is showing a set of new mobile constructions, or whatever they are, by Jean Tinguely. Tinguely is the enterprising young Swiss artist who, as an adjunct to his first New York exhibition a year ago, presented a self-destroying mobile that burned itself up in the garden of the Museum of Modern Art, as well as a painting machine that produced Tachiste scribblings at the pressure of a button. If his attitude seemed tinged with irreverence then, it can hardly be said to have mellowed with a year, for his new works—made, like the last batch, of junk-heap oddments and powered by sizable electric motors—are, if anything, even noisier and more vehement in action. Yet in spite of their clashing and clattering they've a certain sly pertinence, pointing up the waste, the randomness, and the frenzy of our times. I liked "Radio No. 1," which sidles seductively back and forth and switches ceaselessly, maddeningly, from one station to another, and still more "IBM," a spooky contraption made of used computer parts and which simply ticks thoughtfully. It leads one to wonder: Will we soon have Used Computer Lots—or, as one lady at the exhibition suggested, will they be Old Computers' Homes?

—ROBERT M. COATES

•

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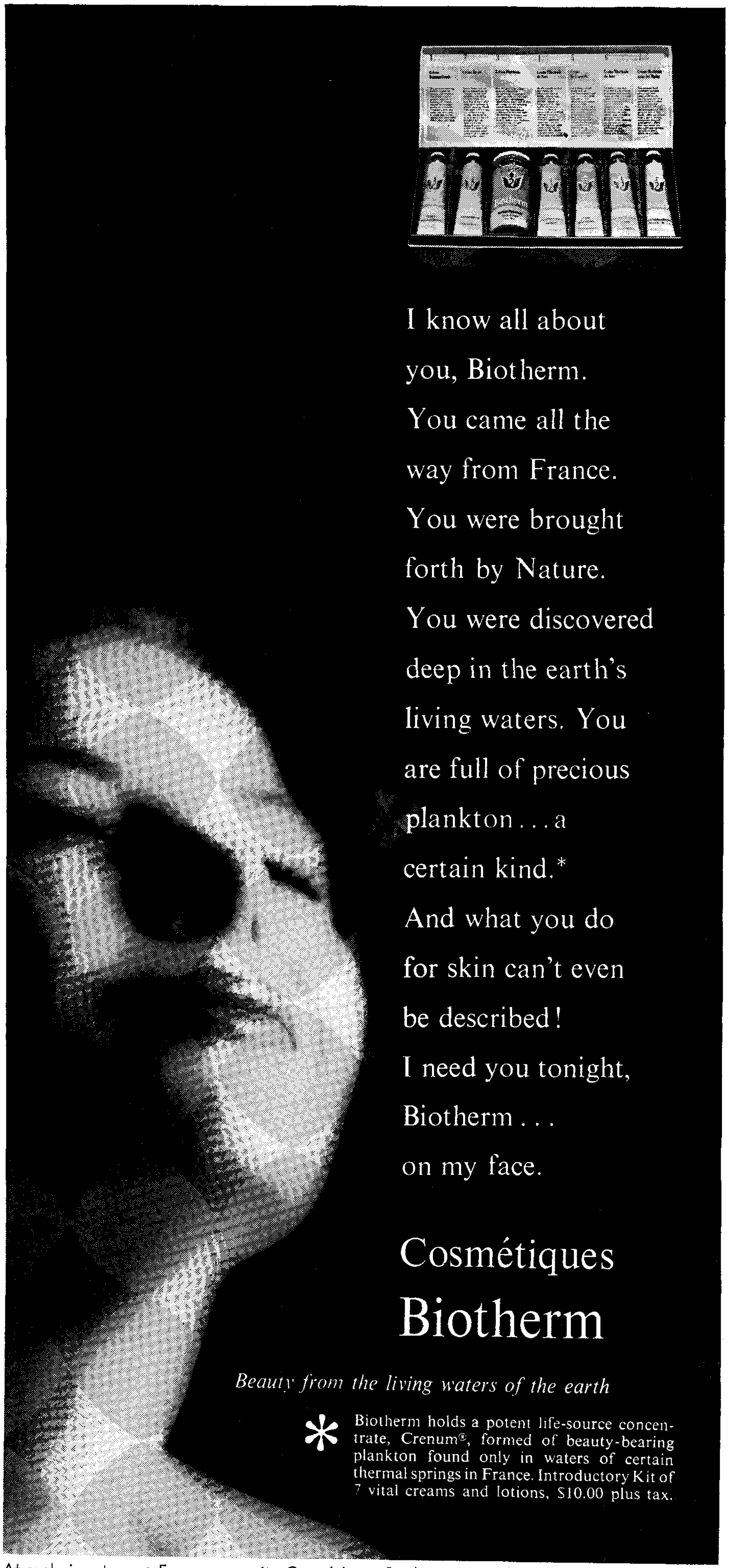

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A REPORTER AT LARGE

IT DOESN'T SEEM QUICK TO ME

A NEGRO friend of mine remarked to me a few weeks ago that whether America is ultimately able to adjust its culture so as to provide equality for its colored citizens will depend mostly on the nation's Negro young people. "If you're white, it's easy to avoid the problem altogether, while if you're colored and past twenty-five, you're well along the road to accommodating yourself to second-class citizenship," he said. "But these young people today, sitting in at lunch counters and kneeling in at churches, are different from my generation. They aren't afraid and they aren't bitter. They know what they want and they're determined to get it."

I asked him whether he thought that, if I made a trip to a Southern city, there was a way I could meet some of these youths who, in the year since four boys from the Agricultural and Technical College of North Carolina had almost diffidently taken seats at a "White Only" lunch counter in Greensboro, not only had forced the country to re-examine the judicial concept of integration "with all deliberate speed" but had aroused some of the supposedly "silent generation" of their white contemporaries to join their demonstrations. When I had convinced my friend, who had tended to regard me as a complacent white Northerner, that I was serious about wanting to visit one of the groups that had mounted this sustained and remarkably peaceable offensive, he promised he would inquire for me among acquaintances in the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People and the Congress of Racial Equality, which have been providing the young Negroes with organizational and legal help.

A week later, he phoned to say that if I could take a plane to Durham, North Carolina, the next afternoon, a local Negro attorney named Floyd B. McKissick, who was active in the N.A.A.C.P. and had been giving guidance and legal aid to local sit-in demonstrators, would meet me at the airport there and put me in touch with a group that was on the verge of starting a new sort of protest action. I agreed to this plan. My friend and I were both pleased—although for different reasons—that it was to be Durham I would visit. He had told me, "The kids there were the first to take up lunch-counter sitting-in after the start at Greensboro. In fact, the whole sit-in movement caught fire from Durham a week or so later." My own pleasure at going to Durham stemmed more from selfish awareness of my age. North Carolina, I knew, was more liberal in its attitude toward Negroes than the Deep South, having started voluntary integration of its schools in 1957; I felt that in a demonstration there a middle-aged woman would be considerably safer than in, say, Alabama or Mississippi.

DURHAM, which likes to be known as the Friendly City, is four hundred miles south of Washington in the north-central section of North Carolina. A guidebook told me that it is a city of about eighty thousand, the second-largest manufacturing center in the state, the home of furniture and textile firms, as well as of both the American Tobacco and the Liggett & Myers companies, which together make nineteen per cent of the cigarettes smoked in the United States. In Durham also are the seventy-five-hundred-acre campus and ornate Gothic buildings of Duke University, which at present has no Negroes in its student body of six thousand, and the fifteen-acre campus of North Carolina College, a four-year Negro liberal-arts institution with sixteen hundred students. Ten miles to the south, in Chapel Hill, is the University of North Carolina (eight thousand five hundred students, thirty-three of them Negroes); fifty-five miles to the west, in Greensboro, are Bennett College, for Negro women, and the Agricultural and Technical College of North Carolina, a coeducational Negro state institution; and thirty miles to the south, in Raleigh, is the North Carolina State College of Agriculture and Engineering, which has a largely white student body with a very few Negroes.

When I reached the Durham airport, which lies south of the town in a

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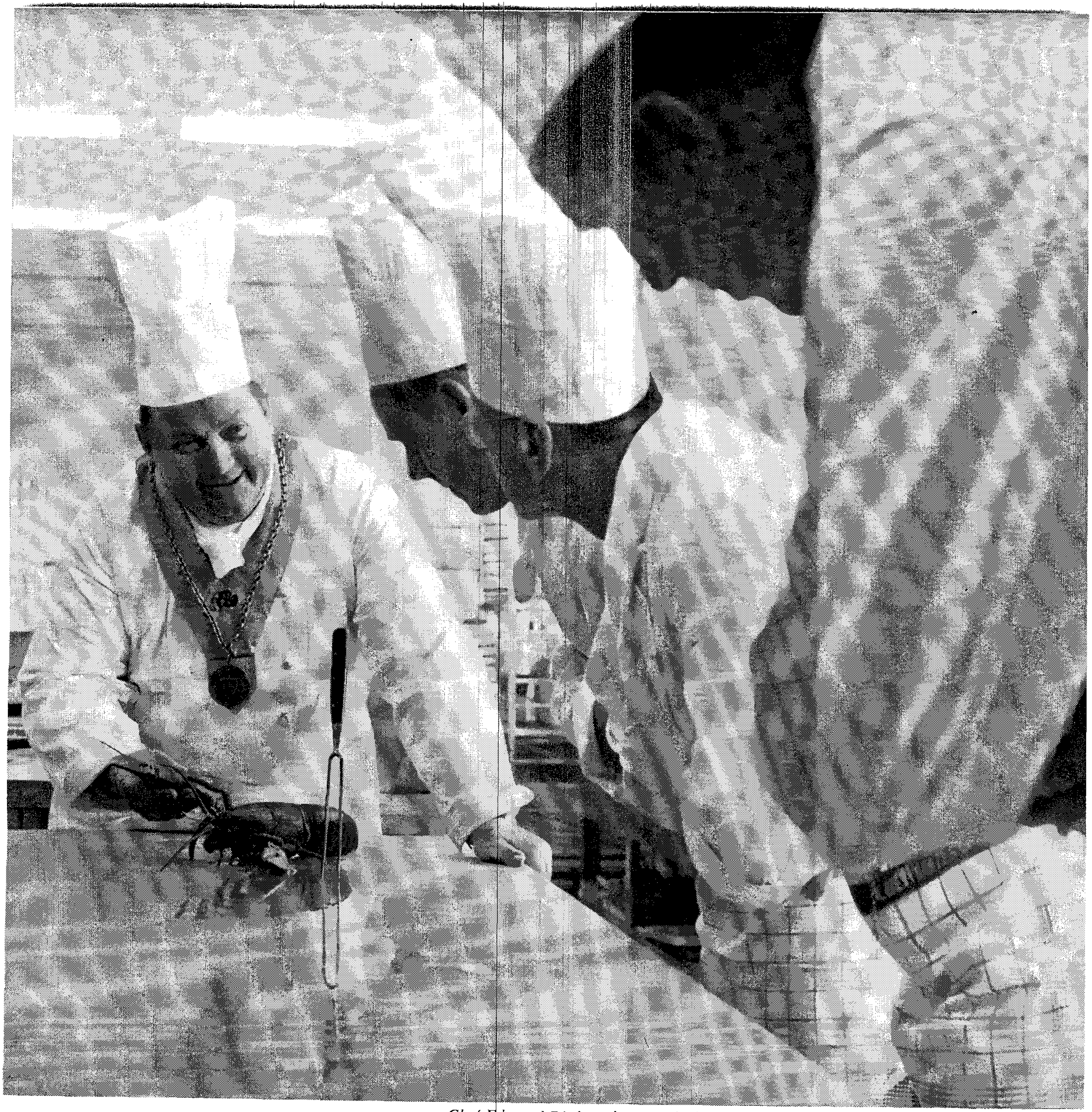

Chef Edmond Dittler, photographed in the Lufthansa kitchens at Frankfurt/Main.

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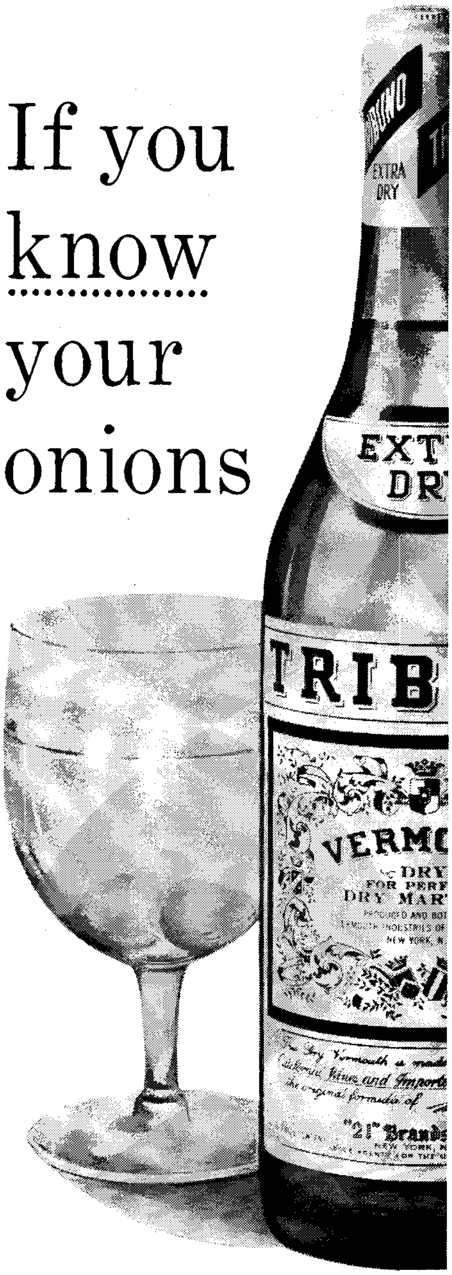

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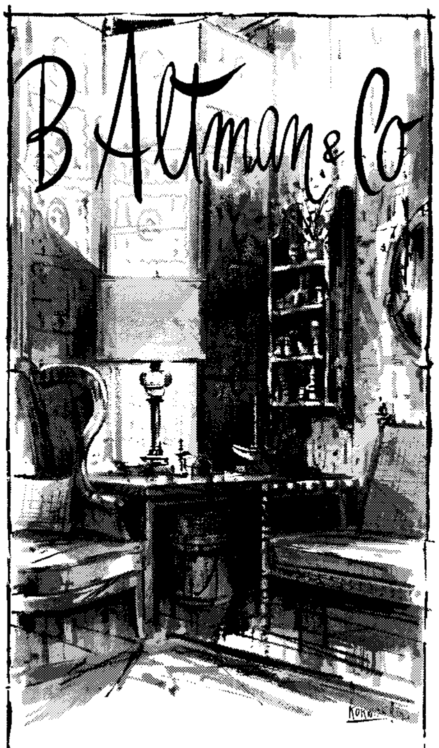
wide stretch of sandy soil and pines, there, waiting for me in the wind and bright cold sunshine, was Mr. McKissick, a round-faced, erect, keen-eyed man in his late thirties. Beside him stood three youths, all with thin mustaches and all wearing trim topcoats, scarves, and narrow-brimmed Rex Harrison hats. McKissick introduced them—John Edwards, nineteen years old, a student at Durham Business College, which is a one-year private Negro school, and president of an N.A.A.C.P. Youth Council group called the Crusaders; Claude Daniels, also nineteen, also a student at the business college, and also a Crusader; and Bruce Baines, eighteen, a senior at the all-Negro Hillside High School and treasurer of the Crusader group. With awkward, elaborate courtesy, the boys took my bags and, after practically dusting off the front seat of McKissick's car for me, handed me into the vehicle, then themselves got into the back.

As we rode toward Durham, through a countryside of small tobacco farms, the boys' conversation slowly expanded from the "No, Ma'am"s and "Yes, Ma'am"s of which it had at first been solely composed. They told me that although Durham had been the fourth town in the state to desegregate its schools, it had not done so until September, 1959. "If you call desegregation having eight Negroes in with fifteen hundred whites in the junior and senior high schools. We call it just one bean in a basket," said John, a long-lipped boy with bright eyes, who often interspersed his rapidly spoken remarks with drolleries in a heavy Southern accent, to the delight of both himself and his listeners. He went on to tell me that McKissick's next-to-youngest daughter was one of the integrated students at the junior high school, and that an older sister of hers, now in college, had been admitted to the high school. Local newspaper stories that I subsequently looked up described the integration of the high school as "uneventful;" it had come about by the decision of the school board, acting on what the press called "the overwhelming volume of 225 Negro reassignment requests"—the largest number of such requests ever sent in by Negroes in a Southern community. Accompanying one newspaper account was a photograph of McKissick's daughter walking into school escorted by her mother and father, past some jeering white students. The lawn was strewn with leaflets that the newspaper said contained such exhortations as "Remember Little Rock. The people there at least had the guts to fight. Does



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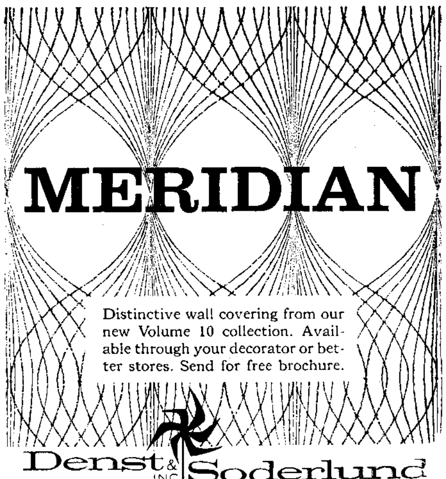
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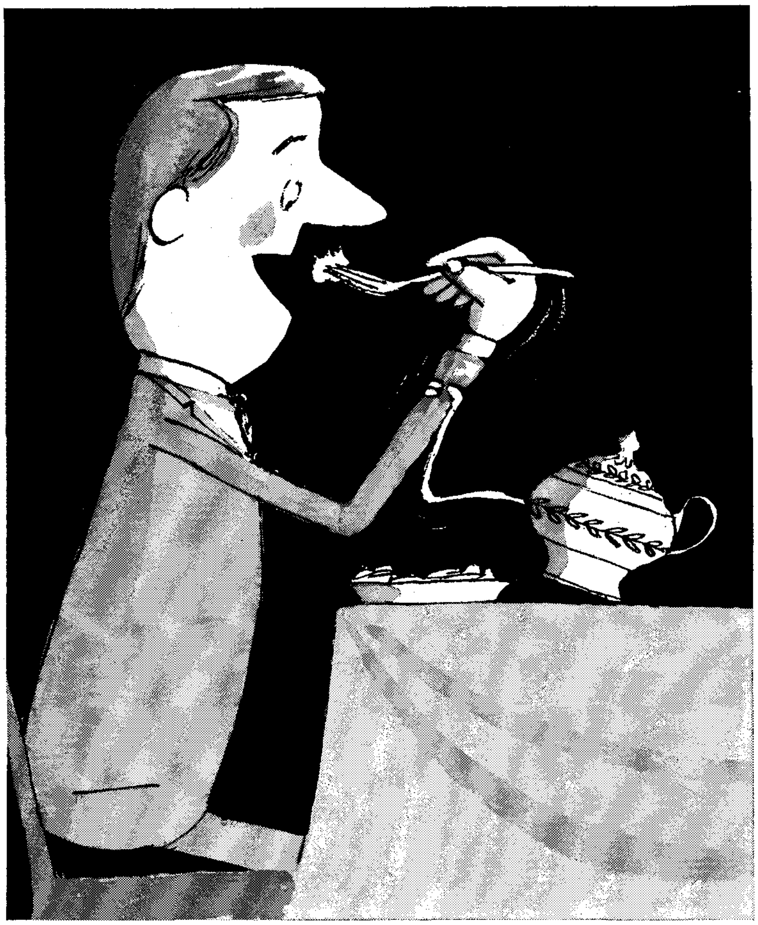

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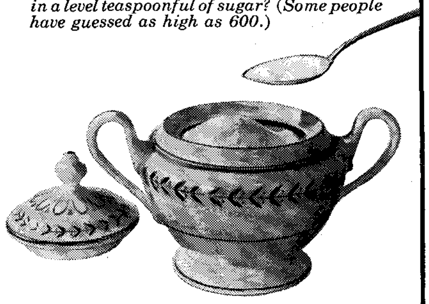

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Durham have less Courage?" The source of the leaflets was not identified, but opposing the enlightened influence of the many higher educational institutions about Durham, I later learned, is an inflammatory weekly entitled the *Public Appeal*, which specializes in long outpourings by Gerald L. K. Smith, among others.

I ASKED the boys to tell me about the Crusaders, and Claude, a tall, handsome youth with sharply cut features, large and somewhat mournful eyes, and an antique, daguerreotype kind of dignity in his manner, told me that the organization had been established at Hillside High about four years ago and now also included groups in Bull City Barber College and De Shazer's Beauty College, as well as in the Durham Business College. "Besides the Crusaders, the movement's got men and women students in the N.A.A.C.P. group at North Carolina College, and some Duke students," he said. "There's even a white Durham High School girl in it—she made all our picket signs. All told, there's about a thousand of us in the movement." (All of the organized local activity for desegregation was, I discovered, usually lumped under the heading of "the movement"—or more formally, in the printed literature, the Protest Movement.)

"Last August, our big chain-store lunch counters—Kress's, Woolworth's, and Walgreen's—were officially desegregated," said John. "And every few weeks two or three of us keep testing around, dropping into other lunch counters to see if they'll serve us. There are over half a dozen places where we can eat now in the main downtown business district. Before that, if you had a job downtown and didn't want to go way back over the tracks to the Negro section, the only warm food you could buy was hot dogs at a couple of places that'd let you stand up and eat them. You get *awful* sick of hot dogs. A few other places would serve you sandwiches wrapped up but wouldn't let you eat them there." I asked the boys if, in addition to lunch counters, any white restaurants with table service had been desegregated. "Oh, no," they said, looking at me in astonishment.

When I asked what the task of getting the lunch counters integrated had been like, the boys were silent for a moment. Then Bruce—who, in spite of his hat and his mustache, looked absurdly young—spoke up. "We started sitting in and picketing on February 8, 1960, and except for Sundays and a few times when the stores closed, we

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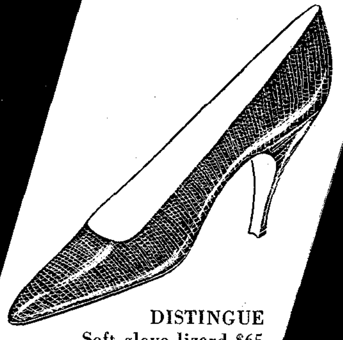

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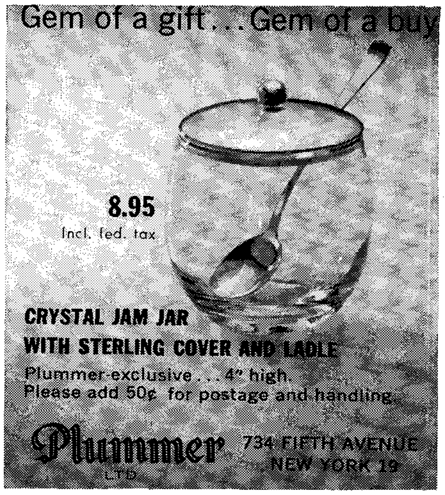

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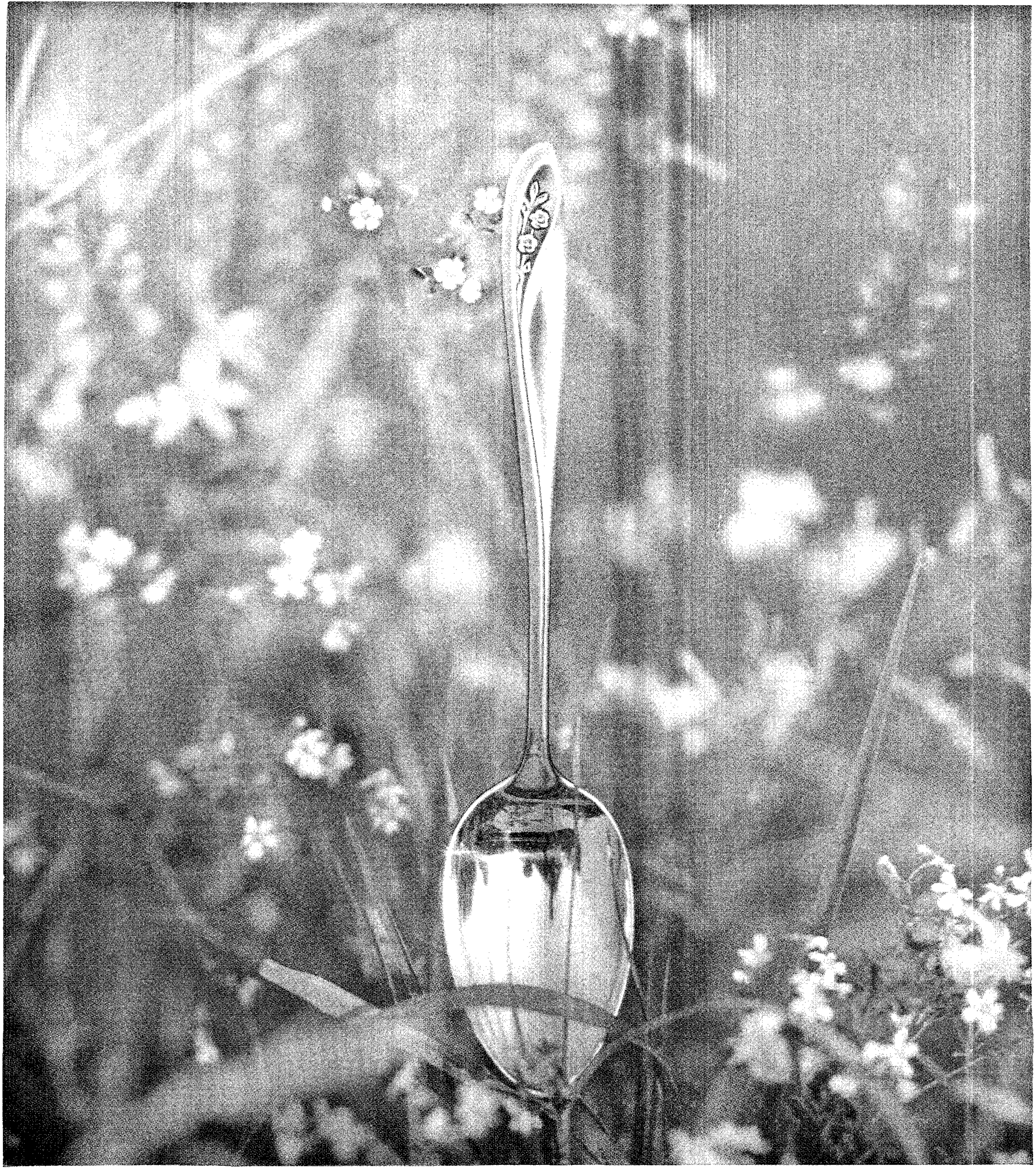

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"How many days did you fellows actually sit in?" McKissick asked.

After some figuring, the boys said that in their case the average was probably fifteen days or so, although much additional time had, of course, been spent picketing.

"Also, you might say they had some casualties," McKissick told me. "These young fellows are known among the Crusaders as the Jailbirds. They've each been arrested at least once. Bruce is under a thirty-day sentence to work on the roads—suspended on condition of two years of good behavior—for assaulting a white man."

"There was a lot of pushing one day we were sitting in, and this big man fell off his stool and yelled for the police," explained Bruce. "I was lucky I only got a month."

"John and Claude are out on bail on a trespass charge," said McKissick. "During two days in May, we had two mass arrests, and eighty kids were indicted. Seven of them were convicted and given both fines and jail sentences. We've consolidated the seven cases and appealed to the state Supreme Court. What happens to them will decide what happens to the seventy-three others. You've been arrested two other times, haven't you, John?"

"They didn't amount to much," said John. "They were squashed in court."

"Douglas Thompson, who was killed last summer in a car accident, he's got on his gravestone that he was a Crusader. He was arrested, too," said Claude.

I NOW inquired about the new protest the group was planning. In unison, the youths opened their topcoats to show small white tags bearing the legend, in red, "I do not attend segregated movies. DO YOU?"

"At four o'clock tomorrow afternoon, we start picketing the theatres," John said. For a long while, he continued, the younger Negroes had been restive about theatre segregation. The city has five motion-picture houses, I was told. Two admit only whites. A third is run by a Negro in a slum section of town, and is out of bounds for college students. "You wouldn't want to take a young lady there, and she couldn't go there alone," Claude said. "It usually books only second- or third-rate shows, anyway." The two other theatres admit Negroes, via separate ticket booths and entrances, to what John called their "buzzards' roosts," one a second balcony, the other a third

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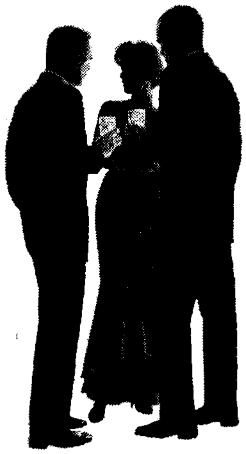

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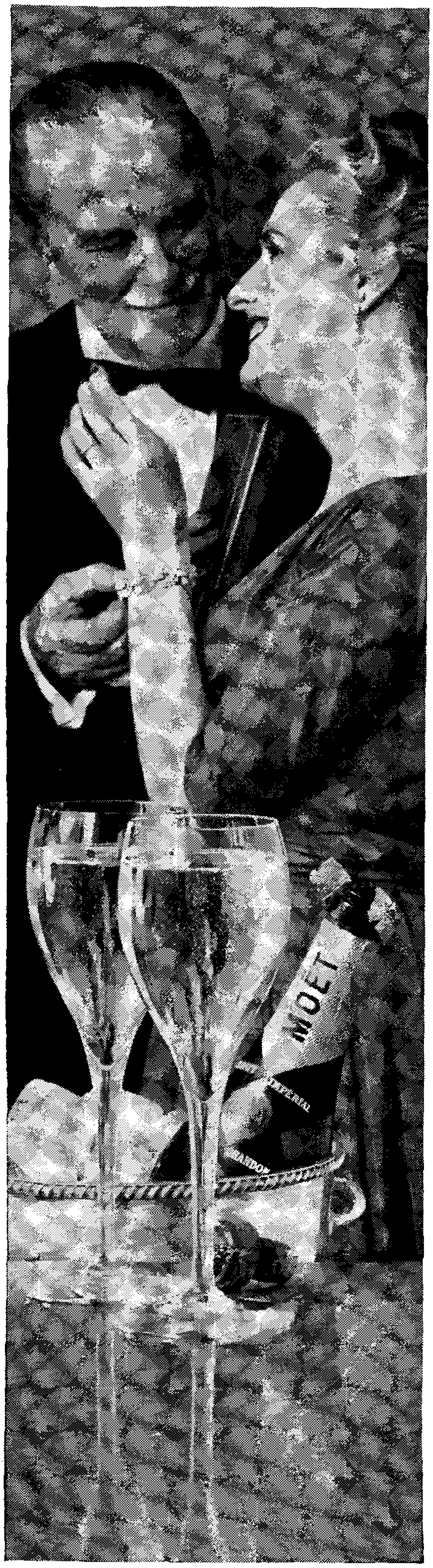

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balcony. "That third balcony is at the Carolina," said John. "It's a tall building, and the balcony is over six stair flights up. Even if your eyes are good enough to see the movie, it's likely you're too tired when you get up there to enjoy it. And old folks can't make it at all." None of the boys had been to the movies for about four years. It was four years earlier that the idea of protesting the theatre situation had been conceived and the tags that the boys now wore had been printed. "Before we used the tags, we wanted to give the city a chance to do something," John said. "So we wrote a letter to the city manager telling him how dissatisfied we were. But nothing ever happened. We were about to start against the theatres last year when the lunch-counter sit-in began." In July, he went on, in negotiations with the Mayor's Committee on Human Relations—a nine-member bi-racial advisory group of merchants, professors, ministers, and civic leaders appointed by the mayor—the Negro students had agreed that if the lunch counters were desegregated, there would be *no new* demonstrations of any sort "until it was felt that reasonable adjustment to this move had been made by the community."

"The college students started the lunch-counter protest," said McKissick, "but it was the Crusaders who put it over. The college kids had to slack off when they began using up their classroom cuts, and a lot of them were away during the summer."

"This time, *we're* starting the demonstration, and we hope it's going to spread all over the South," Claude said. "The college students are studying for exams, so we've told them we'll keep the lines going for two weeks by ourselves, till they can join us."

"The Carolina and the Center—the two segregated theatres—are the ones we're going to picket," John said. "We intend to keep it up until they get desegregated. Over at Chapel Hill, there's *no* theatres admit Negroes. 'Porgy and Bess' is showing there, and the students are picketing to let colored people see it."

"You'd think they'd let Negroes into 'Porgy and Bess,' wouldn't you, man?" Bruce put in.

"The Chapel Hill manager says he'll have an extra ten-o'clock showing, but we don't want that kind of token arrangement," said Claude.

"Over near the coast, I hear there's a theatre has three separate entrances—one for Negroes, one for whites, and one for Indians. That must be *mighty* confusing," said John.

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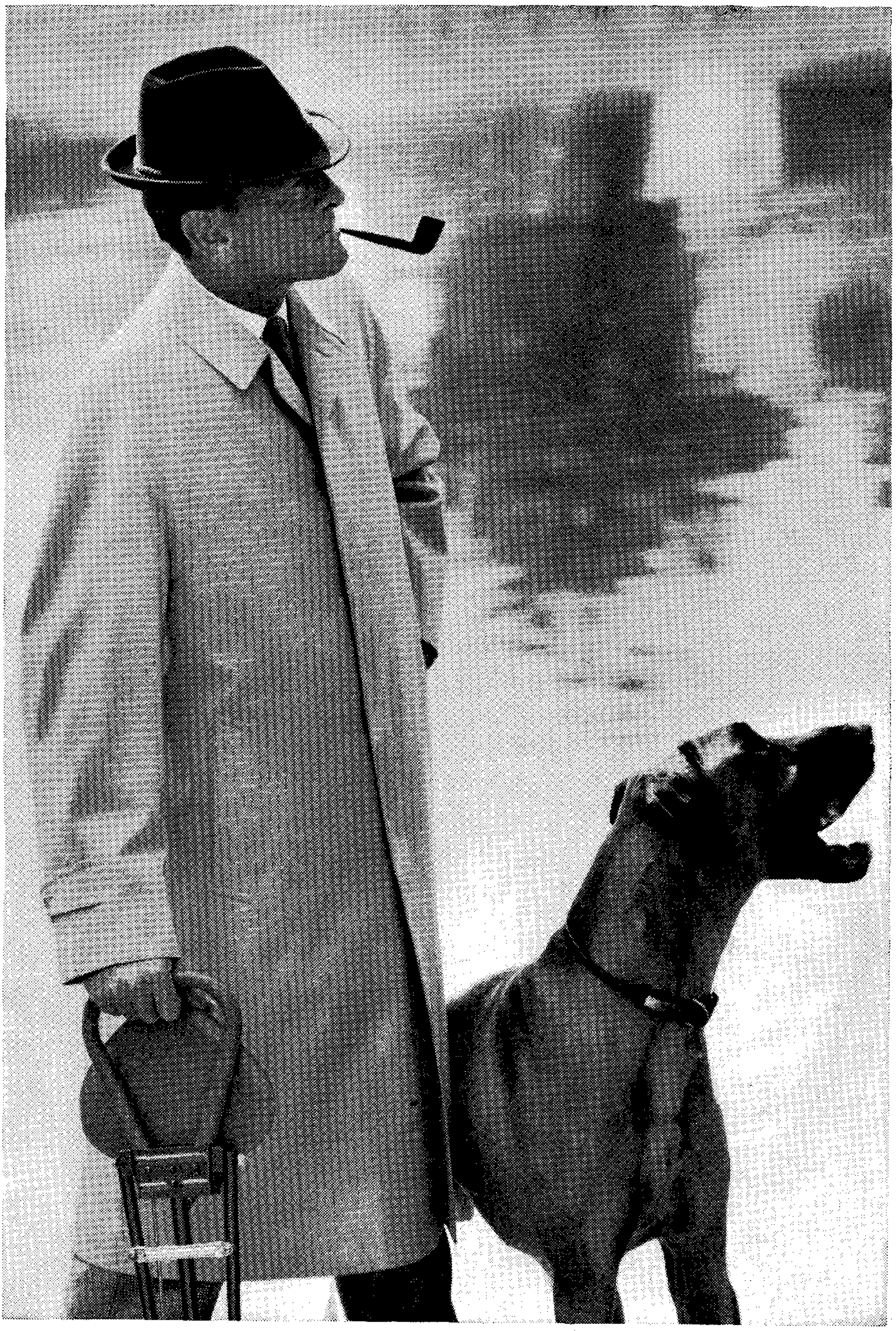
"Like the old blind folks in an institution I hear tell about," said Claude. "It's got white people in one section and Negroes in another. People take them out together to visit other blind folks' homes, and when they get there, they're all supposed to right away segregate themselves."

WE had now reached the outskirts of the Negro section of Durham, and were passing through an area where a number of large buildings were being erected. This was to be an industrial park, which would have an integrated trade school connected with it. Bruce said that after he graduated from high school he hoped to go there and learn to be a welder, if he could find a job that would help support him while he did so. All three boys, I learned, worked after school whenever they could. John had a job running an addressing machine in a newspaper printing shop, and Claude had until recently been employed at a clothing store. Both John and Claude said they hoped to get jobs in private business after their one-year course at the Durham Business College. Claude said his inclination was toward merchandising, although he had been tempted by a fine offer from his uncle to set him up in mortuary work.

A little farther along in the Negro section, we came to the attractive campus of North Carolina College. Here McKissick stopped the car, explaining that the boys were going to confer with two of the movement's college leaders about their plans for the theatre protest. They asked if I would like to listen in on the discussions, and I said I would. McKissick said he would pick us up in a half hour or so, and I followed the boys into the basement of the college administration building, past a canteen where some girl students were buying candy and Coke, and into the student-government office, a long room furnished with a conference table and chairs. There we were met by one of the past presidents of the college's N.A.A.C.P. group, a chubby lad named Billy Thorpe, who wore heavy-rimmed glasses and was dressed in a dark serge suit and a leather jacket. Billy's career at North Carolina, his friends told me, had been interrupted the month before by the death of his father, and he was now at home caring for his mother, but he hoped to find a job soon that would let him accumulate enough money to return to his courses in a year or two. This pattern of a year or a semester of study alternating with one of work is usual for Southern Negro students, and because of this, it



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often takes twice as long for a Negro to obtain a college degree as it does for a white youth. In last year's demonstrations, I was told, Billy had been arrested twice. He had been fined fifty dollars and costs for obstructing the sidewalk while distributing leaflets, and he was also one of the students out on bail on the charge of trespassing at the chain-store lunch counters.

Soon we were joined by the college N.A.A.C.P. leaders, Lacy Streeter and Callis Brown. Both had thin mustaches and were dressed in slacks, sweaters, shirts, and ties. After greeting me, they and the others reviewed the plans for the coming demonstration. So far, only a few North Carolina College students knew about the protest, Brown said, but once exams were over, he expected it to get even greater support than the lunch-counter sit-ins had had. To me, he added, "We had to turn students away then, and there were some you literally couldn't keep off the lines."

Streeter brought up the matter of finances, and the Crusaders assured him they could manage all right for the first two weeks. The initial cost of mounting the picket lines, I learned, was about fifty dollars, including such expenses as material for the picket signs, telephone calls, leaflets, handbills, and transportation between the picket area and the demonstrators' headquarters, in the basement of St. Joseph's African Methodist Episcopal Church. Daily expenses could run as high as ten dollars; in the past, these had included such items as taxi fare for taking sick students home, a dental-surgery bill for a student at the integrated high school whose cafeteria tray had been pushed into his face, and several days' hospital charges for a boy who had suffered a concussion when he was struck by a white man at a lunch counter. "The first thing he said after he came to and learned he had been in the hospital three days was 'What ever that picket line gonna think of me!' " Claude said. "And then his father called up and told us not to let his injury dampen our spirits."

The movement, the boys told me, was always short of funds, though its participants dug repeatedly into their pockets, took up collections, and gave benefit suppers and dances. Some white groups, such as several religious organizations at Duke, had contributed, and once a white woman had sidled up and thrust a dollar bill into a picket's hand. At the present time, there was a debt of over five hundred dollars, mainly for the cost of raising bail; the lawyers

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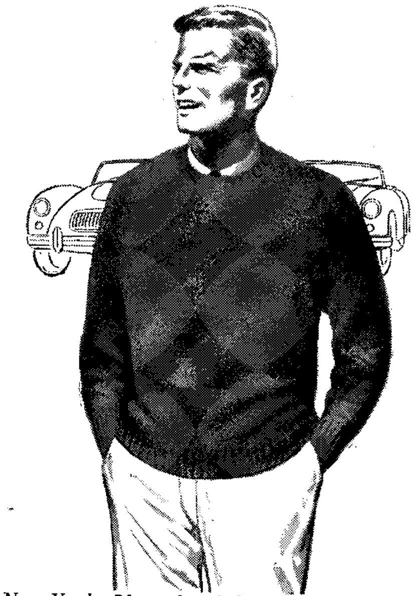

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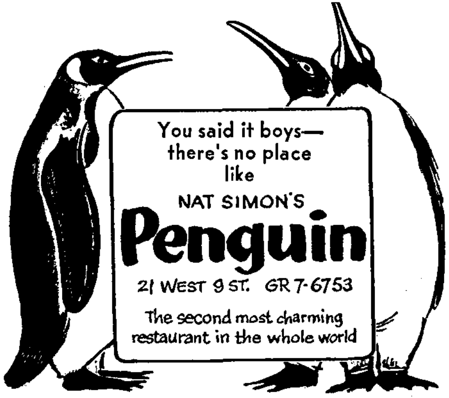

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had donated their services and the N.A.A.C.P. had defrayed court costs and various legal expenses.

"You think we going to win this time, too, Lacy?" one of the younger boys asked.

"I believe so, though it may take a while," said Streeter. "Remember, this is going to affect the cash registers."

"That's a fact," someone else remarked. "Not Jesus Christ, not morals, not what's right, not nothing's going to make the white man stop segregation but hurting his cash register."

WHEN the conference was finished, Billy Thorpe and the boys I had come with went into a huddle over picketing arrangements, and I asked Brown and Streeter to tell me a little more about the previous year's lunch-counter effort. They launched into a matter-of-fact account. Occasionally, one or the other would straighten out the sequence of happenings by remembering a small, related incident. There was "the day they threw chicken bones and garbage down on us from the second-floor window," and the time a waitress had told John, "We don't serve niggers here," and he had replied, "That's good, 'cause I sure don't eat them."

The lunch-counter effort had begun when Brown heard over the radio the news of the Greensboro sit-ins. He had hunted up the then president of the North Carolina College student government, who has since graduated, and Streeter, who was then head of the campus N.A.A.C.P., and the three, with counsel from McKissick, had sat down and planned a similar protest in Durham. Five hundred students had signed up at a big campus meeting, and a few days later, through the good offices of the Methodist chaplain at Duke, a hundred of that university's students and faculty members had promised money, cars, and reinforcements for the sit-in ranks. On February 8th, seventeen students from North Carolina College and four from Duke converged on the F. W. Woolworth lunch counter in Durham, sat down, and asked to be served. They remained in their seats until the police closed the building

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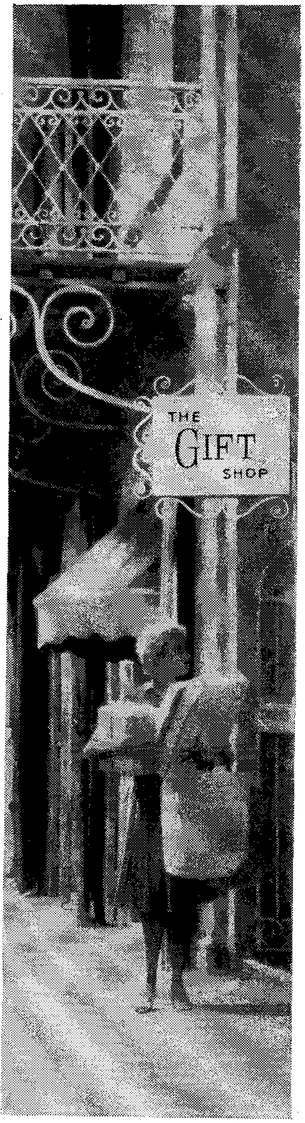

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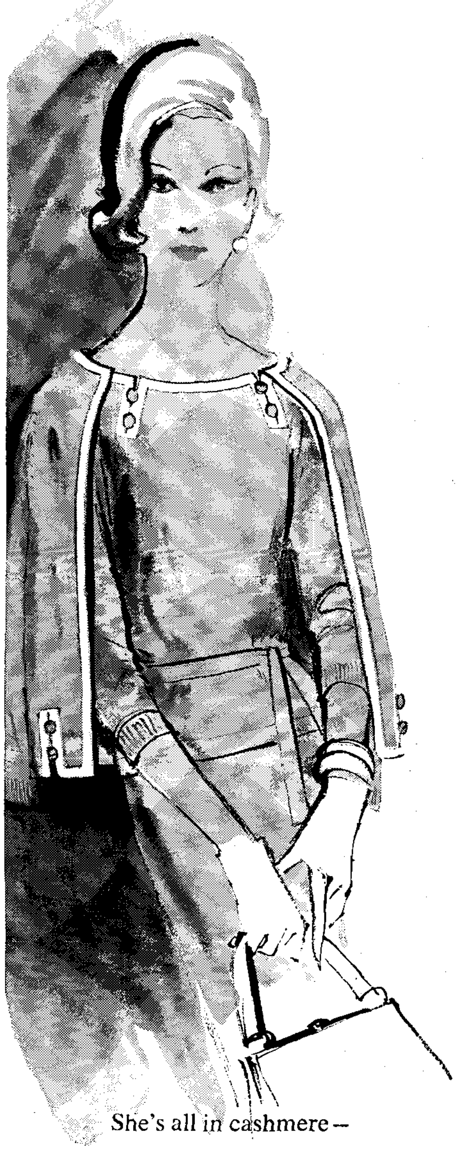

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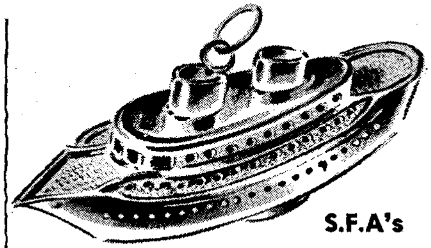
and abuse from both sides. At first, some members of the Negro community thought we were moving too fast."

The North Carolina College administration remained neutral, the boys said, while various individual faculty members, including some white instructors, signed statements of support. Streeter told me how the Negro president of the college, Dr. Alfonso Elder, at a recent meeting of its twelve-man board of trustees (three of them Negro, the rest white), had thanked the white chairman of the board for his help during the sit-ins. When the chairman replied that he had done nothing, Dr. Elder said, "That's precisely what I'm thanking you for."

I remarked that it must have been very difficult for the young Negroes, in the face of what appeared to be planned attempts to provoke them, to discipline themselves to the non-violence that they had pledged. Both Streeter and Brown said that they themselves had always felt confident on that score, but that some of the other students had worried. Brown spoke about a girl's calm when a white man deliberately dumped a cup of coffee in her lap, and the self-control of a group that a white auto driver had tried to run down. "The really disturbing thing, though, was the way these incidents were sometimes handled by the law after we had reported them," he went on. "One boy had a bowl of hot soup spilled on him by a man who then ordered another bowl and spilled that. The man was arrested, but after two days the case was dismissed because an all-white jury couldn't reach a verdict."

The mass arrests came in May, when the S. H. Kress store reopened after a brief closing, with its lunch counter chained off and a new sign at the entrance to the area, proclaiming, "Luncheonette Open to Employees and Invited Guests. No Trespassing." Later, in court, the manager explained the meaning of the sign. "White people are considered guests," he said. "White people accompanied by Negroes are not considered guests." Referring to a white girl from Duke who had ordered a sandwich and given it to a Negro boy beside her, the store manager amplified



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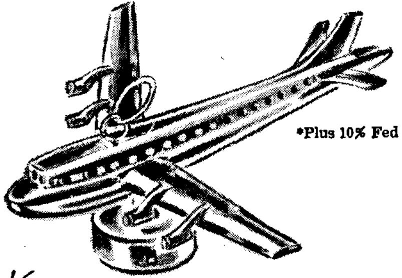

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are not my invited guests, so I am asking you to leave," they announced that they would remain until they were served. They were then arrested for trespassing and marched off in a group to the police station to be fingerprinted, booked, and put in custody until they should be provided with twenty-five dollars bail each. Their places were at once taken by more protesters, who, in turn, were arrested and jailed. In the cells, the young people sang hymns and recited the Lord's Prayer. From the local newspaper accounts that I subsequently read, it was apparent that there had been a certain casualness about legal procedure. Some of the students later testified that the store manager had not identified himself, that they had not been warned of their arrest, and that no warrant had been read them. Evidently, some of the warrants that were read were defective. Days later, just before the case was to be tried, several students were hunted up at home, in school, or in church and new warrants were read to them.

The warrants charged that each defendant "with force and arms . . . did unlawfully, willfully and intentionally, after being forbidden to do so, enter upon the land and tenement of S. H. Kress and Co. . . . and said defendant after being ordered . . . to leave that part of the store reserved for employees and invited guests, willfully and unlawfully refused to do so."

"It was the treatment we received in that first trial that really inspired us," said Streeter. "The judge gave us the idea that he would find all of us guilty no matter what the evidence might be. We decided then to ask for a jury trial, and were released on hundred-dollar bonds pending trial in Criminal Term of the county Superior Court."

The students decided that, once released, those who could do so would return immediately to Kress's. As the judge was finishing the hearings, the proceedings in the courtroom were disturbed by the singing and chatter of newly rearrested girl protesters as they were taken into the women's detention room upstairs. Twice the judge sent up word for quiet. Then cries of "Here's Carrie and Madge!" came down, as the girls greeted two new arrivals, and the judge ordered to be brought before him four girls who, the custodians testified, had "squealed, hollered, and stomped the floor."

"He jailed two of those young ladies for twenty-four hours and fined them," said Brown. "That inspired us even more. Later, in Superior Court, the

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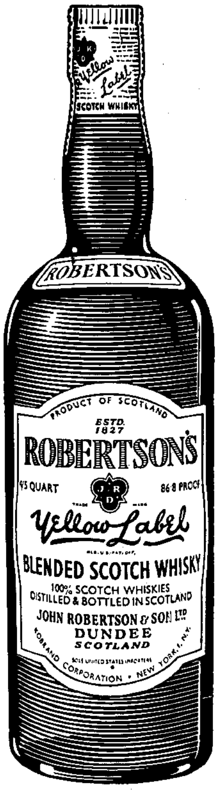

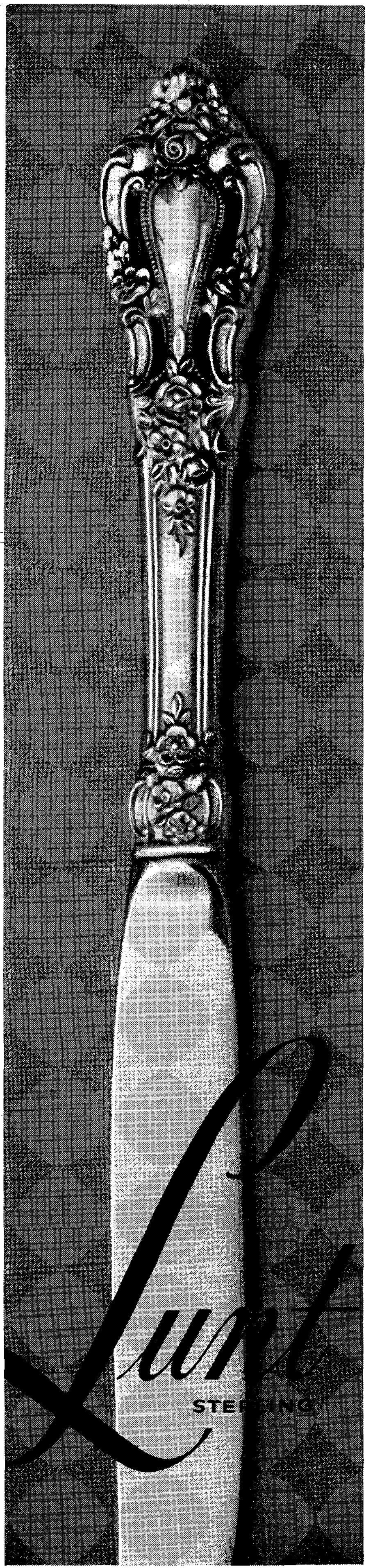

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seven of us leaders were tried, convicted, and released pending appeal to the state Supreme Court."

I asked if the convictions had aroused bitterness among the seven.

"We haven't time for that," said Brown. "We know that in the long run things are going our way."

"Last year was a great experience," Streeter added. "Even being arrested was an interesting experience—nothing you would *choose* to have happen but something that's routine in the movement and that we were prepared for."

"We grew in another way, too," said Brown. "The Duke students and ourselves got to know and trust each other."

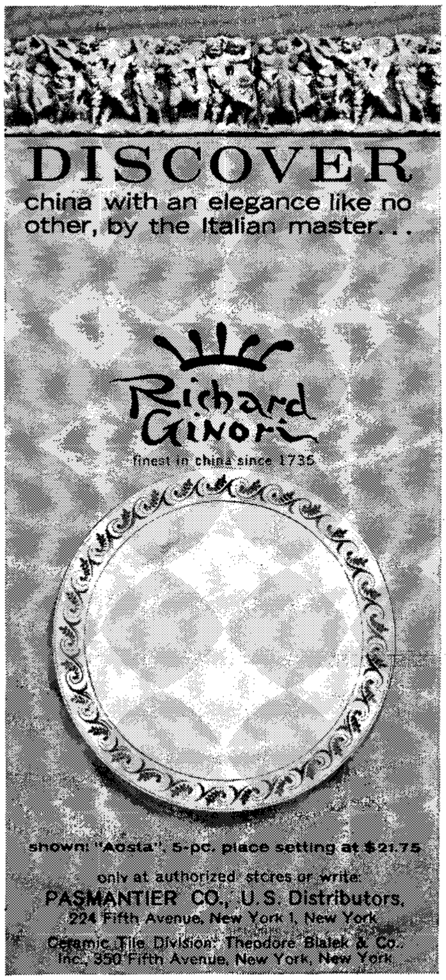
It was time for McKissick to return, so I thanked Streeter and Brown, and said goodbye. The younger boys said they would be along as soon as they had finished up some last-minute details. As I was leaving, I heard Billy ask if John knew where he could get a small loan. John said his father could probably provide some cash if Billy would stop in at the tobacco factory where the older man worked.

"What his business there?" asked Billy.

John leaned forward and moved his arms as though he were pushing something. "His business at the top of the broom," he said, with a laugh.

Out in the car, McKissick told me that many of the leading Crusaders' fathers were laborers. "At the start, particularly, older or more well-to-do parents were reluctant to have their children join up," he said. "Now hardly anyone keeps his child away. On the contrary, a father will go out of his way to tell me his son is a changed person since joining—that he gets up early to do his chores or rushes home from school to finish his homework so he can get down to the church or the picket line. Some of these kids might have become delinquents if the movement hadn't given them a sense of hope. Now they want to get out of their poverty, and a number of them badly want to go to college. But even doing homework is a luxury for most. When they get out of school in the afternoon, they ordinarily go to a job or they come home to scrub, cook, and take care of little children."

Billy, John, Claude, and Bruce soon joined us, and McKissick drove across the railroad tracks and into Durham's bustling main business section. When he stopped the car at my hotel, a large and imposing edifice, the four boys got out to help extricate me and my luggage. Past the gaping doorman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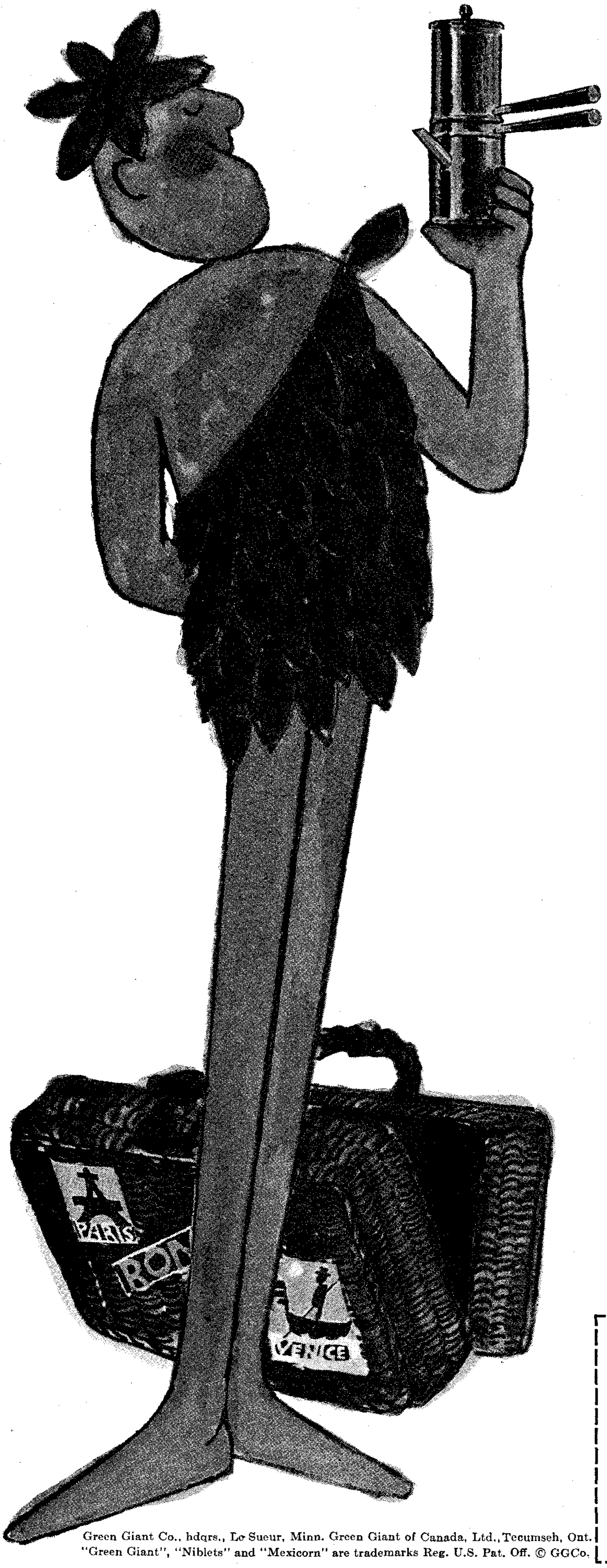

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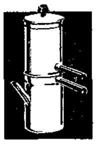

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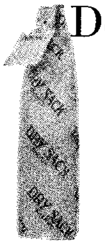
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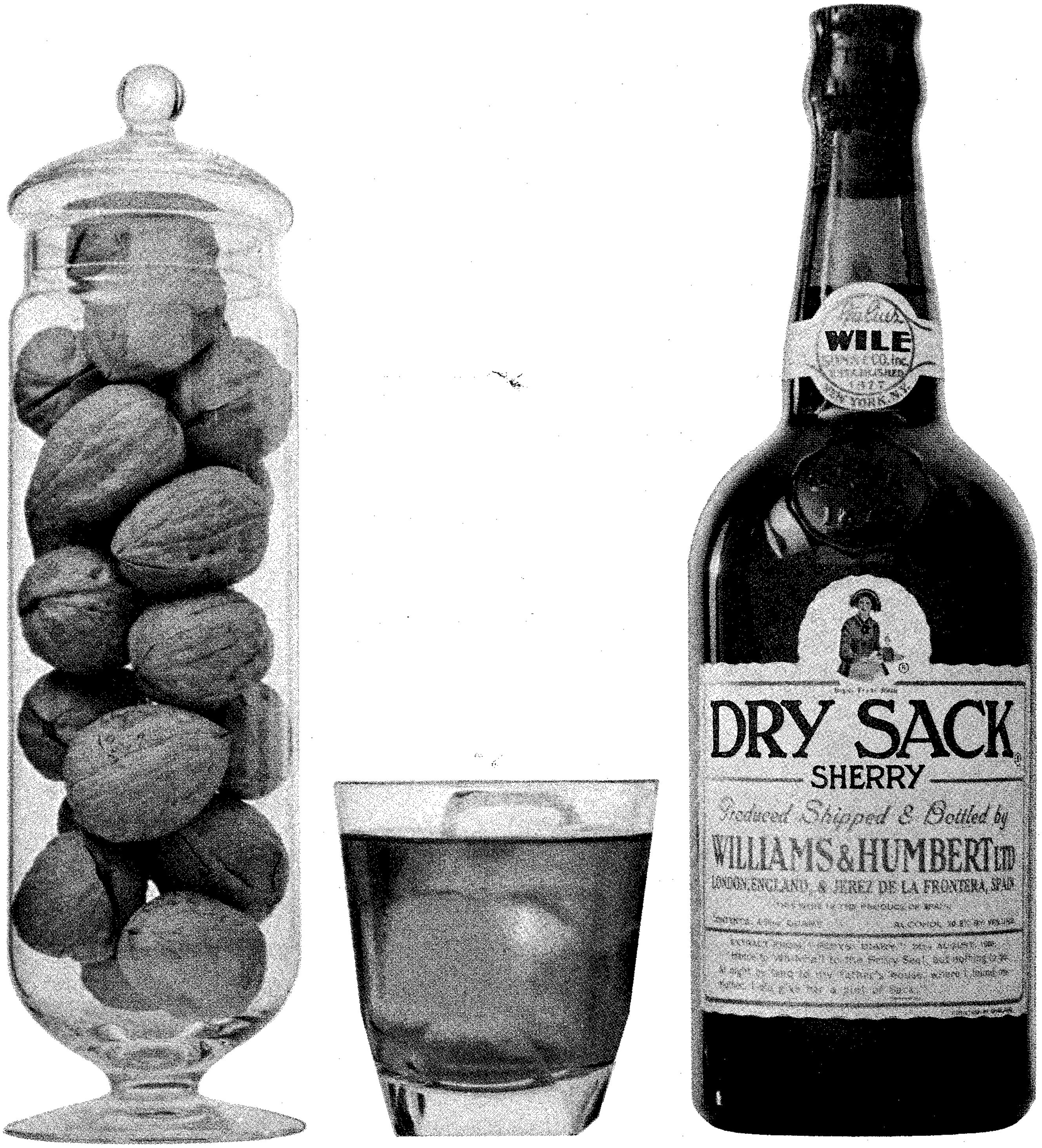
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and past startled faces in the lobby we walked in a solemn procession to the desk. There the boys set my luggage down. For a moment, they stood silent, staring about them. I was about to say "Now let's all have a Coke and a sandwich" when I was brought up short, knowing the hotel's restaurants were still segregated. I realized that I was already caught in the heavy Byzantine inanity of the South's folkways. The boys murmured goodbye and left.

THE next day, the temperature was down in the low twenties, and a bitter wind was fitfully swirling flakes of snow about. McKissick's offices, where I had arranged to meet the boys after lunch, turned out to be a pleasant set of rooms up a flight of wooden stairs in one of a row of old buildings not far from my hotel. Scrubbed, combed, and pressed, John, Claude, Billy, and Bruce were waiting for me. Their scarves were arranged carefully around their necks and their anti-segregated-movie tags fluttered from their lapels. Except for their frequent consultation of note pads that they kept pulling out of their pockets, their behavior seemed calm and normal. With them were two white Duke students—Franklin Ingram, a blond, bespectacled Southerner majoring in sociology, and Ned Opton, a tall, dark-haired Yale graduate who was studying for a Ph.D. in psychology. After introducing them, Claude triumphantly held up a car key. "I have the use of a car for the day," he said. "We have some errands to do before we go to St. Joseph's Church, where we've asked people to meet about three, when we'll get ready for our movie-theatre protest. If you'd like to come along, we can show you some more of the town. But please don't expect modern transportation." Leaving Ingram and Opton, who were to rejoin us at the church, we started off in a sedan that was several years old.

"We wanted to begin our demonstration with a solemn march from St. Joseph's to the City Hall, where we would recite a prayer before going to the theatres," said Billy. "So we asked for an appointment with the assistant chief of police. He talked real nice. But he said he had to deny us a permit in the public interest. 'We don't want a race riot, and I know you don't,' he said. 'We're only trying to keep law and order. The police is neutral.' "

"The police *always* nootral," said John, winking.

We were driving through residential streets lined with modest, nicely kept houses—low-roofed double dwellings

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of white clapboard, each in its own yard, where, in many instances, there stood magnolias or other ornamental trees. "We think this is the garden spot of Durham," Claude said. "We all grew up here, within a few blocks of each other." He pointed out a large red brick school with white pillars, which the boys had all attended, and farther along, in a newer section, we came to the Durham Business College, which is housed in a former grade-school building. We stopped at a white cottage with an old spinning wheel decorating its porch to pick up a well-dressed and exceedingly high-spirited lad named McKinley Cates.

As we drove along, Claude asked John if he knew whether or not a certain girl would be at the church.

"Now, man, don't mix business and pleasure in the movement," said John.

Claude protested, "I just want to ask her something about school"—a remark the other boys found very amusing.

"This afternoon is *business*," said John sternly.

At John's house, we waited for some time while he collected some articles for the demonstration, did a couple of chores, and changed into a warmer sweater. Once, we saw him walk across his yard, looking preoccupied and carrying a load of kindling. As we waited, Billy and McKinley were talking quietly in the back seat.

"Did you see that television show from Georgia last week?" asked Billy.

"Pertainin' to what?" said McKinley.

"They had some Ku Klux Klanners on, and they told how they felt about colored people. You know, you could tell by their manner of speaking those guys were *businessmen*. They were important and educated."

"I can believe it, man," said McKinley. "I can even believe one of them might be a policeman."

"It just don't seem right for a bunch of adults, *businessmen*, to talk that way, McKinley," said Billy.

"Someday it won't be that way any more," Claude put in.

"Man! I would live one thousand years to see that time come, man," said McKinley.

When John had rejoined us, and we were on our way to the church, I asked him if his parents had had anything special to say about his again participating in a protest.

" 'Get your chores finished first, boy,' they say, same as always. And then, 'Be careful, Son,' " he replied.

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prayer is the most important thing,' " said Billy.

IT was now two o'clock. I was feeling a little tense, and said so. "You're shaky because it's the first time," Billy told me comfortingly. "I was, too, my first time. But just a turn or two up and down the line and you feel all right again. What's real hard, and you have to *learn* to do, is to accept inside of you all those things people do to you that you ordinarily wouldn't take. They call you names. They throw ammonia on you. They even spit in your face—that's the worst."

"Don't the police make them stop?" I asked.

"The police don't see so good," said Claude.

"The police is *noo*tral," said John.

"One time we felt real bad," Billy said. "It was real cold, and a white man with a long scraggly beard and a raggedy coat came up to us on the line with a carton of hot coffee and cups, and wanted to treat us. We had to refuse him. We didn't know what might be in that coffee, and we just couldn't trust *anybody* we didn't know."

On Fayetteville Street, the main artery of the Negro section, Claude stopped the car before St. Joseph's Church, a large brick building with tall stained-glass windows. We all got out, and I followed the boys through the swirling snow into a windowless room in the basement of the parish house, which served as their headquarters. It contained rows of folding chairs facing a long table; a battered piano; a mantel with a tissue-paper rose stuck in a mirror over it; and a counter, behind which were an icebox and a stove. On the front wall, between a conventionalized pastel picture of Christ and an American flag, was a blackboard chalked with "Rules for Decorum Around the Church." Against one wall stood three or four dozen hand-lettered signs. Claude began examining them. "These are the ones we used in the sit-ins," he said. "We've changed a word here and there so we can use them again." The other boys busied themselves at the long table. Billy and Ned, the white Duke student, who had just arrived, were trying to remember the exact wording of the oath the students had taken the previous year, before the sit-ins began, because they were to repeat it today. John was outlining the statements that he and Claude, as the group's spokesmen, would make to reporters. Other problems were swiftly solved. It was decided that John, Billy, Claude, and Ned were to superintend the picketing, while

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Bruce was to stay at the church and move the shifts of pickets off to the theatres at the proper intervals. There was to be a maximum of around forty pickets at one time, divided between the two theatres, but this strength would probably not be reached until the college students joined in. "We're going to have mostly young ladies at first, and it's going to be pretty cold on those lines, so we'll have to use half-hour shifts," John said.

The problem that now concerned the boys most was how to get the pickets from the church to the theatres, almost a mile away. Billy still had his heart set on the "solemn march" that the police had forbidden. "Not down the middle of the street," he said, renewing his appeal, "but just two by two, quiet and serious and peaceful along the sidewalk. You couldn't call that a parade."

"The police could," said Claude.

"Suppose we don't have a parade," someone said. "Suppose we just go over to the other side of town separately. If we don't have a parade, we don't get arrested."

"If we don't do nothin', we don't get arrested, either," said Billy. "Attorney McKissick says no matter how hard we try not to, we'll probably have some arrests eventually. If a lot of people collect, there's jostling, and then we can get arrested for obstructing the sidewalk."

"I don't anticipate trouble or arrests at first," said Ned. "Not till the news gets around."

"We don't want arrests *any* time," said John. "We got to be especially careful to keep moving and not block anybody when we change shifts—that's the bad time."

Finally, it was agreed that the pickets would proceed to the theatres more or less as Billy had proposed—"quiet and serious and peaceful along the sidewalk," but not in any formation the police could object to, and with no overt demonstrations.

IT was now a little after three o'clock, and young people with schoolbooks under their arms were beginning to arrive. They stood around chatting in groups, or sat down on the straight chairs with sober expectancy. There were girls dressed in wool plaid skirts, gay sweaters, and warm, bright-colored coats, and others wearing much washed cotton frocks and thin, unlined raincoats. There were a few North Carolina College girls with stylish coiffures and costume jewelry, and junior-high-school students with braids and bobby socks. Boys wearing fur-lined gloves

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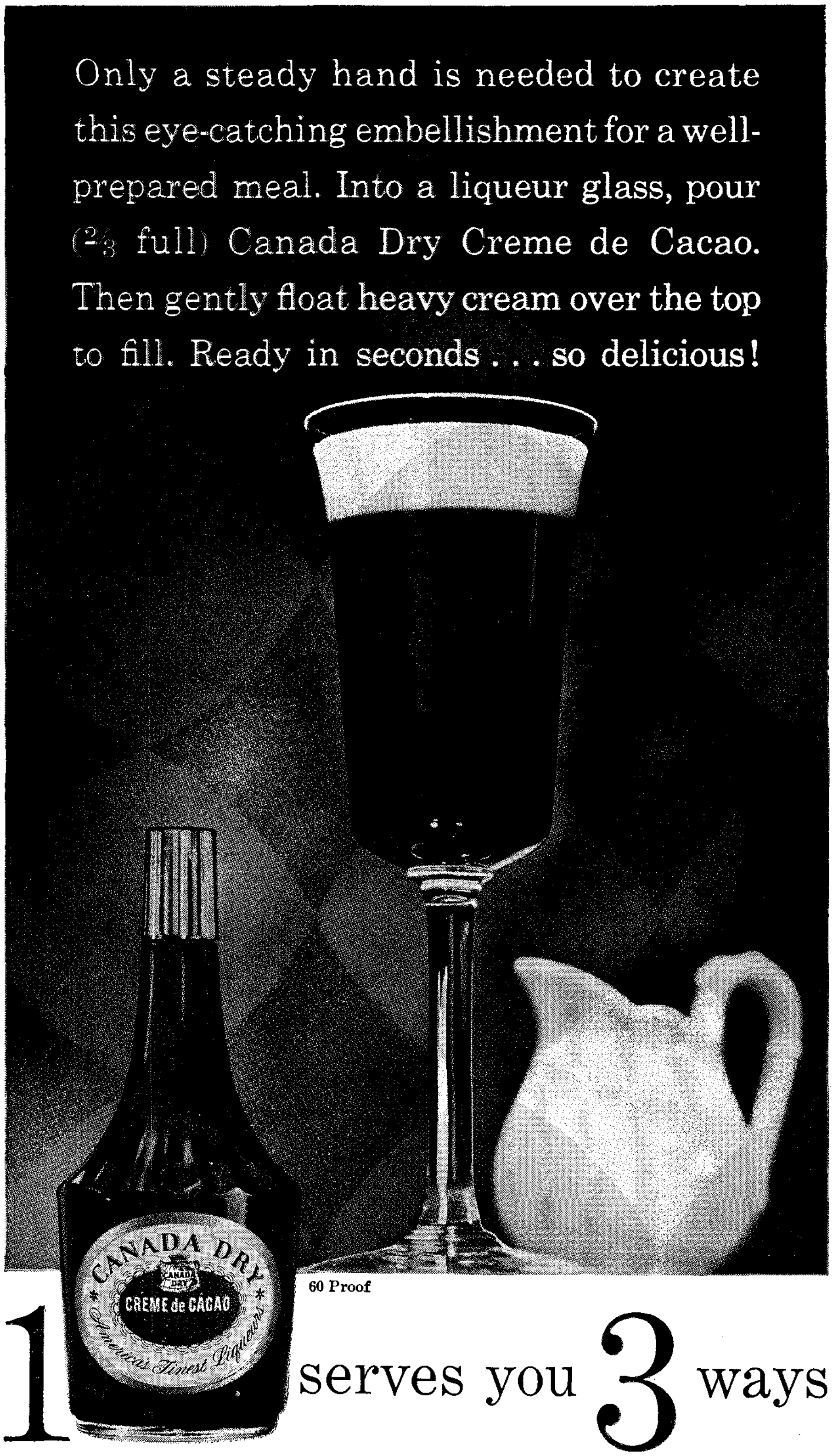
and sturdy new parkas greeted lads in frayed slacks and grimy pullovers. On one side of me, a tall, gangling youth in ill-fitting clothes was studying a chemistry book. On the other side, bouncing about on her chair in a high state of excitement, a plump teenager chattered with three companions. A young man with a large, handsome head and sad, staring eyes slowly pushed his way through the crowd, a white cane in his hand. He was guided to a seat in the row behind me by a spindly boy in glasses, who told me later that his friend had a beautiful singing voice, and also that he had learned at Durham Business College to take dictation on the typewriter at the rate of fifty words a minute. The blind boy, though he would not be able to join the picket line, stayed throughout the meeting, his head cocked to the discussion.

A very young white girl with blond hair and a demure, animated face, framed by a little black hood, had come in, and now stood laughing with Claude and Billy. Presently, Claude led her over to me. She was the Durham High School girl who had originally made all the picket signs. I complimented her on her work, and asked her how she had happened to become interested in the desegregation activities. Last spring, she said, one of the Negro girls at her school had invited her to a meeting at which Roy Wilkins, the Executive Secretary of the N.A.A.C.P., had spoken. "I have awfully strong feelings about this," she said. "I moved here from New Jersey, and there's a lot of injustice back there, too, you know. Why, you can tell when you are in the Negro section of a town just by the condition of the sidewalks. Quite a few white kids at our school feel bad, too, but not enough to risk their popularity. I just feel much better when I'm doing something about it."

A dozen white students from Duke had arrived, in spite of a mimeographed appeal, which one of them showed me, issued by the predominantly anti-segregation Christian Action Commission of the university's Methodist Student Center, suggesting that sympathetic students wait until after exams to picket, because "academic failure on the part of any student involved would enable the university legitimately to call the protests into question." Among those from Duke was a lively, dark-eyed young woman who, I learned, was the co-chairman of a Human Relations Coördinating Committee made up of undergraduates from Duke and North Carolina College. She had taken part in both the picketing and the sit-ins



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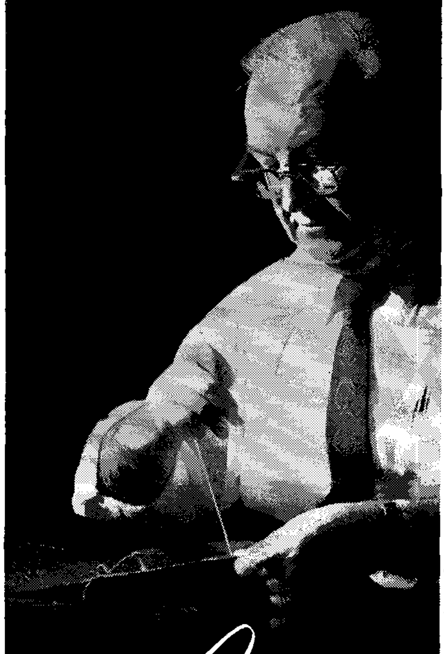

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of the past year, and she told me about the attention given to the Duke girls involved in the demonstrations. "People decided we were either riffraff or Communists," she said. "The old ladies with pursed-up mouths were the worst. 'She's just trying to get men,' they'd say, or, 'Poor thing, I guess she doesn't have a mother.' Sometimes they'd even shout, 'Who are you sleeping with?' The times we were most apt to have serious trouble were Saturdays, when people from the back hills came to town. Still, you'd be surprised at the number of white women who whispered, 'Keep it up. I'm for you!' " Though the Duke girls had occasionally undergone some heckling at college from male students, and particularly from those who were members of the more fashionable fraternities, she went on, many Southern girls had expressed their regret that, out of loyalty to their parents—who were, after all, paying for their education—they could not join the movement. "But they'd do without Cokes or movies, and contribute that money to our fund," she said. The police, she felt, had on the whole behaved correctly. "Of course, tempers got short sometimes when the weather was hot, and then there were little harassments. We were nagged to shorten or lengthen our lines, to slow up or speed up, and so on. Sometimes new policemen were a little rough. But we finally learned to report such incidents. We got results, too."

A Negro man sitting nearby, who, I learned, was a member of the North Carolina College Education Department and had accompanied his daughter to the church, began chatting with the Duke girl about the college students' part in the movement. When the white girl remarked that she hoped to bring Duke and North Carolina College students together in greater numbers, he said, "Don't do anything special. Let it come naturally. There's been too much special done for too long." The girl looked a little surprised, and he explained, "For two hundred years now, the American Negro has been assigned a special position. People do special things for us, pay us special attention. We don't want special attention any more. All we ask is to be recognized as just Americans—free to be accepted or rejected on an individual basis, like other Americans, and not because we are part of a particular group."

NOW John, sitting at the center of the long table, with Claude, Bruce, Billy, and Ned about him, raised his hand for silence. He looked very serious. First he asked everyone to recite the

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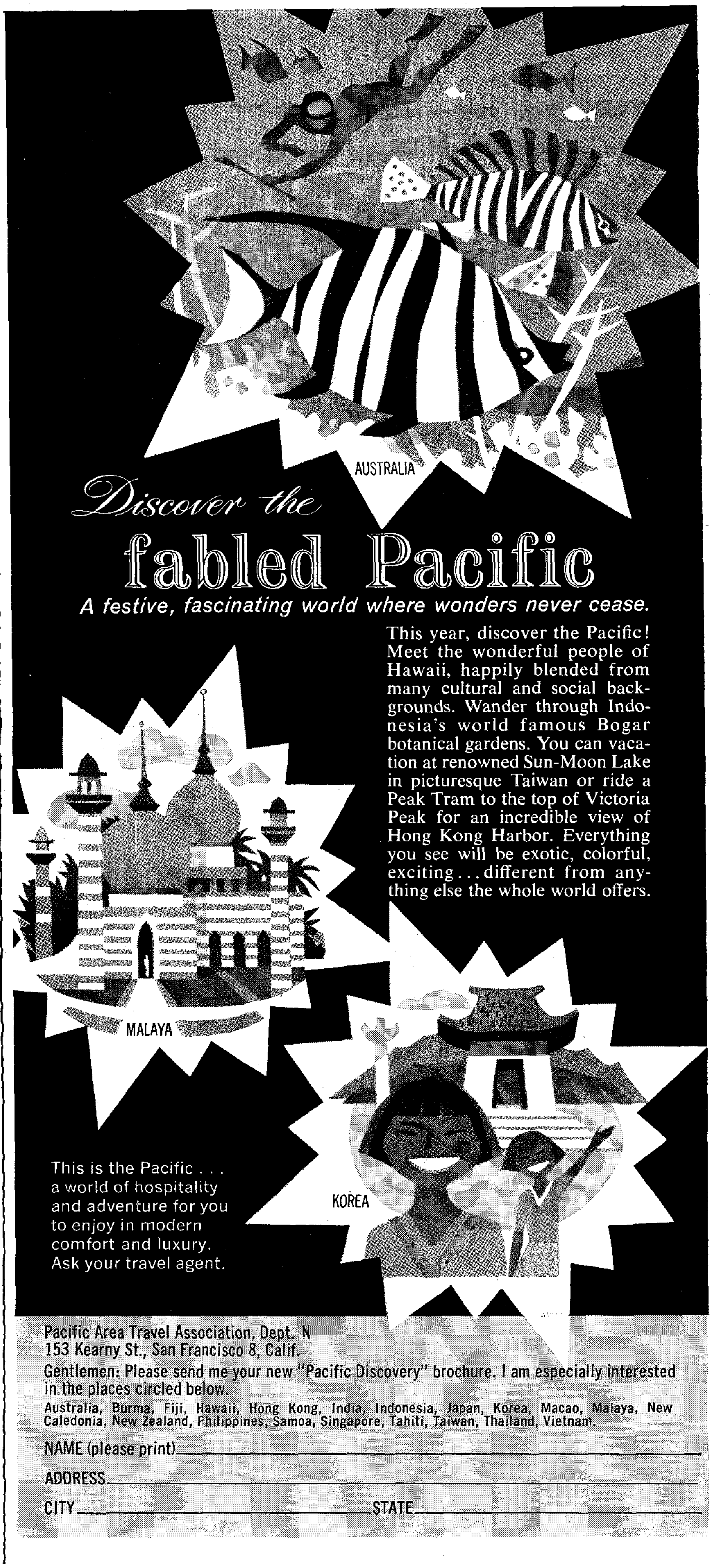
Lord's Prayer, and then, when silence had fallen once more, he announced, "Mr. Ned Opton, Bruce Baines, Billy Thorpe, Claude Daniels, and myself will serve as your leaders until the college students' exams are over. As you know, we have two social-action projects for this year—to break down the barriers of segregation in movie theatres, and to gain employment in private business and local, state, and national government. We'll start the first project by picketing the Center and Carolina Theatres. Our purpose in doing it isn't just to get to see a movie but to break down another barrier of segregation. How many of you have picketed with us before?" About seventy-five people, or three-fourths of the audience, raised their hands. "Good," said John. "Now, how many of you would like to go right down to the theatres this afternoon and start picketing?"

There were gasps of surprise and titters of nervous laughter. Eventually, almost everyone present raised his hand.

"I need ten young ladies to leave immediately for the Carolina and Center Theatres as our scouts," John said. "They are to try to buy tickets at the main entrances. If refused, they are to ask to see the manager. They are to be *very* polite to him, and say, 'Good afternoon, we want to buy tickets at your main ticket booth and sit in the orchestra.' If the young ladies don't call us back in half an hour after leaving here, we'll know they are sitting downstairs in the theatres." The audience hooted at this supposition. If the managers refused, John continued, the girls were to call the church immediately, then gather on a designated corner between the theatres and wait for the pickets. John then selected the ten girls, including a well-dressed child in a red coat, sitting in front of me, who got up, the picture of frightened determination, and almost visibly forced herself to join the others as they left the room.

John rapidly explained the picketing procedure. Since the group was not yet at its full strength, thirty pickets at a time would be divided between the two movie houses. The first group, accompanied by the four watchers, would leave for downtown, carrying the picket signs, as soon as the scouts phoned. Mondays through Thursdays, the picketing schedule would be from four o'clock in the afternoon to eight at night; on Fridays it would be from four to nine; and on Saturdays it would be from one to nine. It was especially important, John said, that on this first day the pickets be present for the start of the last show, at nine o'clock, and he asked



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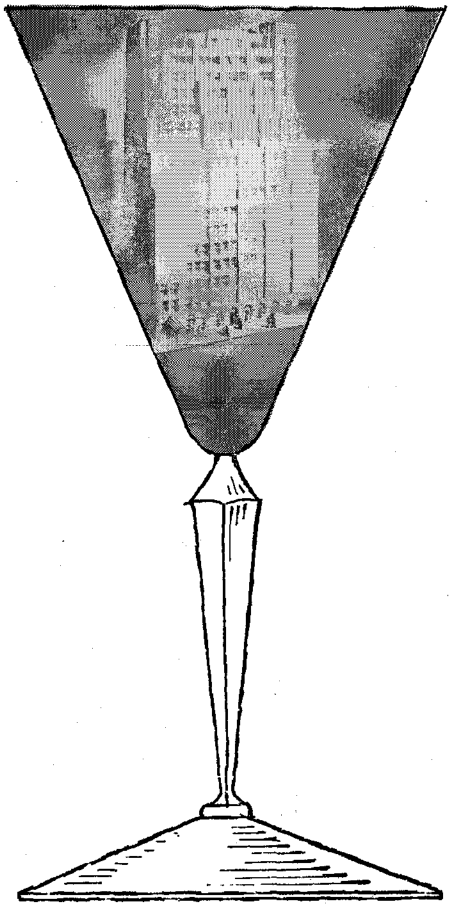

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everyone to stay for as many rounds of picketing as he could manage.

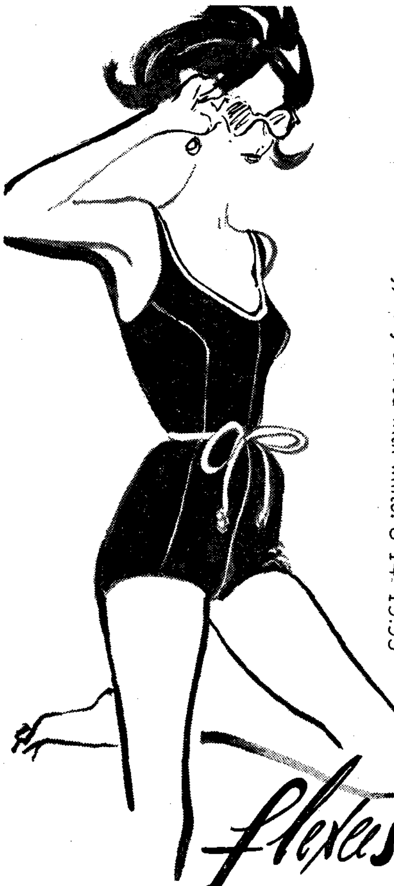
"There's a very important oath that you are asked to take. Brother Daniels here will explain it to you," John said, introducing Claude.

"This oath is to cover your conduct for the entire period of the movement, whenever you are participating in it," Claude said. "First I'm going to read it. Then I ask you to stand and repeat it phrase by phrase after me, raising your right hand to God. Then I want you each to come and sign your name right here on the piece of paper the oath is written on."

The students fell into deep silence as Claude slowly read the oath. Then they raised their hands, and, in strong, clear tones that made the room reverberate, they echoed the phrases: "I do solemnly swear that while serving as a student protester I will demean myself in an orderly manner. I will refrain from taking any mental or physical action against anyone even to protect my person. I will not use profane language. I will not talk to anyone nor carry any sharp weapons while serving as a student protester. I will conduct myself in a Christian non-violent manner, and I will love all persons, even the ones I protest against. I do solemnly swear to uphold the above oath while I am a student protester, notwithstanding any circumstances that may occur. Amen."

Before Claude administered the oath, mimeographed sheets of regulations for pickets had been passed out, and now Ned rose to ask that everyone read them attentively and be careful to observe them. The first rule was "There shall be no violence displayed in any way, physically, mentally, or morally, within the Protest Movement." A number of the succeeding rules arose from this basic precept: "Carry no type of object, sharp or otherwise, that can be used for a weapon," "Do not take advantage of a situation or a person," and "Assume a respectful and sympathetic attitude toward the opinions, beliefs, shortcomings, and mistakes of others." Some regulations concerned general conduct, which was to be that of "young ladies and young men" at all times: "Do not tell questionable jokes," "There should be no petty grievances among the group. If some should arise, please contact your leaders at once, privately," "Refrain from showing discord with leaders publicly," and "Please do not walk in the street or public places eating and smoking."

Now Billy issued final instructions. No one was to go downtown to join the protest until he had checked with



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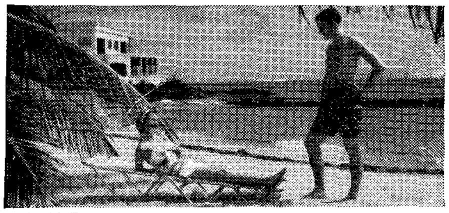

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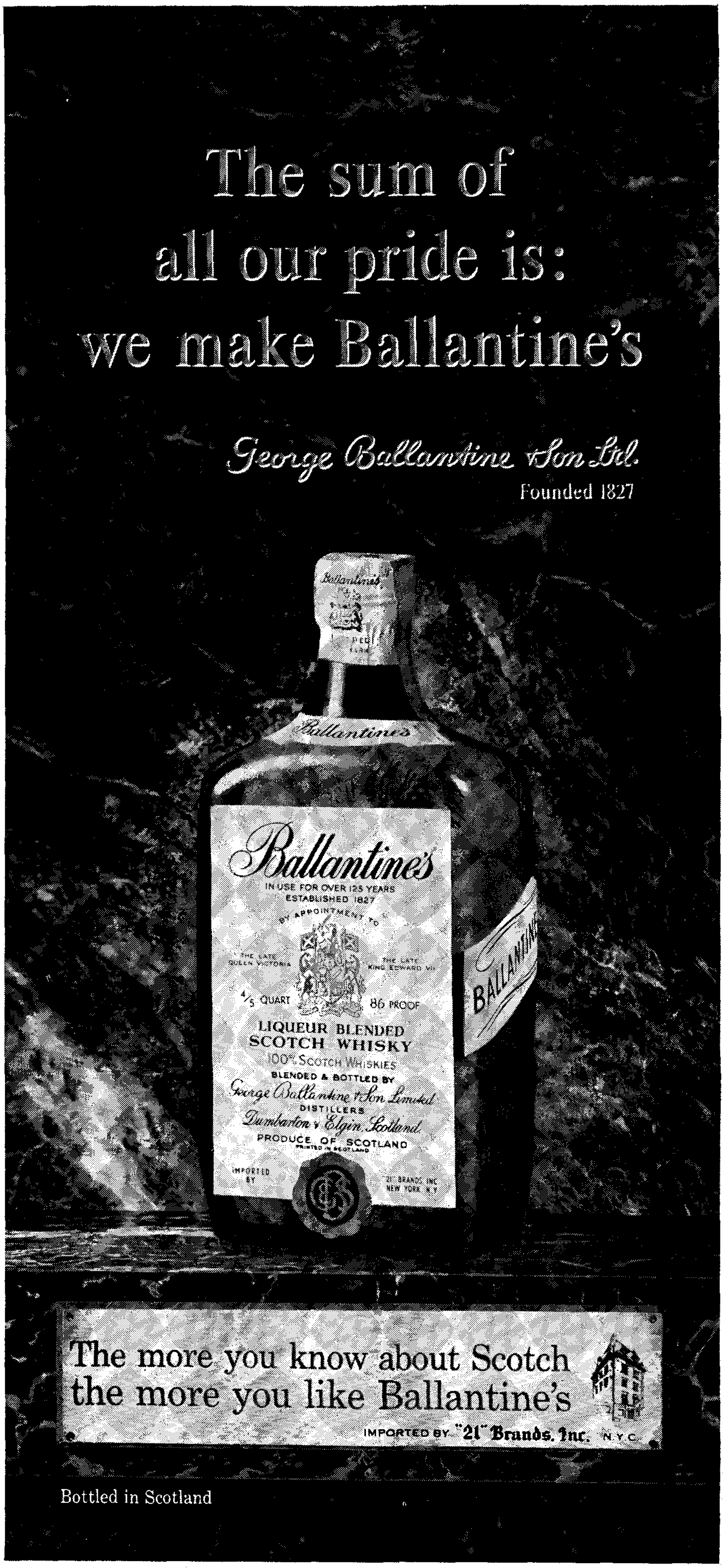
Bruce. Since a parade permit had been denied, the members of each shift leaving the church must be careful to walk close to the curb and remain well separated, so as not to obstruct pedestrian traffic. "Once on the theatre line, keep five feet apart and close to the curb, but not close enough for a car to run into you," he warned. "At each theatre, the two lines will walk toward each other, pivot at a spot we will show you, and then walk away from each other. Don't *ever* stop moving, even after leaving the line. The sidewalk is public, and if we follow these rules we can have the use of it. We won't go into any part of the theatre itself—not even near its walls for shelter from the weather, or into its doorway to get warm. Remember, too, not to jaywalk or break any other minor regulations. People will be watching to tell the police on us." Finally, he said, "When the first shift goes downtown, only the two students at the head of the column are to hold up their picket signs."

McKissick had been standing at the back of the room, and now John asked him to say a few words. The lawyer briefly outlined the kind of conduct that might lead to arrests, then said he knew that no one in the movement would be guilty of behavior that could lead to arrests for disorderly conduct or the use of obscene language. "You'll be all right if you remember always to conduct yourself, both within and without, in a Christian, gentle, and loving manner," he finished. "What you are doing is far-reaching in effect. Whether you know it or not, when you carry that picket sign you are carrying it for every black man who walks the face of the earth, whether in the Congo, in Johannesburg, or in New Orleans. If a man happens to spit on you, remember that what you are doing is far more important than what he is doing. If we speak quietly and act quietly, God will be with us. Nothing can hurt us if we march with dignity, hold our heads high, and remember our oath. God bless you!"

There was a second of silence, and then the young people, their faces aglow, broke into applause. Through it came the ring of a telephone. John hurried off to answer it, and returned a moment later to report that the scouts had been refused admission to the orchestra seats of the theatres. He swiftly chose thirty boys and girls for the first shift, and in a few minutes, outside in the cold wind and still swirling snow, they formed into pairs, tucked their signs under their arms, and, with the four leaders consulting lists and giving instructions as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they kept alongside them, started the long walk downtown.

At the head of the column, which was strung out for half a block, two boys carried signs reading, "Don't Attend Segregated Theatres," and "Segregation Is the Negroes' Burden and America's Shame.—M. L. King." As I walked along, keeping beside or behind the pickets, I watched both their young, solemn faces and the faces of the people they passed on the crumbling, uneven sidewalks of the Negro part of town. Upon the approach of the column, people stopped, with almost comic abruptness, whatever it was they were doing to stare for a second or two; then their faces broke into expressions of emotion. Most often, the first emotion was amazement. Then, usually, came pleasure. A gaunt, bespectacled Negro man with white hair took off his hat and flourished it. "Here come the kids again!" he cried exultantly. A woman called up to a friend gaping out of a second-story window, "It's the theatres they're after now! Whee!" Half a mile away, near the railroad tracks, as we hurried through a shabby district where knots of people were lounging in front of stores and bars, a large black woman smelling heavily of beer stomped out of a saloon and for a while walked beside me at the end of the line. "Good for them! God, if I was only that young again to join them," she kept mumbling.

When we had gone through an underpass beneath the tracks and emerged in the white district, there were no more smiles. On the contrary, the faces that turned to stare seemed to freeze in an identical expression—a rigid, hostile look of worry. As we approached a large building on Main Street, Billy dropped back to walk with me. "That's where we were put in the clink," he said. I saw a motorcycle policeman emerge from the building and, with his back to us, walk over to his machine. He had swung one leg over it when the column came into his line of vision. Without wasting a motion, he smoothly swung his leg back again and, at a measured pace, reëntered the building. At an intersection up ahead of us, a white-capped traffic patrolman turned to signal waiting cars, spotted our column, put his hands on his hips in a gesture that was almost an audible exclamation, and left his post to stride down the sidewalk ahead of us, in the direction of the theatres.

"I feel bad," Billy suddenly said to me as the column split into two sections, one bound for the Center and the oth-

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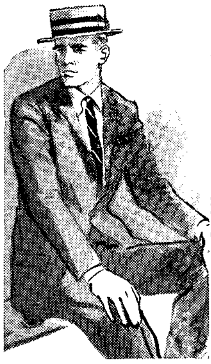

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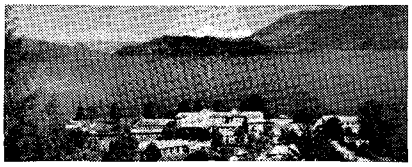

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er, which we followed, for the Carolina. "I just remembered I forgot to introduce you to our meeting."

I said it was the last thing I would have expected him to do at so tense a time.

"I do apologize," he said. "We like to respect our visiting guests."

At the theatres, which were a few blocks apart, policemen were now collecting like flies around a pudding. Ahead of us walked an assistant police chief; patrolmen were standing before the movie houses; and several motorcycle officers hovered in the offing. The Carolina, a cliff-like building, stood on a windy corner at the bottom of an incline. As I followed the column toward it, I heard raucous laughter. At the rear entrance of a store, peering down an alley at us, stood a crowd of smirking men and women. "Hi, you niggers—" someone started to call out, and then the door was suddenly banged shut.

Before the lighted theatre marquee, announcing "The Grass Is Greener," with Cary Grant, Deborah Kerr, and Robert Mitchum, about half of the column halted at Billy's order; the rest, led by Claude, went around the corner to the colored entrance. Calmly, Billy and Claude instructed their pickets while the theatre manager and his assistants, crowded into the ticket booth, watched, as did the policemen and a number of men in some garages across the street. Then the pickets began their slow march back and forth. "Democracy Lies Buried Here," proclaimed the first sign, which bore a white cross. It was carried by the boy who had been the blind student's escort at the church. Now a faded stocking cap was pulled down over his ears, and the collar of his outer garment—an old suit jacket—was turned up against the strong wind. I also recognized the young girl who headed Claude's column, and many of the other marchers. As they passed me, they did not so much as look at me. Each was withdrawn far back into his own loneliness.

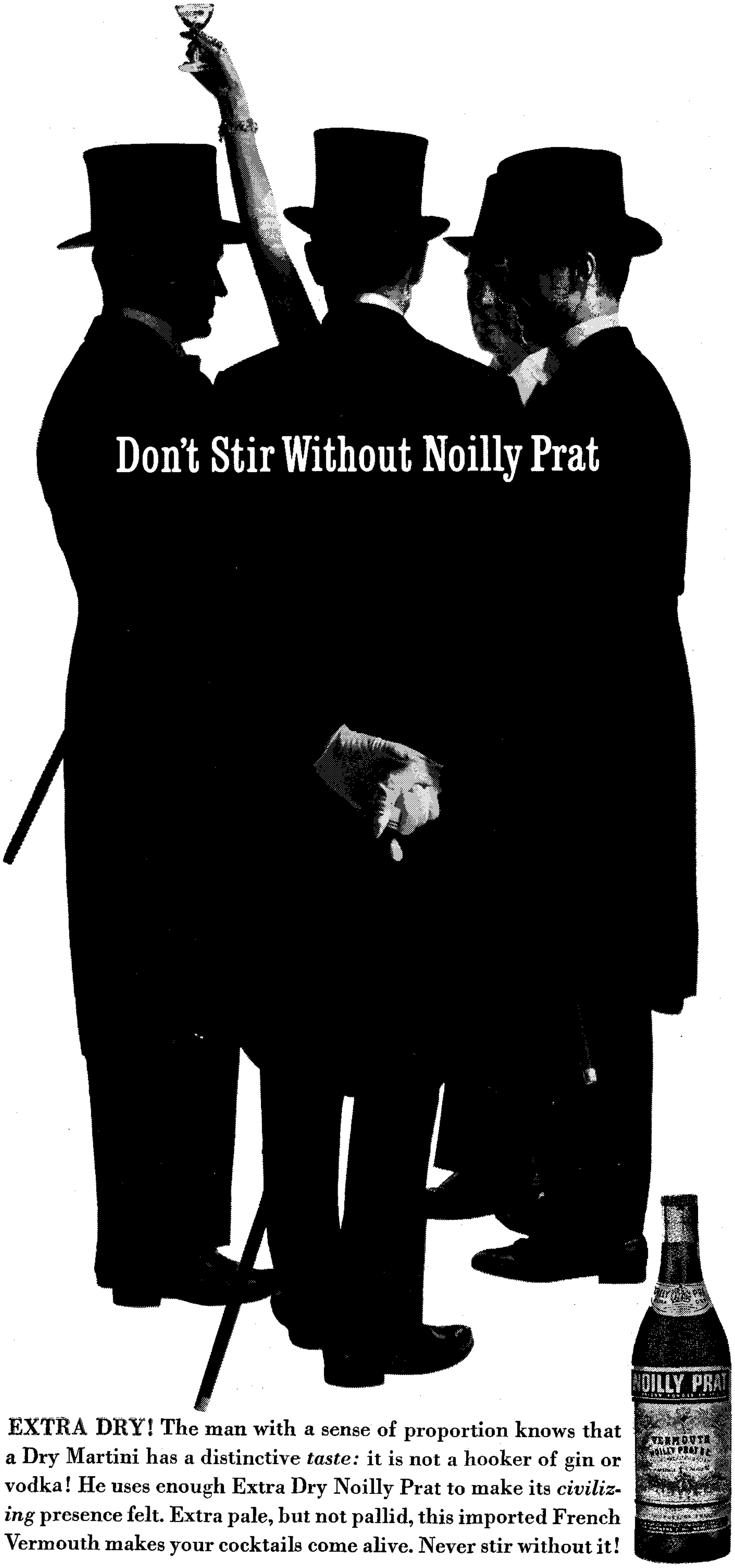
Before long, four white teen-age boys, slack-jawed and leather-jacketed, appeared and, grinning widely, began circling the lines. The pickets paid no attention to them, and kept to their silent, expressionless march.

The biggest teen-age boy accosted Billy. "We going to kick up a little trouble with you," he said.

"Go right ahead," Billy replied. "I'll get you a little help—a police escort."

At that, the white boys sauntered away.

A little later, a newsboy who had ridden up on a bicycle began arranging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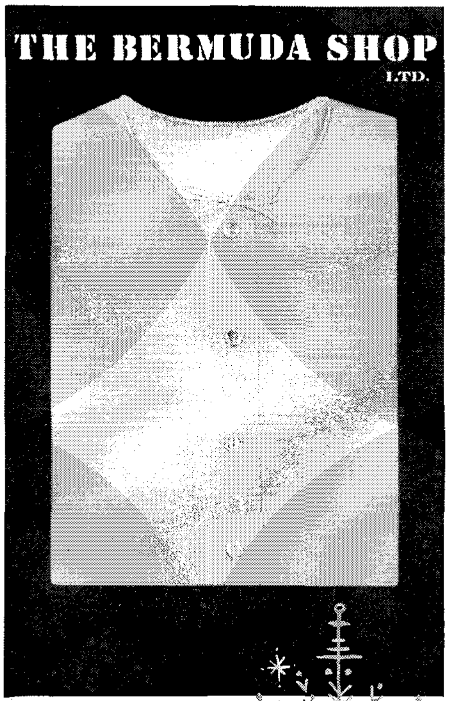
bundles of papers on the sidewalk so as to increasingly confine the space in which the pickets walked. One of the policemen ordered him on.

After I had watched a couple of changes of shift, I decided to walk over to the Center and see how things were going there. On the way I met Ned, looking elated. "All is well," he said. Through the lighted windows of several stores, I could see white salesmen selling goods to Negro customers. At the corner, where the Center's marquee announced "Roaring Action, Excitement, Thrills, Stirring Adventure!"—provided by the ubiquitous Miss Kerr and Mr. Mitchum in "The Sundowners"—the picket lines were being photographed by a man crouching in the street under the watchful eyes of several policemen. On the corner directly opposite, John was being interviewed by a reporter. His hands fumbling in the cold, the man was writing down on a pad the wordings of the picket signs, *which John obligingly read off to him:* "We Hold These Truths to be Self-Evident, That All Men Are Created Equal," "Why Feed Red Propaganda by Making Democracy a Lie?," and "This Generation Will Not Tolerate Segregation." When the reporter asked if it was true that the pickets were being paid two-fifty an hour, John denied it with dignity. "We expect someday to be paid in being recognized as first-class citizens," he said.

The picketing seemed to have little effect on most older white theatre patrons, who walked through the lines as though they were mist. One white woman, however, who had a Cub Scout in tow, crossed the street to offer an apology to John before entering the Center. "My sympathies are with you," she said, "but I promised Sonny I'd let him see the kangaroos. He'd make himself sick if I took him home now." The picket lines seemed to disturb quite a few white adolescent couples. They would halt their conversaton for a moment when they spied the pickets, and then, looking straight ahead, would proceed into the theatre with elaborate nonchalance. Two young Negro couples, whose battle with their consciences had begun almost a block away from the theatre, stood under the lighted sign "Colored Entrance" for almost ten minutes, and at last walked hurriedly away.

Not long afterward, two young white men emerged from the theatre and, walking up to John and Ned, asked to take a turn on the picket line. They identified themselves as Duke graduate students. One revealed that he was from



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the Deep South, and Ned asked how his friends at home felt about such protests. "My own family is against integration," the student said. "The thing you notice most now down home is the fear among the white people. The old patterns of habit and trust that held them together seem to be breaking up."

A burly white man who had been standing nearby for some time, looking on with a preoccupied, troubled air, came over. He had just returned to North Carolina after ten years with the armed services in Japan, he said, and went on, "Over there, we were trying to tell people how liberal and democratic America is. The first day I got back, I stopped off at the courthouse on some business, and what did I see? All these kids filling the courtroom—on trial. It grated on me. I was going to go back into the service, but now I think maybe I can do more by staying right here."

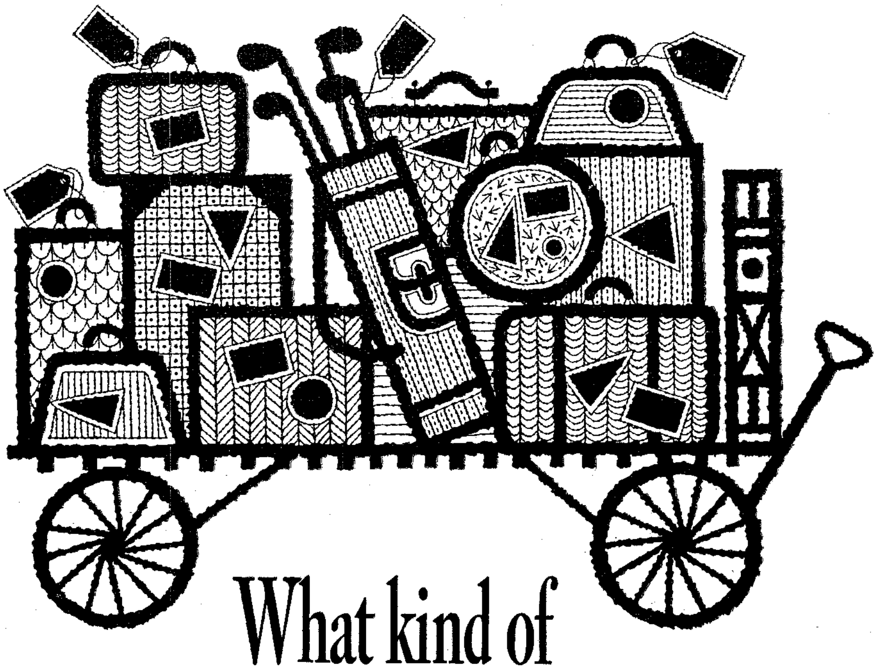
Just then, two big, husky white men stopped before him. "Ed, for God's sake, where did you turn up from?" one of them shouted jubilantly.

After several minutes of loud, back-pounding reunion, one of the men stared at the picket line and said, "What do you know—what the jigs up to now?"

"They're trying to get the theatres desegregated," the man said stiffly.

His two friends broke into incredulous laughter. The man spoke to them earnestly for a while. Finally, with uneasy glances at each other, they bade him goodbye and moved on.

It was now past seven o'clock, and though I was dressed warmly, in boots and a fur coat, I was shivering. At this point, I encountered Billy, who noticed my plight, and told me to follow him. He led me down a side street and into an ancient office building. In its first-floor corridor, sitting on a flight of wooden stairs or huddled over a radiator, were about twenty of the pickets, trying to get warm while they waited their third or fourth turn on the line. A Negro attorney, Billy said, had allowed them the use of the hall for the evening, and it was hoped that, upon evidence of their good behavior, he would repeat his gesture on following nights. A few minutes after I arrived, a boy entered and stood near me, beating his gloveless hands together, his face stiff with cold. He told me it was his first experience in the movement, though his three brothers had picketed last year, and the oldest of his four sisters, a North Carolina College student, hoped to join the lines next week. His father was a bulldozer operator, he said. "The only thing bothering me is my homework," he went on. "I want to go



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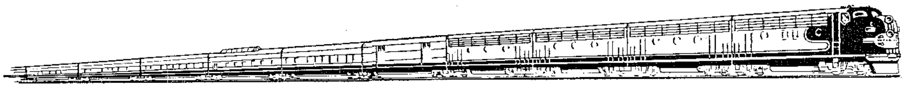

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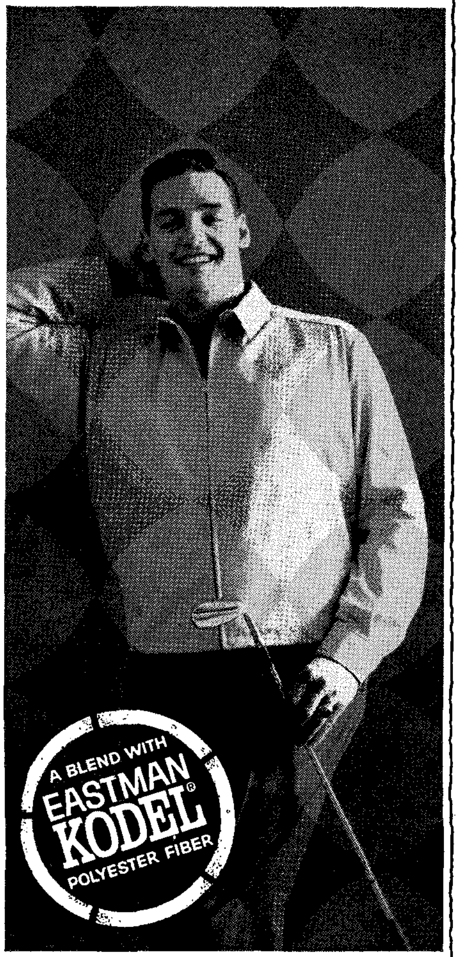

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either to Michigan State or U.N.C. I got to make good grades for that. I want to teach chemistry or math. *Nothing's* going to keep me from it, *nothing*. But I've got to do my share in this movement, too."

The door opened again and John came in, holding up a box of vanilla wafers and a bag of sugar cookies, which he passed around. A somewhat unkempt boy in sneakers and a frayed windbreaker stuffed a cookie into his mouth and then began talking to me in a burst of expansive confidence. "It's not right that we can't see movies except in the balcony," he said. "But I understand why white folks don't want to sit down and eat with Negroes. Not *sit down* and *eat* right beside them."

A girl sitting on the steps, thumbing a textbook, her thin raincoat pulled over her cotton dress, looked up at him calmly. "Under the skin, same bony structure, Joe, same organs, same heart," she said.

"I suppose when we're old, and all this segregation gone, we'll say, 'Gee, that was done quick,' " the boy said.

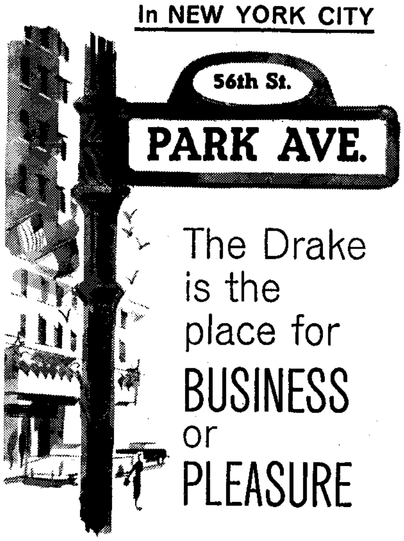
"It doesn't seem quick to me, Joe," the girl replied.

A little later, I said good night to John and Billy, and told them I would look in at the church the next afternoon before they left for the theatres.

Back at the hotel, I bought a copy of the Durham evening paper. There on the front page were the headlines "N.C. HIGH COURT BACKS CONVICTIONS HERE—SIT-IN TRESPASS VERDICTS UPHELD." The court held that "no statute in this state forbids discrimination of people on account of race or color, or white people in company with Negroes" by the owner of a privately owned restaurant in a privately owned building, and concluded that the defendants "have not shown the violation of any of their rights, or the rights of any one of them," as guaranteed by the state and federal constitutions.

I decided to walk over to McKissick's office, on the chance that he might still be there. I found him alone and looking tired, at work over a stack of documents on his desk. The next week, he said, he would start the necessary steps to carry the trespassing case to the United States Supreme Court. I had been told that a clear decision on this particular issue had so far been sidestepped by the highest court, and I also knew that there were several similar cases pending. When I spoke of this, McKissick summarized his legal view for me. "The stores have been licensed to serve the public by the state," he said.

In NEW YORK CITY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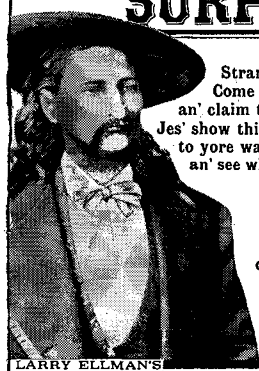

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WHEN I arrived at St. Joseph's the next afternoon, many of the protesters were gathered before the bulletin board, which bore newspaper stories and photographs of the theatre picketing. I heard no mention of the court decision, but, possibly because of that news, or because of the continued unusual cold, or, as Claude suggested, because there were double chores to do, noticeably fewer people had turned up than on the previous day. As they waited for more to arrive, those on hand struck up some songs. One of these was a tune called "Freedom," whose title they chorused again and again, while single voices came in with lines such as "We'll sit at the counters all day long!" There was a now mournful, now serene piece called "We Shall Overcome," which concluded with the phrase "Deep in my heart I do believe we'll walk hand in hand someday." The singing ended with

We shall not, we shall not be moved.
Just like a tree
Planted by the water,
We shall not be moved.

Black and white together,
We shall walk together.
We shall not be moved.
Just like a tree
Planted by the water,
Oh, let's tell the Saviour,
We shall not be moved.

"We'd better get ready to start," John said, finally. "You did a splendid job yesterday. But we must watch out for two things. First, the police warned us that unless we keep five feet apart on the picket lines they will take action. And, second, no young lady—or young man, either—is to leave from downtown alone. Last night, a young lady left the line by herself and was followed by a white man and given a bad scare. We will see that you leave either in a group or by bus or taxi or private car. Now let us pray." All heads were bowed. "Thank You for the things You have done for us, O Lord," John began. "We ask that You watch over us, guide us, and make us strong and

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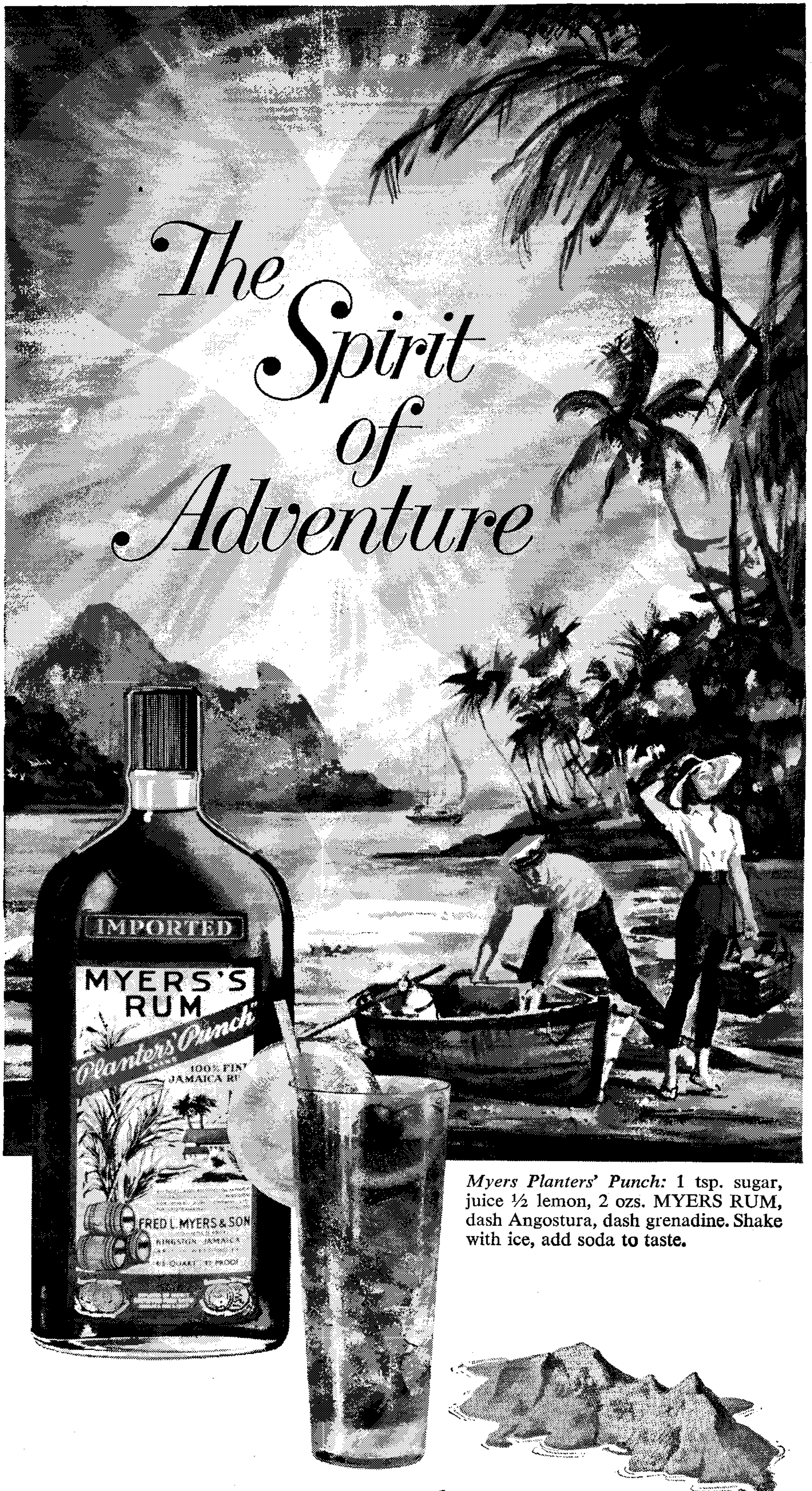

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able, so that You may be pleased with us. Make us like Moses when he led his people out of the wilderness. We don't ask You to make the road easier for us, God, but only to always let us know You in our hearts."

BACK in New York, a few weeks later, I phoned McKissick to find out how the protest was coming. "All right," he said. "The Crusaders kept the line going till the college students came in. One day, twenty-five faculty members from Duke and North Carolina College joined them. Groups like ours are now picketing theatres in five other North Carolina towns, and in more than a half-dozen places outside this state, including Dallas and Oklahoma City. Around here, it's been the darnedest coldest weather since people can remember, but these kids have staying power; the picket lines haven't missed a day. There have been no major incidents. But there have been no signs of theatre desegregation, either."

—KATHARINE T. KINKEAD

•

DRIVING THROUGH ITALY

Driving through Italy
in a hired car, past faggots
gathered in the high grass
of March, we watched the light

pause on the old stone
of the fortress cities.
They looked nearly
untakable,

but we took them
when the road left
the valley and climbed
to the tight streets,

the luggage rack
rattling with cobblestones.
From the turret of a castle
defending a city

a young woman
was leaning to hang
laundry of a thousand colors.
We waved to her

and bounced through the city
and down to the valley
of grapes and olives.
Behind us on the hill

the sun rubbed
on the old stone
like a fat
yellow cat.

—DONALD HALL

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LETTER FROM PARIS

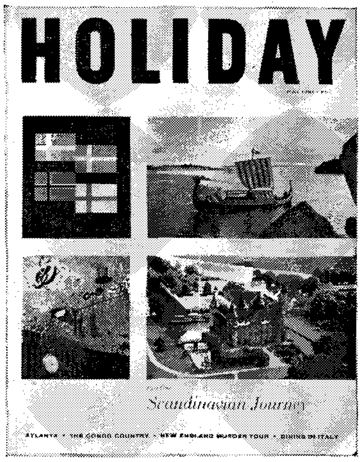
APRIL 5

IT has taken spring itself to set burgeoning on the Paris stage two sudden successes after the bleakest theatre season in years. Last week, "West Side Story" opened here under its own name, in its own American language, and almost at its own New York prices (the equivalent of a $6.25 top) at the only big theatre available—the vast Alhambra music hall down on the Place de la République, in the workingmen's quarter—with the original Broadway sets and costumes, by now slightly second-hand, plus many of its original dancers and its latest Maria-Juliet and Tony-Romeo. The French and international first-night audience gave the show a standing ovation. The production here is not, as was generally supposed, either a State Department project or part of the American contribution to the annual International Theatre Festival, about to open here. It is merely a private gamble on the part of Mr. Pete Kameron, an American producer, and Mr. Giora Godik, an Israeli impresario. To help Paris spectators follow the dialogue and plot, subtitles in French are flashed on a cinema screen above the curtain. The production here moves faster than the one in London, for it runs "like quicksilver," as one Paris critic nicely put it. Another, the redoubtable M. Jean-Jacques Gautier of the upper-class *Figaro*, for whom "West Side Story" was apparently the first musical comedy since "Rose Marie," gave it his full linguistic treatment, with phrases like "esteem and admiration," "inventiveness of the *mise en scène*," "richness of imagination," "comic choreographic evolutions," "supple satire," and "a miracle of acrobatics—or is it a ceremonial as rigorous as that of tragedy itself?" Already it is the most talked-about entertainment in town, already many middle-aged Parisians do not like it and the New Wave young French are crazy for it, and already all the French of any age find the ticket prices insupportably high, which may well cut short its Paris career.

Last week's other tremendous

velkömmen Welcome to Scandinavia and the free-living, fun-loving people of Denmark and Sweden. You'll read about the exhilarating effect of "light nights," the truth about Hamlet, the unusual manners of well-bred Swedish women—and more—in a superbly illustrated report by Hamilton Basso.

IN THE MAY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Scandinavian Journey
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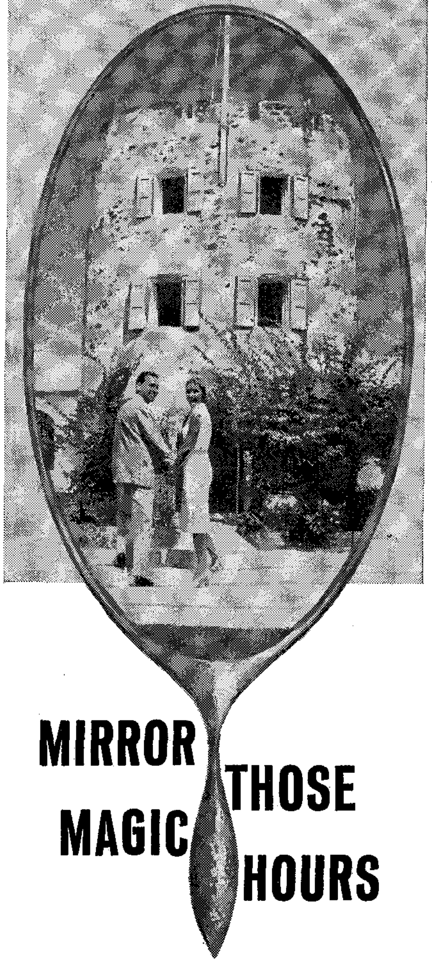

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success, at the Théâtre de Paris, is at the opposite pole of theatrical history and scenic ingenuity—John Ford's early-seventeenth-century melodrama of brother-and-sister incest, " 'Tis Pity She's a Whore," a fastuous, silken gala of Renaissance crime, including six murders, presented by the gifted, wealthy Roman producer and indubitable *chef de file* of the Italian theatre, Luchino Visconti. Given and billed in French, it is perforce titled "Dommage Qu'Elle Soit une P. . . ." (The word "*putain*," though very often spoken, is seldom printed in full in French, and is delicately omitted entirely from the Petit Larousse dictionary.) Played against a backdrop of the façade of the Teatro Farnese of Parma, where the action takes place, it is visually a sumptuous spectacle of such perfected, patterned, and costumed beauty as to make the senses drowsy, its authentic, rich, incandescent excess being added to by singers, lute players, and jugglers brought onstage to interrupt the vicious sweetness of the unholy love of Giovanni and Annabella, which progresses until she is quick with their child, when he cuts her heart out and bears it to the banquet table, there to fall assassinated. Unfortunately and inexplicably, the brother and sister are played by two new juvenile movie stars—Alain Delon, who looks and sounds like a penny-whistle version of Marlon Brando, and the Austrian Romy Schneider, third generation of a well-known acting family, who will doubtless mature. Furthermore, the French translation lacks Ford's fleshly lyricism, which would have been only too fitting for the principals' celluloid entities. What remains is the beauty of Visconti's aesthetic imagination, hypnotizing and dazzling in its colors and forms.

A SMALL retrospective exhibition gathered from the limited number of paintings that Christian Bérard left behind him on his sudden death several years ago has just been held at the Galerie du Pont des Arts, in the Rue Bonaparte. This was one of Bérard's familiar village streets of the Left Bank, where he used to stroll the sidewalk looking like a distinguished tramp, overcoat sagging ajar, shabby tweeds, dirty hands and shirt, but his golden beard as orderly as a gilded polychrome carving, and of the same sculptural quality as his eyes, which were the eyes of a marble statue—an elegant, untidy artistic figure and a major fashionable Paris personality. Only a few of the canvases in the exhibition and sale were com-

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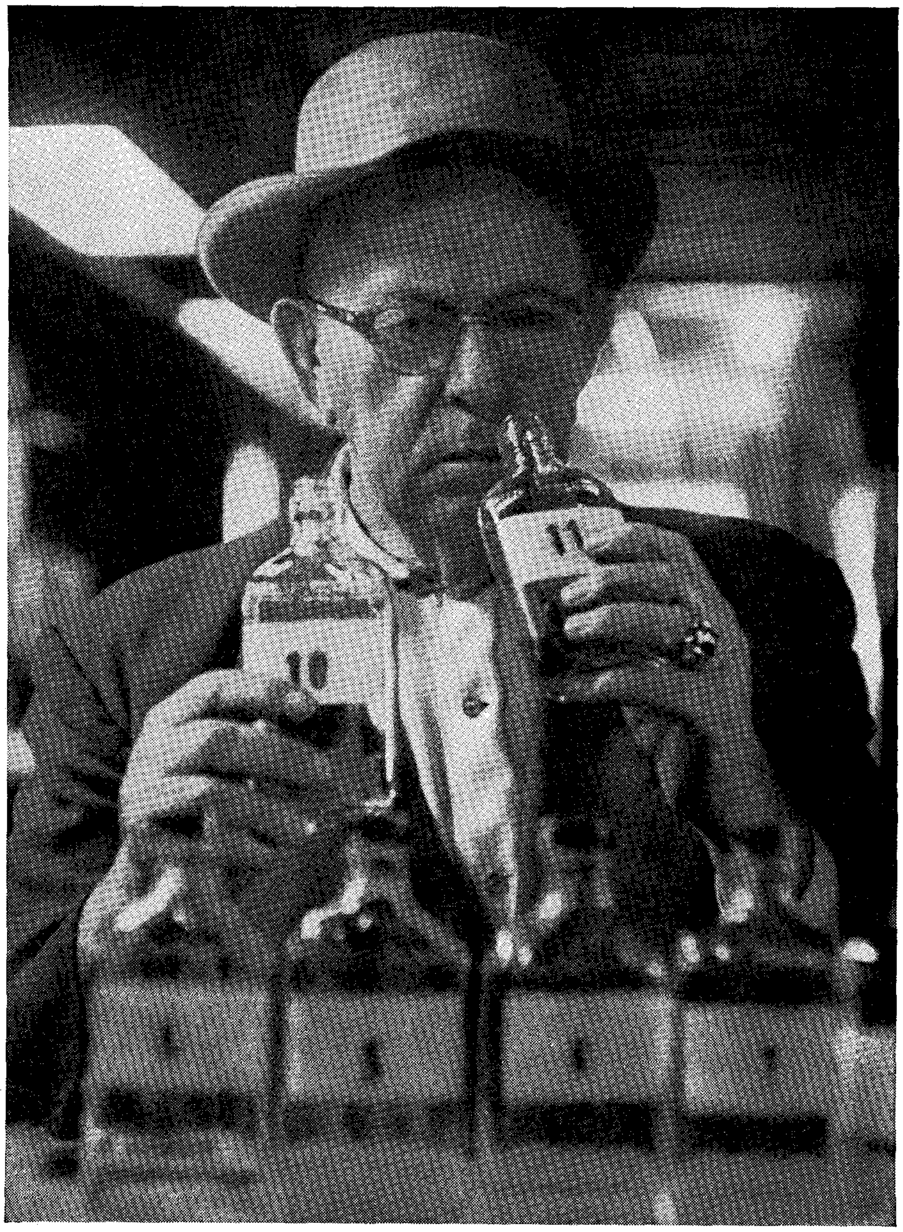
pletely finished, just as Bérard's life was not finished, since he died at forty-six. The pictures belonged in part to his friends—to Boris Kochno, of the Russian Ballet, to the late Christian Dior, to the wasteful Maurice Sachs. Seeing these Bérard remnants, one could note with satisfaction how dated they look today, for they established his own brief epoch as an amazing French figure painter in the social pictorial tradition left over from Manet and from Barbizon, just before. Nobody paints like Bérard any more. His hand had the classic vocation when it lined out the human form, now out of style. There was one small canvas with two portraits on it, only one of them completed and both imaginary. The finished portrait was of his old friend Louis Jouvet, the actor, but as a young boy, a generation before Bérard ever knew him, with Jouvet's young face pale before a tidy country landscape; the treatment of the head and of the facial flesh and the subject's romantic relation with nature were like those small portraits by Corot. This canvas was purchased by a New York collector for about a thousand dollars. Other canvases, from the early or middle years of the nineteen-thirties—portraits real or fancied, with the dominant pearl gray of Paris that Bérard always saw as part of the Parisians' character—were priced at the equivalent of twenty-four hundred dollars, and not all of them were sold. Two very large earlier canvases—one of 1928, which had belonged to Dior, of a huge, fluid, tragic figure painted at the time when Bérard was possibly influenced by the metaphysics of his friend the painter Pavel Tchelitchew—were priced at four and five thousand dollars. It seems worth noting the low sale prices, as well as the lack of avid buyer response, for nowadays buyers snap up only the highest-priced canvases, treating them like bargains, though real and tragic bargains are what the Bérard pictures must be considered, as well as rare collector's items. With today's inflationary accent on the personality cult, living Paris painters of the highest secondary rank (that is, compared to an old living master like Picasso), who have become the mode because of their true painting gifts or perhaps because of the popular anarchy of their style (let us say, for example, the painters Poliakoff and Dubuffet), now sell here at the equivalent of fifteen or twenty thousand dollars a canvas. But in the greedy and unsentimental Paris picture market the prices of highly esteemed contemporary



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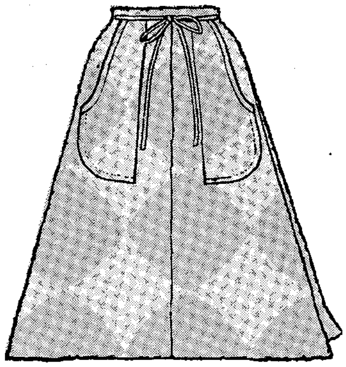

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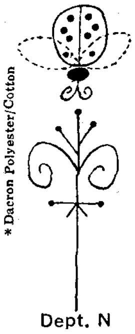

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painters have often enough immediately dropped when they died. The demand for them has lessened, as if their precious personalities had disappeared into their graves.

A BOOK about a historical French married couple of special interest to American readers, who have hitherto known the famous husband rather than the wife, is "Adrienne, ou La Vie de Madame de La Fayette," by the Académicien André Maurois, to be published soon in translation in New York. As M. Maurois relates in his preface, a fascinating story lies behind his volume on this lady, who he had not realized was "one of the most moving figures in history." It was well known that after the French Revolution the Marquis Gilbert de La Fayette settled in the Château de La Grange, in Brie, which had belonged to his mother-in-law, the Duchesse de Noailles, guillotined in the Terror, and where he lived until his death, a lame old man, in 1834. It was also public knowledge that he was a great hoarder of papers and documents. But it was not known until a few years ago, after the death without issue of his great-great-grandson the Marquis de Lasteyrie, owner of the château, that in its disused so-called Polish Corridor, where La Fayette had hidden Polish patriots in exile, lay intact and perfectly filed away "one of the most precious, extraordinary archives of the Ancien Régime, the American War of Independence, and the French Revolution." In 1955, the château and its contents passed to de Lasteyrie's nephew, Comte René de Chambrun, who had married Josée Laval, daughter of the Third Republic Premier Pierre Laval, executed after the Liberation. Upon discovering that the château treasures included the La Fayette couple's love letters and domestic correspondence, they proposed that with this new material their friend Maurois write the present volume as the first complete portrait of the young libertarian matron, Adrienne.

Yet it is Adrienne's husband who dominates this volume. She was passionately in love with him, but he was passionately in love with political liberty, especially in the form of the American colonies' war for independence, to which, four years after their marriage, he gave himself with ardor at Valley Forge and long after. Because they were both sheltered aristocrats, brought up in a supposedly effete French epoch, the stalwart maturity of their judgment, their physical and moral endurance even while still a teenage bride and groom are an astonish-

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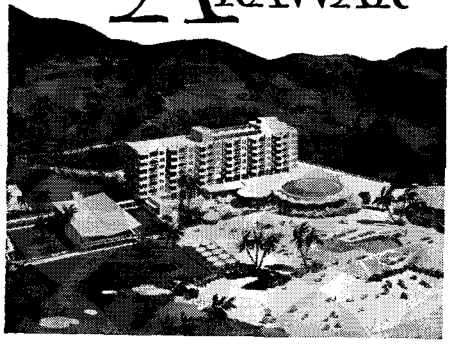

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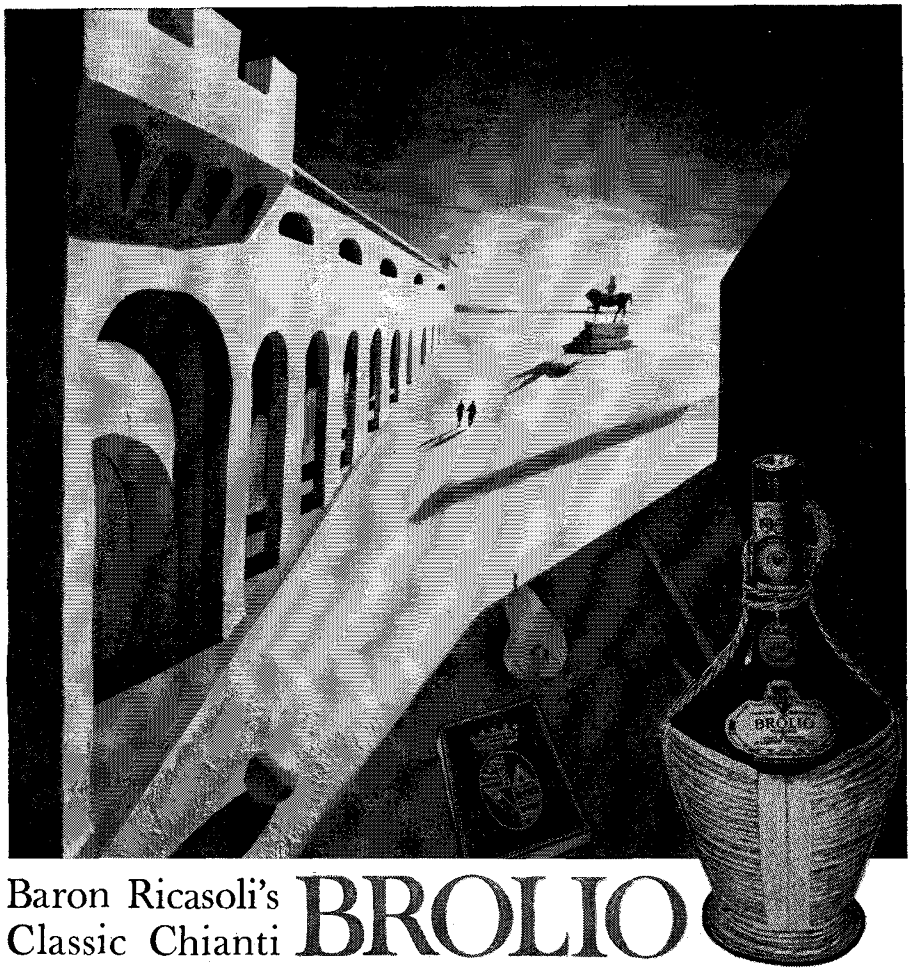
ment—an intimate variety of courage that continued throughout their conjugal life, which the violences of history made heroic. A descendant of the famous Mme. de La Fayette who wrote the first French novel, "La Princesse de Clèves," the Marquis was an orphan, brought up by aunts in provincial frugality until the age of thirteen, when he inherited his grandfather's fortune, making him one of the richest youths of France—so rich that his grandfather had arranged for him to marry a daughter of the great Duc de Noailles (the Duc had five), so rich that when he secretly set off to fight in America at the age of nineteen, he bought his own ship to sail away in. He was sixteen and she fourteen when they married. Her portrait shows her with large, tragic eyes and a miniature, determined face. He was then a tall, gangling, red-headed, well-educated country bumpkin, without graces but with an instinct toward greatness—an unintellectual Voltairian with his mind locked on liberty. Raised in piety by her duchess mother, Adrienne had a feeling for liberty that was less civic, more celestial—a spiritual sentiment for which, when the time came, she showed the physical courage and ecstasy of a Christian martyr. It is the relationship of these two, seen in their letters during their frequent separations (they always addressed each other as "Mon Cher Cœur," though their letters were often filled with very public, unintimate events and news), that fills Maurois' biography. The relationship was endlessly enriched by the spread of their family life, with its journeys, worries, pregnancies, their two growing daughters, their single son, named George-Washington de La Fayette; it was enlarged certainly by the long public liaison the Marquis carried on with the fascinating Mme. de Simiane, by the multiple activities of the great, enormous de Noailles clan, close to the French throne, and also by the humble reports on the price of wheat and French bread from his two old country aunts. It is within these extensive intimacies of people who were living history with their bodies and minds that Maurois traces the American Revolution, the French Revolution, the Terror (with three of the de Noailles ladies beheaded and Adrienne imprisoned), the rise and fall of Napoleon (who hated La Fayette), and then Waterloo—all the crushing avalanche of human events and ideas on both sides of the Atlantic that ended the eighteenth and began the nineteenth modern century. Adrienne's last heroic proof of her love for her husband and for liberty



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of the soul was her decision to join him with their two young daughters in his foul Austrian prison at Olmütz, where he languished for five years (and where, once they were in, the ladies of the family stayed for two) as punishment by the allies for his part as a French patriot in the war they had won, which finally brought peace to Europe. Adrienne's opening stage of her journey to him was made on a small American boat, incongruously called Little Cherub, headed up the Channel for Hamburg. The most touching letter of the many she penned in her life was written aboard it in September, 1795, and began, "I am now free, my dear heart, since I am on the route that leads me to you." This letter was found in the Polish Corridor of the Château de La Grange in a wallet that the Marquis carried for the last twenty-seven years of his life, for he long outlived her. The letter was slipped between locks of George Washington's and Thomas Jefferson's hair. She died in 1807, discarding her crucifix at the last to hold her husband's hand.

NO one now knows where the peace negotiations between the French and the Algerians are headed for, or have gone to. Surely never in modern European history has the comic fiddle-faddle of squabbling officials, supposedly with olive branches in their briefcases, seemed more melancholy, more sad. Plastic bombs believed to have been planted by white Algérie Française *ultras*, who are against the peace ever coming at all, killed six people in France and Algeria over the Easter weekend and wounded fifty, with thirty more wounded this week by a plastic bomb in the men's room of the Paris Bourse. The Hôtel Lutétia received a letter of menace because M. Mendès-France was scheduled to speak there on Wednesday afternoon to the press, but nothing untoward occurred, nor did he say as much as was hoped, except that "the little diplomatic guerrilla war must cease, since it is making the war itself last longer."

The French are glad that President Kennedy is coming in May to call briefly on President de Gaulle. It is the only agreeable news that has been heard here in a long time.
—GENÊT

•

A THOUGHT FOR THIS WEEK

[*From "Writing: Advice and Devices," by Walter S. Campbell*]

It is not easy to manufacture a thing when you do not know what it is.

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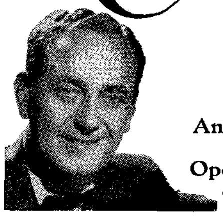

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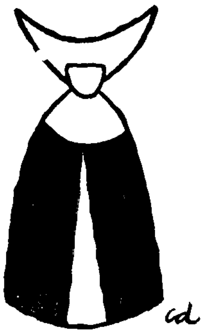
A DREAM OF ALBANY

INSTEAD of reading my *Times* at breakfast and going around all day brooding and imagining things about certain items in it, I've lately taken to putting the paper aside and reading it at bedtime to allow the machinery in the back of my head to work on such items while I sleep. On a recent evening, I glanced at the headlines and, finding nothing that seemed alarming or puzzling or fantastic enough to stick in my mind, turned to the columns that carry the real-estate advertisements. Having been an apartment dweller for many years, I have determined to make a strenuous effort to raise the money to buy a house, either in the city or in the suburbs, and settle myself and my loved ones in it before I grow any older. There was a bargain at Ninety-fourth and Park, a four-story house with a garden, for $88,500, and one in Bronxville, with a large living room, modern kitchen, four bedrooms, and two baths, for $75,000, but the prices seemed a bit steep to me, so I turned back to the news columns and soon found myself skimming through a dispatch from Albany of the sort that is likely to stick in my mind. It was about the Executive Mansion up there. That unbeautiful and towering Victorian structure, which has housed governors of New York and their families since 1877, was partly burned out a while back, as you probably remember, and for some weeks afterward Governor and Mrs. Rockefeller were reported to be undecided as to whether or not it ought to be restored. The most economical thing to do, Mr. Rockefeller had said, might be to build a new Executive Mansion on a new site. That possibility was being considered, he had added, along with plans for the restoration of the old Executive Mansion.



Well, the dispatch I was reading said that the Governor had at last announced that the old mansion would be restored rather than replaced. Plans, it seemed, had been drawn up for a new mansion on a new site, but these were to be abandoned and the plans for the restoration and improvement of the old mansion were to be adopted.

"The Governor pointed out," the dispatch continued, "that it would cost about $449,000 to restore the mansion—including $121,300 for modernization and fire protection—while a new structure and land would probably cost $1,200,000."

A few more financial details trickled into my consciousness, to be channelled later into my *un*consciousness, as I read the rest of the dispatch. "The rehabilitation plan," it said at one point, "calls for spending $214,500 on repairs to the building, $64,045 on repairing and replacing furnishings, $43,300 on heating, electrical and plumbing modernization not connected with the fire, and $78,000 on a sprinkler system. It provides $50,000 for contingencies."

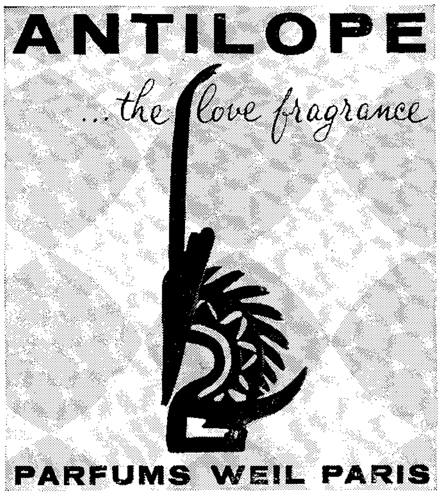
Laying down my *Times* with a yawn, turning out my bedside lamp, and closing my eyes, I hazarded a guess that what was going to stick in my mind until my dream machinery took over was the memory of all those rows of digits and ciphers, and also a hazy picture I'd already formed of Mr. and Mrs. Rockefeller talking the thing over. I could imagine the two of them scrutinizing and discussing the plans and estimates for the rehabilitation of the old house and the plans and estimates having to do with buying the land and building the new house, and then, taking cognizance of all the pros and cons of the matter—cutting one item and adding another, moving a wall here on a blueprint and widening a staircase there on another blueprint—coming to the solemn conclusion that the thing for them to do was to recommend that the State of New York restore rather than build.

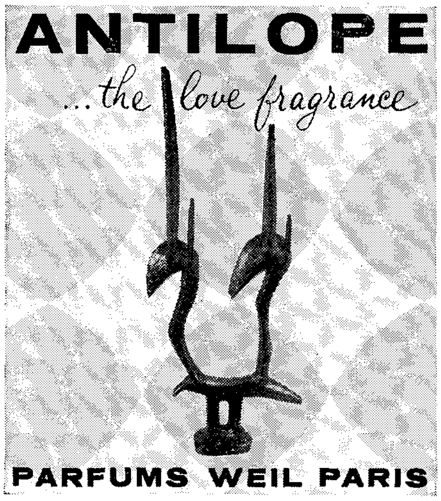
MY guess was correct. The next thing I knew, Mr. and Mrs. Rockefeller were sitting in the drawing room of their New York apartment and a butler was serving them cocktails before dinner. They both looked as if they'd had a hard day. Having served the cocktails—one for Mr. Rockefeller and one for Mrs. Rockefeller—the butler withdrew.

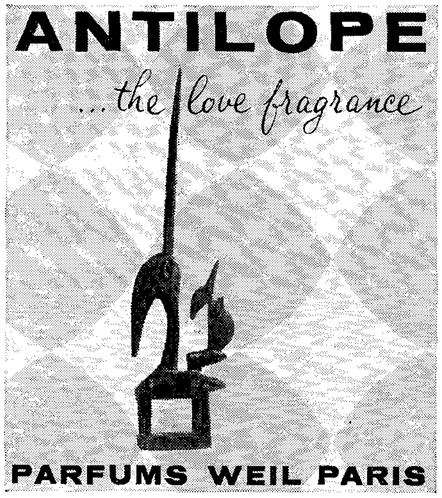
"Well, dear," said Mr. Rockefeller, "how is your end of the thing going? I've simply got to make an announcement tomorrow one way or the other, you know."

"Oh, not *too* badly, dear," said Mrs. Rockefeller. "I flew up to Albany this morning and just got back a few minutes ago. But suppose you tell me how *your* end is going, and then I'll fill you in on all my new estimates and you can advise me about them. O.K.?"

"Right. The best I could do today—







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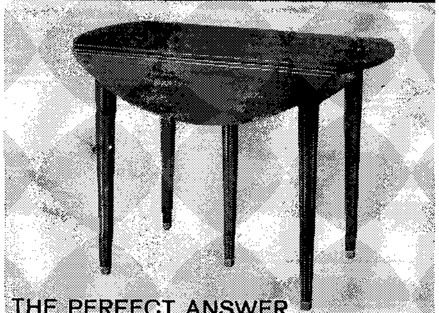

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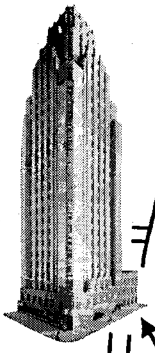

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and I've been working on those darn plans and specifications for eight solid hours—was to substitute an oil-burner and ordinary steam radiators for the radiant heat we had our hearts set on, eliminate the air-conditioning, and lower the ceilings on the ground floor in order to squeeze the maids' rooms into a sort of attic. That way there would be only three stories to the new house instead of four. A considerable saving there! And this brings the total gross estimate down to one and two."

"One mill and two hundred thou?"

"That's what I said, dear."

"Good gracious! There's still going to be a gap, I'm afraid."

"How much of a gap? You might as well tell me and get it over with."

"Now, *do* let me fill you in first on what I've done today. I need some encouragement. Just listen! The estimates for the repairs to the old building are now up to two hundred and fourteen thou and five!"

"Splendid!"

"And the estimates for repairs and replacements of furnishings have been increased to sixty-four thou and forty-five."

"You're just marvellous, dear, that's all there is to it!"

"Thank you, dear. Now, the absolute top for heating, electrical, and plumbing modernization not connected with the fire is forty-three thou and three. It was the best that could be done, short of providing gold pipes and—"

"No, I couldn't go to the people and ask for gold pipes."

"That's what I thought. The sprinkler system, though, comes to seventy-eight thou now. In addition to the sprinklers all over the inside of the house, that provides for extra sprinklers in all the trees outside, in case any of them should catch fire from a carelessly thrown cigarette butt or something like that."

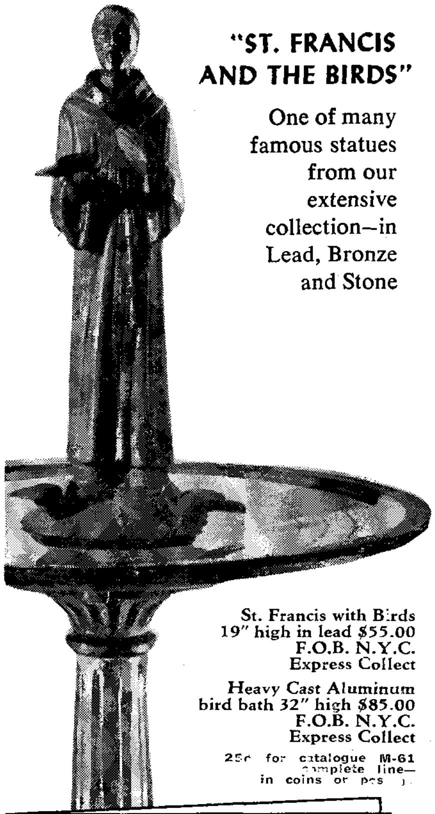
"That's *very* ingenious, darling! Why, your report sounds promising—very promising indeed, so far. Go ahead."

"Oh, my! You see, that's the trouble. What I've told you represents just about all I've been able to do. Add fifty thou for contingencies, and after that there— there simply isn't any more I *can* do."

"You mustn't take on like that, my sweet. I'll *ring* for another butler. I didn't care much for that last one."

ANOTHER butler served two more cocktails. Then he withdrew.

"Well, dear," said Mr. Rockefeller



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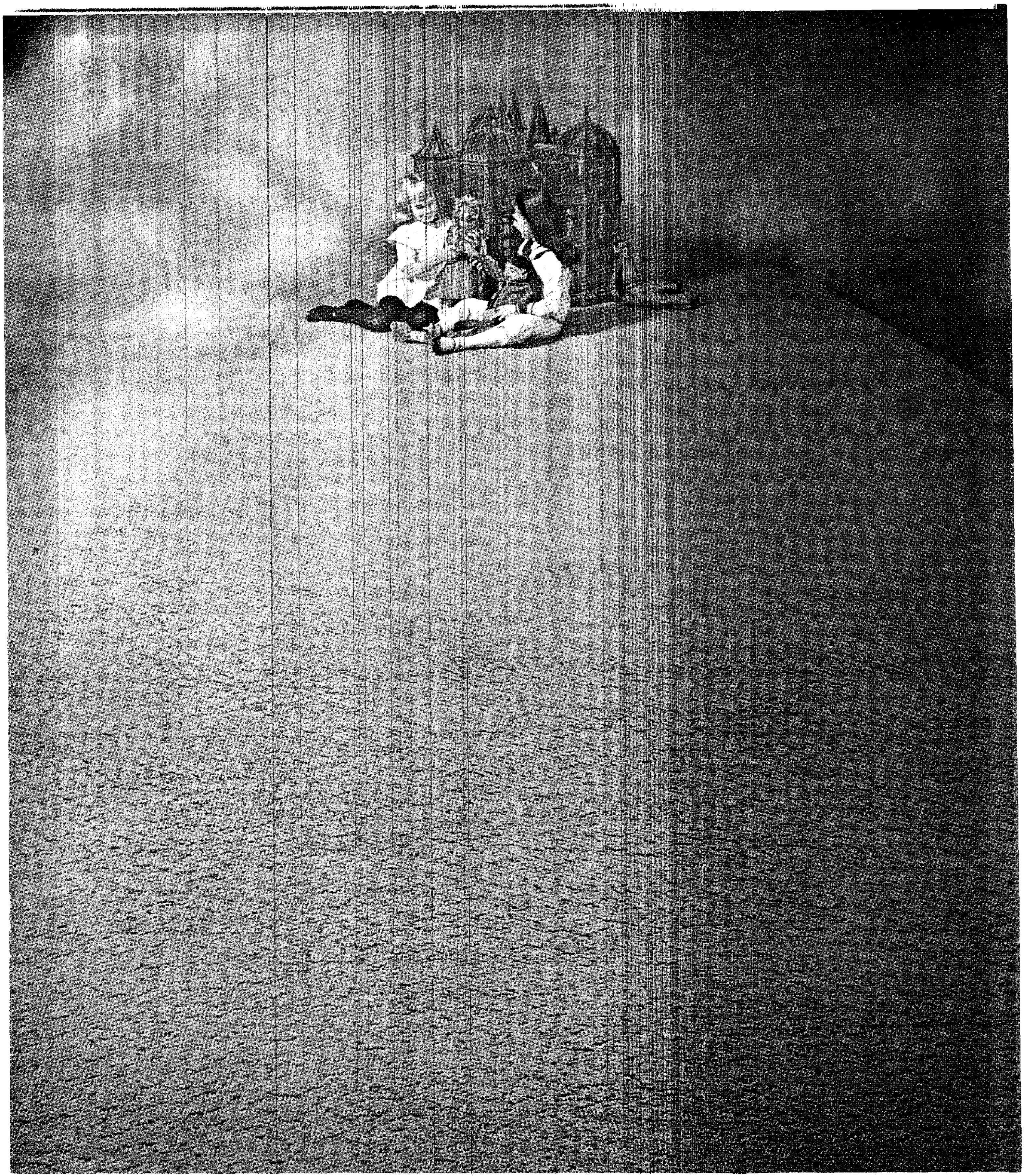

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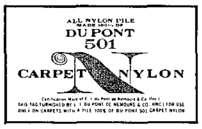

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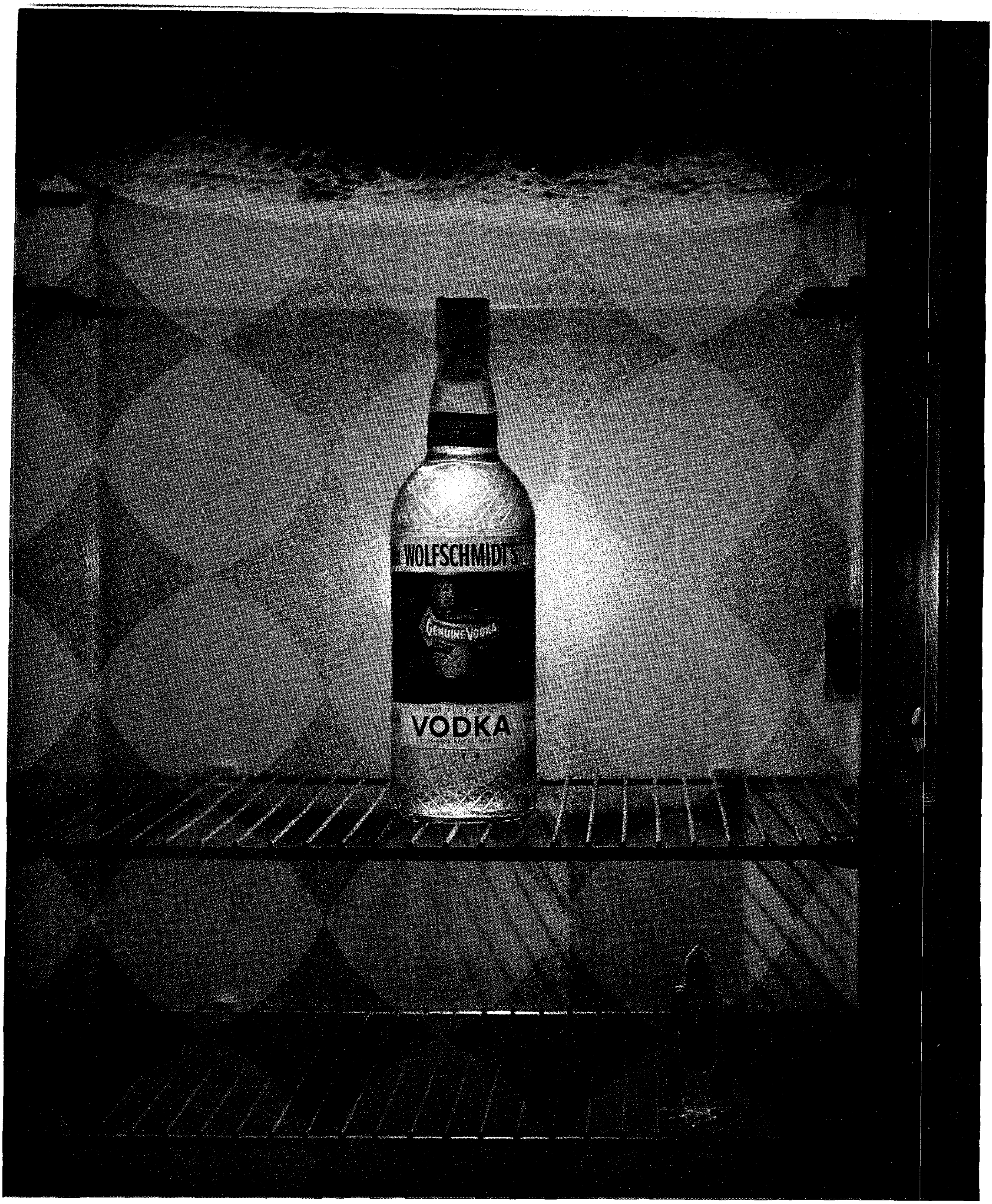

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after a moment, "suppose we get on to the gap. How big is the gap as things stand now?"

"Let's see," said Mrs. Rockefeller. "What did you say you've got your estimate for the new house down to, dear?"

"One and two."

"One mill and two hundred thou?"

"That's what I said."

"Is that rock bottom? I mean—"

"The lowest possible total gross estimate, yes."

"Well, my *highest* possible total gross estimate for the old house is now four four nine hundred thou and eight four five. How much of a gap does that leave? Have you got a pencil?"

"I don't need a pencil. It means the gap is seven five oh one five five."

"Seven five oh *hundred* thou and one five five?"

"Exactly."

"Then, at this point, it's going to cost seven five oh hundred thou and one five five *more* to buy the new lot and build the new house than to repair, restore, and improve the old house?"

"That's it, dear. There's no way around it. Figures are figures."

"Then what's going to happen to us?"

"I guess we're in for it."

"No, let's not give up yet. Let's just put our heads together and see if we can't trim that one mill and two of yours down. Shall we?"

"Trim seven five oh one five five off the estimates for the new house? It's out of the question. I can't cut those estimates any further. Why, this afternoon I even eliminated covers for the radiators and dispensed with all the picture molding! That house and lot can't be had for less than one and two, and that's the end of the matter. We'll just have to face the facts, dear."

"Then we're stuck with the old house, that's all."

"The darn old firetrap."

"Well, never mind, dear. Let's try to look at the bright side. After all, we're not going to have to live in it forever, are we now? One of these days there'll be another house for us to live in, won't there?"

A blinding, glistening white flash woke me up with a start. Mr. Rockefeller had grinned.

—St. Clair McKelway

•

C. P. Snow, a big, kind man, with a soft face, a pink forehead that ends at the nape of his neck, and an implacable moral sense.
—*Photograph caption in Vogue.*

That's something, anyway.

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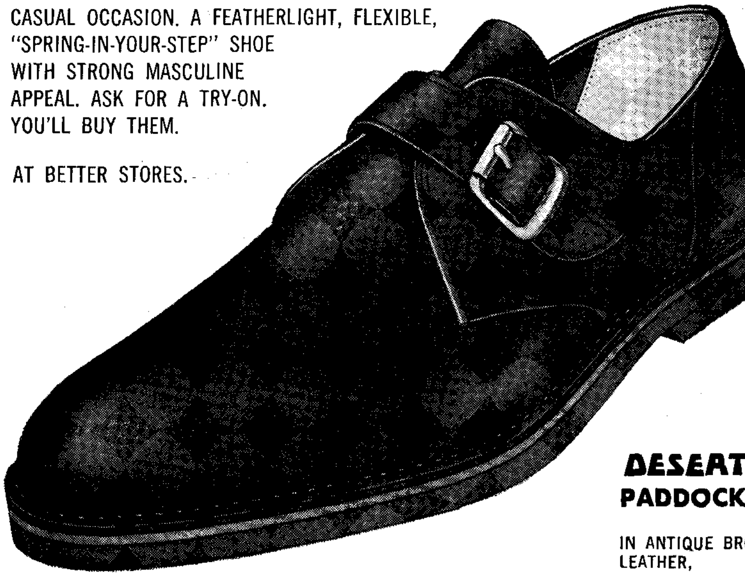

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FEMININE FASHIONS

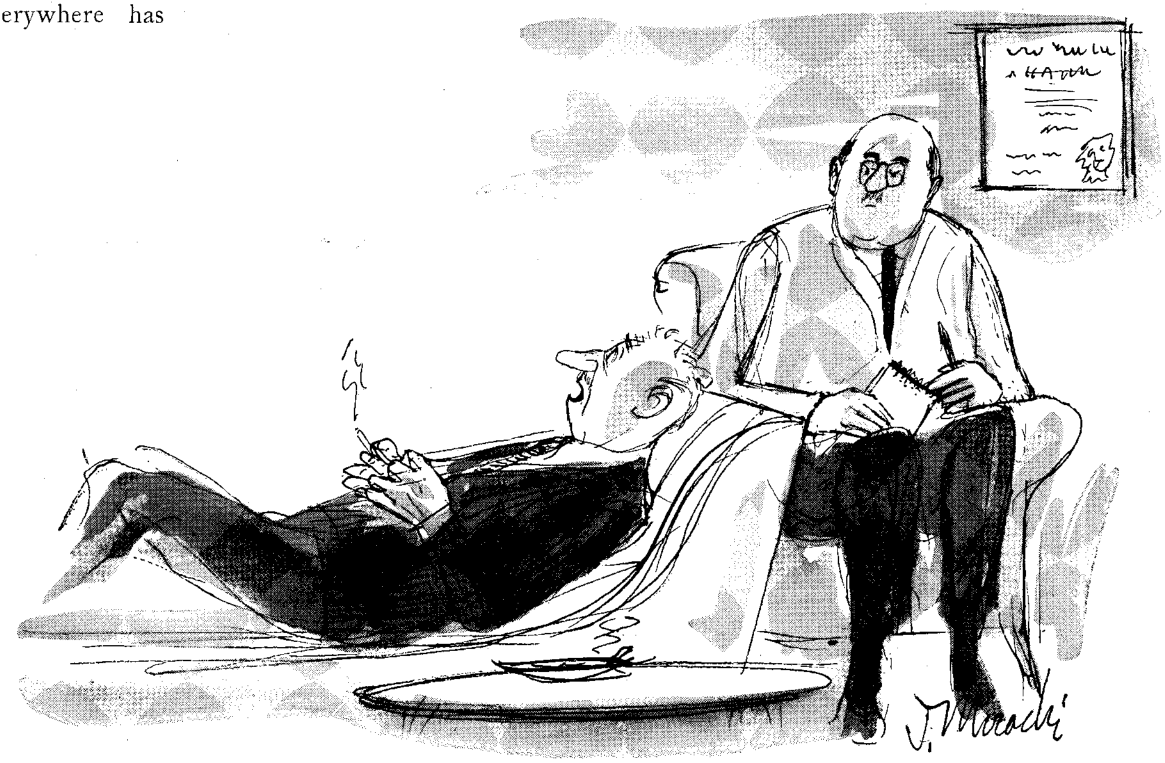
MANY a lapse into gawkishness, mawkishness, and paunchiness has been committed in the name of fashion during this Year of Grace (oh, you remember *her*), but though they have, as usual, spurned the freaks, our very best custom houses have proved that well-brought-up clothes can also be exciting. Miss Frankau, of Bergdorf Goodman; the Mesdames Shonnard and Park, of Chez Ninon; and Elizabeth Arden, of E. Arden, are all capable of walking right beside the line that separates what is good and what is dubious about the Paris clothes without ever stepping over onto the wrong side. So they always bring home with them ideas that seldom seep down into the ready-to-wear sector, ideas that flatter the outer woman while warming the inner one. And Sophie of Saks Fifth Avenue, the designers who toil for Hattie Carnegie, and Oldric Royce, all of whom operate solely on these shores, share the notion of these returnees from abroad that custom-clad females should look spirited but lovely, too. Something like Victoria Falls—perilous but pretty.

N.B.: Everyone everywhere has Dior designs at hand, ready to be copied to the customer's own individual specifications with such an air that she's not likely to mind seeing other copies on other women, but so much has been said about the Diors, and so many of them have been in the public eye, that I'll spend my time mostly in consideration of other topics.

EVERY once in a while, I feel like a supreme sacrifice, such as giving up Bergdorf Goodman for Lent, but Bergdorf's springtime clothes from Paris make the sacrifice unbearable, and this year's variegated collection was no exception. Rather than become lost in the depths of it all, let me haul ashore a few pets of mine. The flapper influence is evident, as in Nina Ricci's extra-long overblouse of white crêpe and its accompanying pleated skirt of navy wool, both of which are covered by a slender coat, of navy wool, that has Crahay's very low trumpet flare. Another pet is Laroche's skirt and jacket of Kelly-green tweed, plus a lengthy, diagonally closed overblouse of navy crêpe. Grès, always a Woman of Distinction, has launched a dress of navy wool (with a collar that's thrown across the throat) that buttons down the back. The top of it parts, below the waist in back, for a glimpse of the sheath (it's of blue-and-white surah) that goes under the whole thing. There are many wrapped-sidewise and asymmetrical presentations, particularly Laroche's arrangement of polka-dotted tan-and-white surah. There's a scarf tie on the loose, hip-length jacket, and the dress wraps all the way up to the base of one shoulder strap in back. Another estimable Laroche is a dance dress of chiffon in a befuddled print of orange, green, and pink, the bodice wrapped diagonally up to one shoulder and the skirt continuing the same spiral treatment below a waistline that dips erratically at one side. Silk crêpe in pale pastels is a Thing this season, and Heim uses the stuff in what is basically a sack dress, with a bias seam that terminates in a bow under one breast.

Other Bergdorf evening dresses are either languid or crisp. Among the languids are some Dessès chiffons. Especially notable is one in an astoundingly big tweed plaid, all browns and beiges—a short dress with a bloused top, a white cummerbund, and a harem-drape skirt. Among the crisps are several beautiful organdies, such as a strapless Patou, formal and slender. It's navy, with horizontal bands of matching satin, and it's anything but ingénue. Other crisps are full-skirted, which is the case with Cavanagh's contribution (pale beige with brown and gray roses printed on it) and Lanvin's (white embroidered with pink flowers and tiny black dots). The Lanvin is full-skirted indeed, and a huge, ruffled boa of the organdie trails around the shoulders.

CHEZ NINON, which has been domiciled at 487 Park Avenue (59th Street) for a while now, is not so sedate, either, as to do away with that ruffly Lanvin boa. (It's a direct invitation to throw out that decorated cash-



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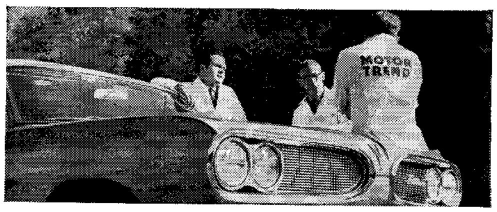

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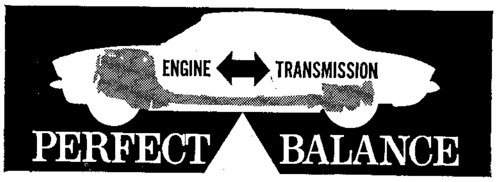

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Half Moon

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mere sweater, if you please.) Ninon's boas are huge, and they go with short, swirling dance dresses of chiffon. A fastidious hand has done the picking of the Paris clothes for Ninon, and some of the less hullabalooed establishments are represented—Maggy Rouff, for one. From her comes a coat of hyacinth-blue tweed with a deep Quaker collar. It's slightly fitted in front, but the back is straight. From her, too, comes a sleeveless and beltless dress of black slubbed shantung that is caught up on one hip and is covered—or sort of—by a little two-button jacket. Plenty of suits are in reserve, some of them youthful ones from Goma and some of them curved-in-at-the-waist ones from Balenciaga, lovely and casual, and outfitted with chiffon blouses. And there's a Cardin. (I'd expected to see more of him, after all the sounding off in Paris about his work.) This is a suit with a buttoned-down-the-side, hipbone-length jacket and an easy, circular skirt, all of pinkish-red wool. A Givenchy coat, straight and three-button, of pink cotton piqué with a small, raised pattern is shown here over a Laroche dress of black crêpe that has a long, middy sort of blouse. And there are formal ball gowns, among which the leadership is held by a Dior, very full-skirted and high-necked, of white organdie. It's rimmed by a sash of black organza, and two looped panels descend the back. Everything here, in fact, looks effortless and easy, like money in the bank.

APPROXIMATELY eighty models, made up for her in La Ville Lumière by extra-special ateliers, are in residence at Elizabeth Arden's château, and approximately sixty of them are ready, like Mary's little lamb, to go wherever you go at this instant—that is to say, ready-to-wear. Arden has managed to incorporate all the hallmarks of the current new clothes without, though, making hers look like everyone else's and without ever losing the thoroughly feminine Arden air. Among the suits is a wonderfully sloppy sweatshirt, of geranium wool, with brass buttons peeking out a bit down the front, plus a hip-length jacket, of the same material, that bulges out a bit in back. Another suit involves an over-jacket of wool with a pink-and-white gingham check. This has a sharp, turnover collar above a set of buttons, and it curves upward in front to a knot, in this fashion revealing quite a segment of the attached false blouse beneath. There are pastel crêpes here, too, one of them a spongy rayon that is shell pink in hue. The slightly fitted over-

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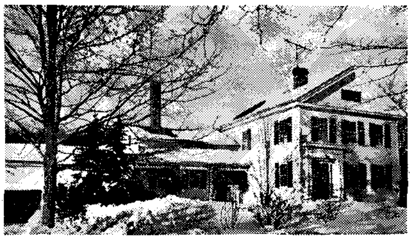

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blouse, which is sleeveless, has a small round neck that ends in a bow out on one shoulder. Navy surah printed in white blocks lines the looped-under panels (one each, front and back) of a sleeveless dress of navy sheer wool and also makes its slim waistband. Then, evening dresses that are short in front and long in back are a delight to Arden. A triumphant new variation on this scheme is of thin black shantung. There are very short straps on the décolletage in front, but the back is a low V. The skirt, down to the ankles aft, is one layer after another of upward-curving tiers over the underskirt, which is not only skinny forward but quite short to boot. Formality down to the floor all the way around is represented by a dress of raw silk in pale apricot. It descends easily and modestly along the body from its shallow, oblong neck, but excitement is generated by an enormous circular fold that begins at a bow on one buttock and sweeps down the back. Formality away from the floor, and sassy as well, is represented by a bateau-necked dress of pink cotton ottoman with self bows down the long back and fullness around the pockets in front of the hips to give it a really rounded look.

WELL, that does it for the guests from Paris. Tailored clothes are in vast supply at Saks Fifth Avenue, where Sophie, one of our important native industries, has (aided by her co-designer, Stephen Erklin) been putting them forth in greater variety than usual. Among the combinations are dresses of navy wool, with a low flare in back, plus long, all-purpose coats of off-white Pesante silk, the big collars draped into a tab across the chest. Or the dresses are of a cream-and-tan print silk that also makes the accompanying, Oriental-flavored coats, which are slit into four panels, the band collars overlapping and being fastened on the chest by a solitary button. The variety in the tailored suits extends from box jackets to boleros. I particularly admired a suit of oatmeal tweed with a waist-length jacket. A slot seam girdles the jacket, and two more such seams hurtle around the straight and narrow skirt. My admiration extended, as well, to a sleeveless dress with a loose cutaway jacket curving out from a three-button closing and descending a fair distance below the hips in back. Both jacket and dress are of dusty-pink checked wool. Sophie, dogged and (possibly) prophetic, still clings to suits with sharply nipped waistlines, though. For evening, her mood becomes absolutely misty with chiffon. An unexpected, pleasurable,

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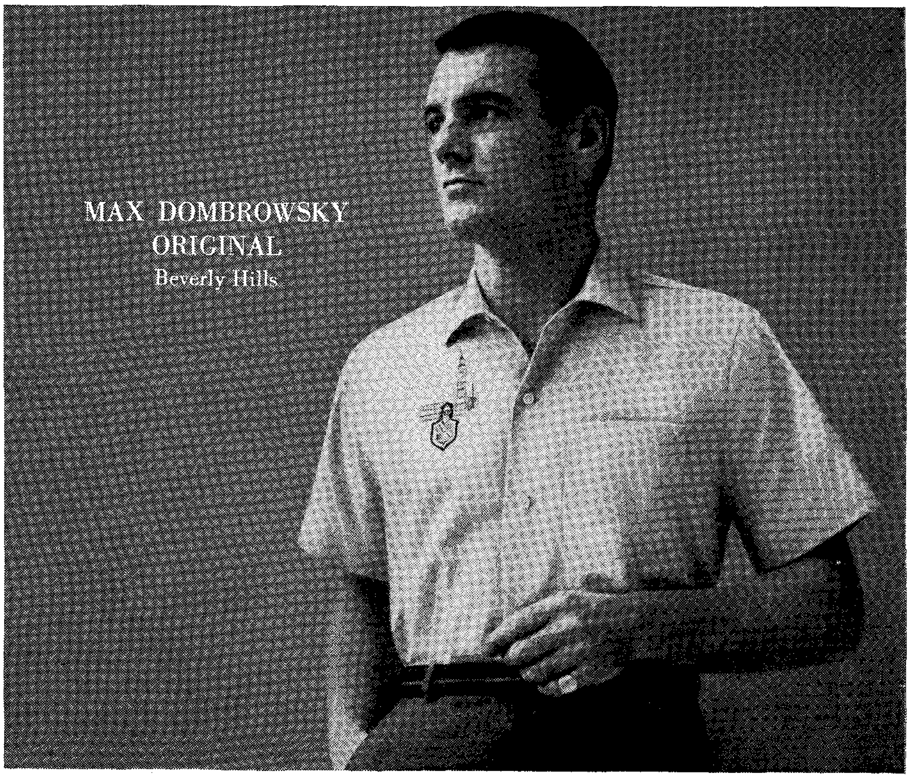

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and skillful example of her work in the genre is of closely patterned red-and-white chiffon. The sheath is all horizontal ruffles, half an inch wide at the top and expanding to three times that at the slightly flaring hem. The small jacket matches. Quantities of tiny tucks, quantities of shirring are employed for both short and formal evening dresses—a brief black chiffon whose skirt is a mass of deep godets and whose semi-transparent bolero is beaded and gleaming and black, too; an ombré marquisette that runs from pale blue to royal blue, with a great stole zooming across the throat and then trailing to the rear; all sorts of peekaboo things whose transparency is sufficiently swathed to be modest.

NOW we come to Hattie Carnegie, whose custom clothes are always individual and yet a synthesis of everything that is good fashion, in both Paris and New York. There are lots of overblouses, both on dresses and under suit jackets, that dip a bit in back and drop away from the body there; many have a surplice, V-back closing, often fastened with little bows. Such, in any but the deftest hands, can make the wearer humpbacked indeed. There is more than a hint of the beautiful Dior look here (but not all over the place) in the belts on the hipbones of skirts that flare mildly. A Carnegie trick that appears on just about everything is a front panel, like a wide, bias box pleat, that widens toward the hem to produce this same flare. Lots of really streaky fabrics that look as if the white backing were showing through are around, as in a silk tweed suit that's bright pink, and in a suit of heavy gray cotton with two tabs across it below the collarless neckline, and so forth. There is quite a bit of heavy raw silk here, and some of it makes a suit (beige) with high lapels, the jacket semifitted (like most jackets on the premises), not to mention a gray suit with black crossbars woven in a diamond pattern down the front gore of the skirt. But the startler is a silk, heavily crinkled in wavy lines (Oldric Royce favors this, too), just like the bark of a tree. It's used for an inimitable Carnegie suit (brown), with a white overblouse and that deep box-pleated gore down the front of the skirt. Other tricks appear in skirts that have gores all around and that are box-pleated to suggest floating panels when the wearer moves. One silk dress in a tan-and-black print has these panels starting well below the hips, and a navy-and-white diamond-patterned silk gets the same treatment. For formal evenings, fabrics with minds of their own are prominent. I

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especially remember a padded, quilted satin that is printed in purples, blues, and greens. The dress has a Becky Sharp narrowness at the ankle below soft gathers at the waist. Twin prints are at hand, too, as in a silk sheath and a voluminous chiffon overskirt. That heavily crinkled tree-bark crêpe does a dress with a single draped shoulder strap and a pyramid skirt displaying a big fold down one hip to continue that sidewise, one-shoulder line.

OLDRIC ROYCE is devoted to the wrapped, spiral look, with every sort of cunning detail in the way of buttons, tabs, and the like to carry out a surplice line or emphasize the slant of a stripe. A just plain marvellous dress of black-and-white featherweight tweed, as simple as possible, is a fake two-piece job, attached on one hip and buttoned behind the opposite shoulder. For tailored things he uses an intricate cut—on, for one, a coat in a giant shepherd's plaid. It's three-quarter length, and the wide panel that swings loose in back is one with the sleeves. There's also an evening version of this. More intricacy is provided by a dress of vivid-navy wool with a skirt composed of eighteen overlapping gores, stitched down well below the hips and then swaying outward in a gentle flare. Also for evening is a short dress, all diagonal three-inch bands of black-and-white corded lace, with a round skirt and a wide, shallow-V off-the-shoulders décolletage. Another evening affair is of Duchess shantung, a new and lovely fabric. This one is truly intricate—the white of the top ending in a low V below the waist; the black of the skirt coming up at the sides over the low belt above the rounded hips. This is shown with a reversible black-and-white Duchess shantung coat, slit to the underarms, Oriental style, with short sleeves. That tree-bark fabric accomplishes a dance dress with a square neck and a long, trim torso. A band around its low waistline ends in a bow in front, and deep tucks below this give it a rounded look. And it wouldn't be Oldric Royce's establishment without at least one ombré effect. His champion this season starts with a draped, V-neck top of black crêpe that clings as far as the hips; the skirt is all godets of ice-blue organza, and bands of black organza are crisscrossed to make a giant diamond pattern in an ombré illusion.

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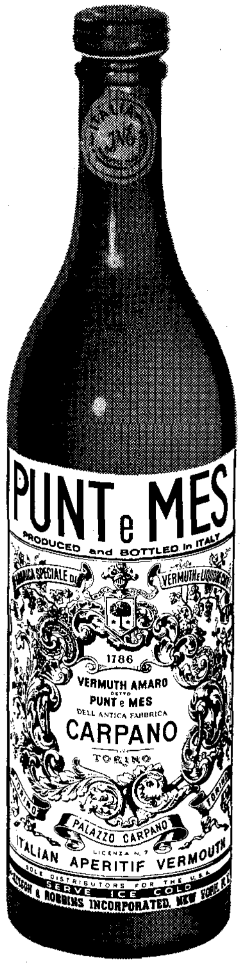
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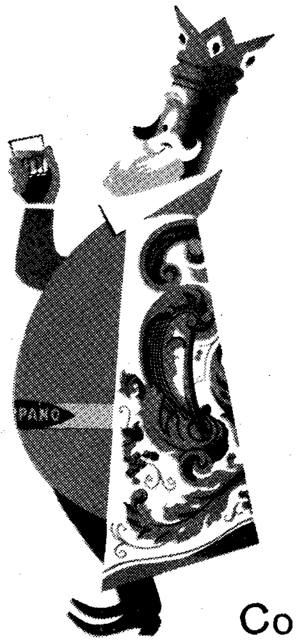

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one of the best cape coats I've seen around—a collarless neckline like so)-(, and welt seaming. It's of taupe silk-and-wool, and the lining matches the brown-and-black print of the silk dress that is its partner. Among the other goodies is a gray wool costume—a sleeveless dress with a bloused top, a softly gathered skirt with inexplicable eight-inch cartridge pleats pulling it in at the hem, and a jacket with similar, but explicable, pleats on the sleeves. A Mooring costume that starts with a collarless coat of dark-green dupioni has gathers below the low waistline in back; the dress, of printed green surah, has a handkerchief neckline that doubles as a softener for the coat. Mr. M. likes capelets fluttering in back of his dance and his formal dresses, as in a red-and-black tissue taffeta that is draped up to one shoulder and up to one hip. He also loves huge stoles for his evening dresses, and he is not alone in this. What I haven't seen elsewhere, however, is his way of giving organdie a real lingerie look. A dress has a high neck with an upward lace ruffle; more ruffles flourish around the sleeves and make vertical bands all over, and a sash of olive-green velvet is laced through the waistline above the full skirt. You wear magnolia blossoms with this, I expect.

—LOIS LONG

•

Double ring sandwiches honor the sentimental twosome at the anniversary fete. To fashion each of these two-high tidbits, with a cookie cutter, cut 2 (2-inch) rounds from an enriched or whole wheat bread slice. Remove a circle from the center of one round to form a ½-inch-wide "ring." Butter the round and spread with a filling of egg salad and chopped, cooked bacon. Top the round with the bread "ring" and spot a slice of stuffed olive in the sandwich center.

The eggs of the water flea will hatch 10 years after they are laid.

The average life of a rabbit living in a game area is about two to three years.

—*Nyack (N.Y.) Rockland County Journal-News.*

And the sentimental ones are the first to go.

•

THE REVIEWERS

Mr. Bedell is assistant executive editor of The Post. Miss Johnston, Miss Phelan, Mr. Rosenfeld and Mr. Geeslin are Post staff members. Mr. McMurty is a teaching fellow at Stanford University. Mr. Thobae is head of a local advertising firm. Dr. Tinsley is associate professor of history at the University of Houston. Mrs. Mears lives near a jungle in Spring Branch. —*From the book section of Houston Now, Sunday magazine of the Houston Post.*

Just list your reviewers, please.

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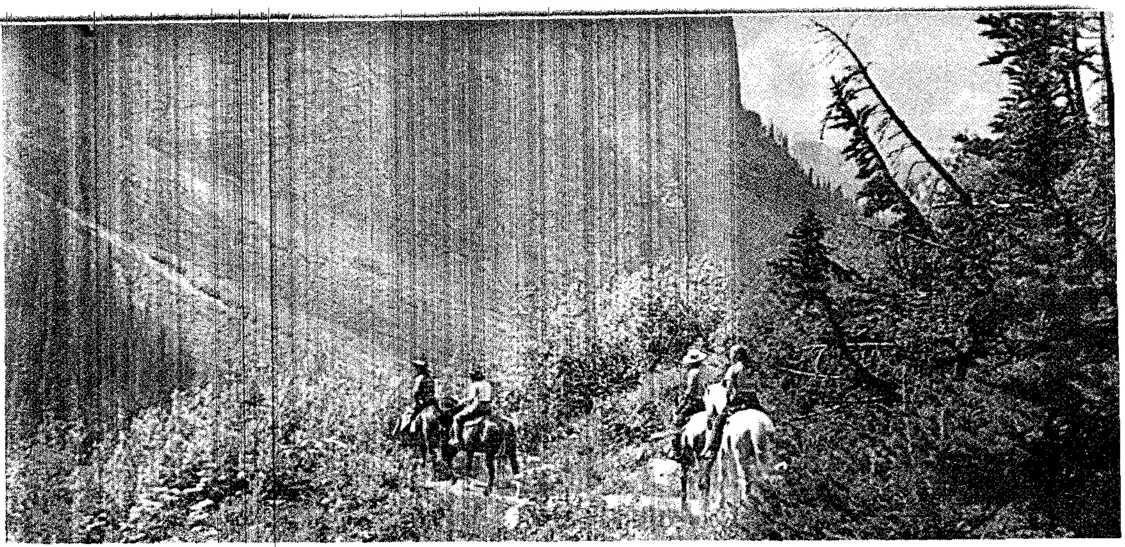

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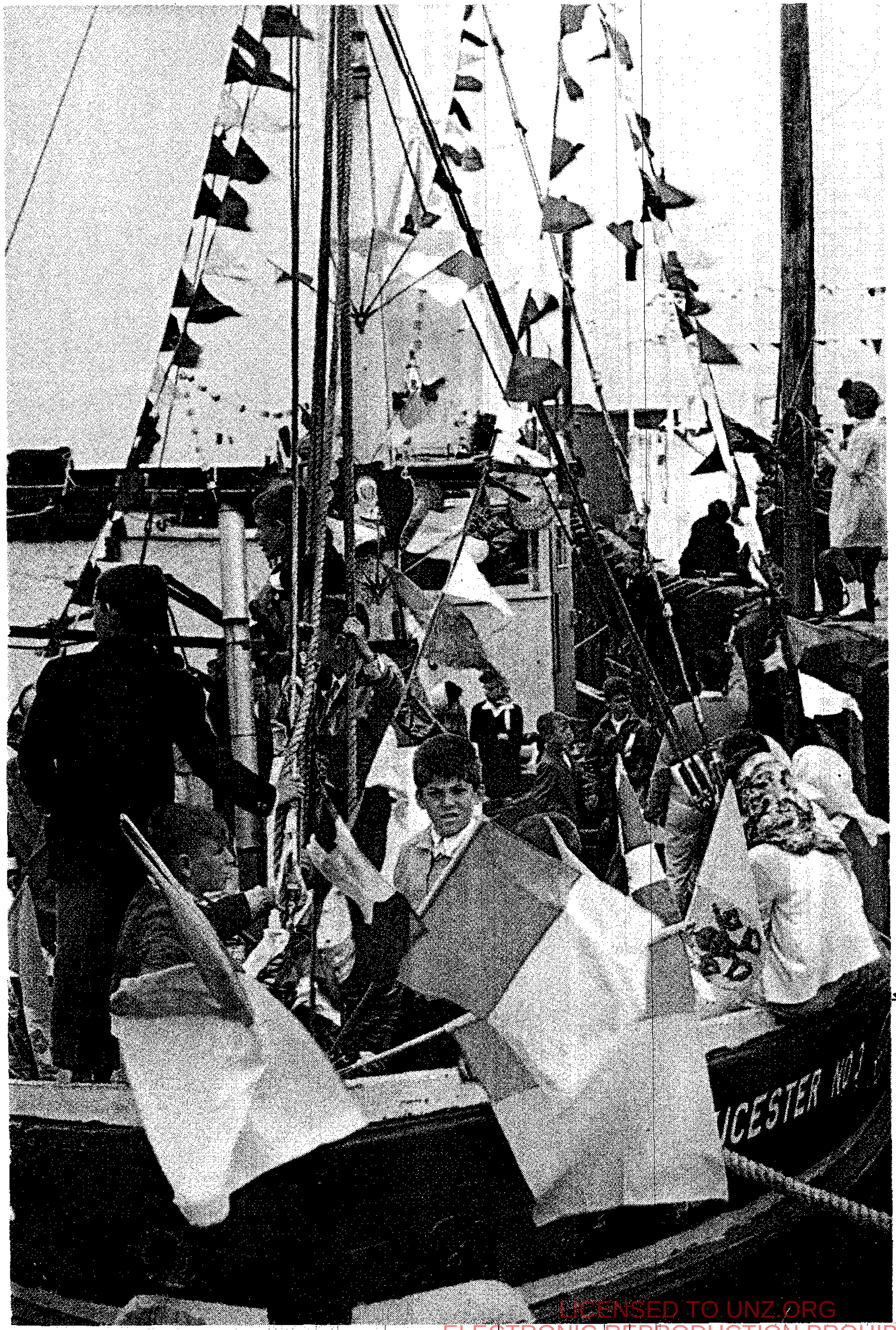

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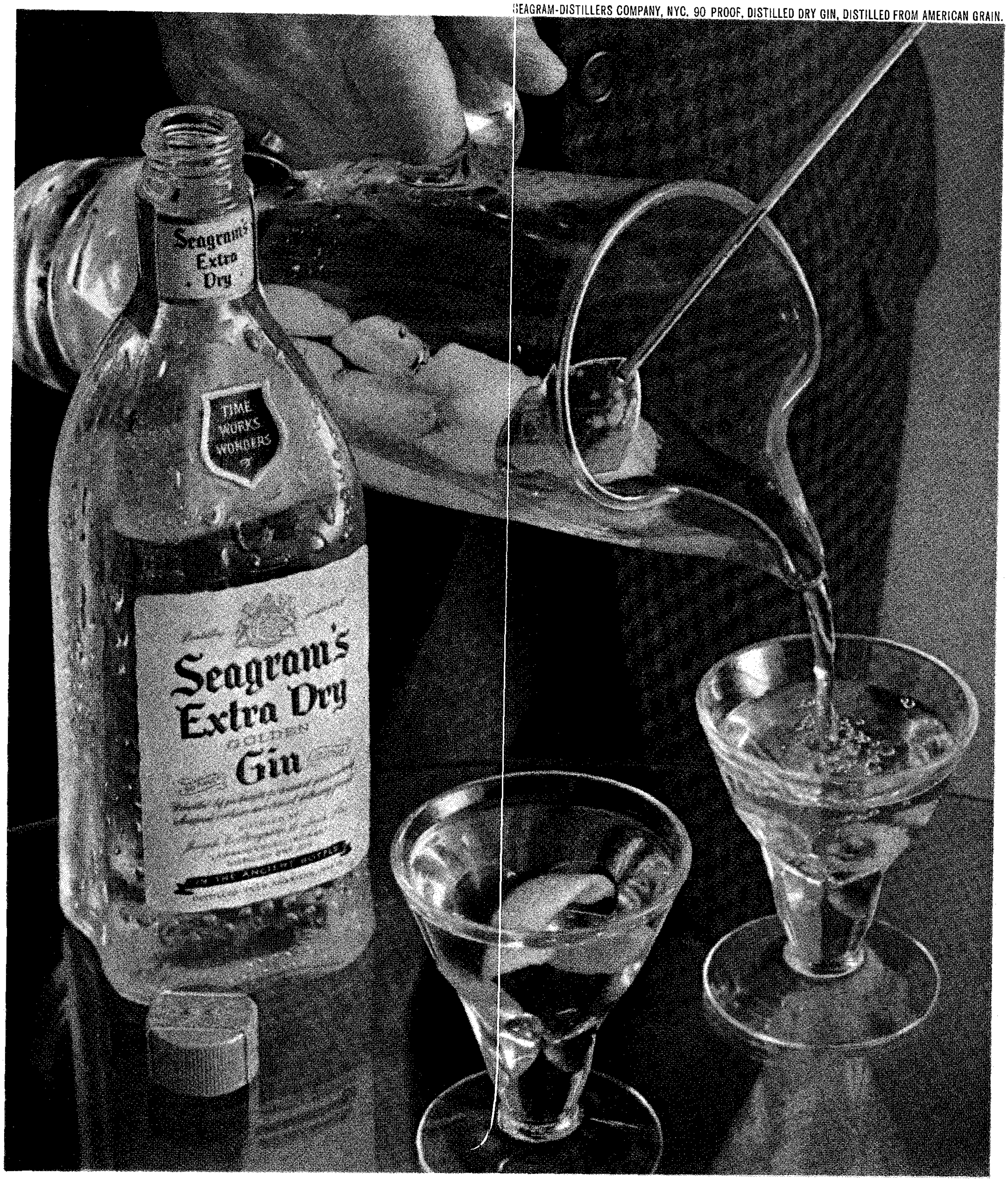
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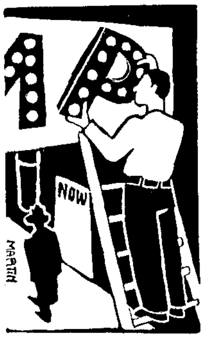
THE CURRENT CINEMA

The Daring Young Man



"ONE EYED JACKS," the strange new Western in which Marlon Brando plays the leading role and which he also directed, seems at times—though not at all times—to be a practical joke. At any rate, it repeatedly asks for your confidence and then pulls the rug out. Its peculiarity, on the other hand, may simply be the result of turning two stars—Calder Willingham, who had a lot to do with the fine script, and Mr. Brando—loose on familiar ground. The ingredients of the movie are a glamorous outlaw; a sheriff who is determined to run a peaceful town; his comic-faced, gravel-voiced deputy; an innocent young woman; rough stuff and gunplay; and Southwestern scenery—all of them, as you can see, available nightly at the switch of a dial. Except for the scenery, which is spectacular and most effectively photographed, each element is treated in a surprising manner and, quite often, with a mischievousness that almost amounts to perversity. The outlaw is a bandit named Rio, bent on revenge against a former partner in the bank-robbing line who ran off with the swag and left him alone to face a Mexican posse and spend five years in a Mexican prison. So far, perfectly standard. But then Rio seduces the young woman, the stepdaughter of his partner, and (out of necessity, it must be admitted) leaves her pregnant and unprotected. The peace-loving sheriff turns out to be the partner himself, a hypocritical sadist. The deputy is as vicious as his boss. Aside from the expected saloon brawls, the rough stuff is graphic and sickening—no biff-biff-bam or simple biting of the dust but Rio's hand being crushed with the butt of a gun after he has taken a terrible whipping, and the shooting to death of a little girl who has nothing to do with the plot but whom we meet in a closeup almost drooling with fear.

As Rio, Brando is hypnotic, and a puzzle, too, for who can ever tell how much he does by design and how much inadvertently? He speaks in a dead-lipped drawl, and his eyes are shrewd

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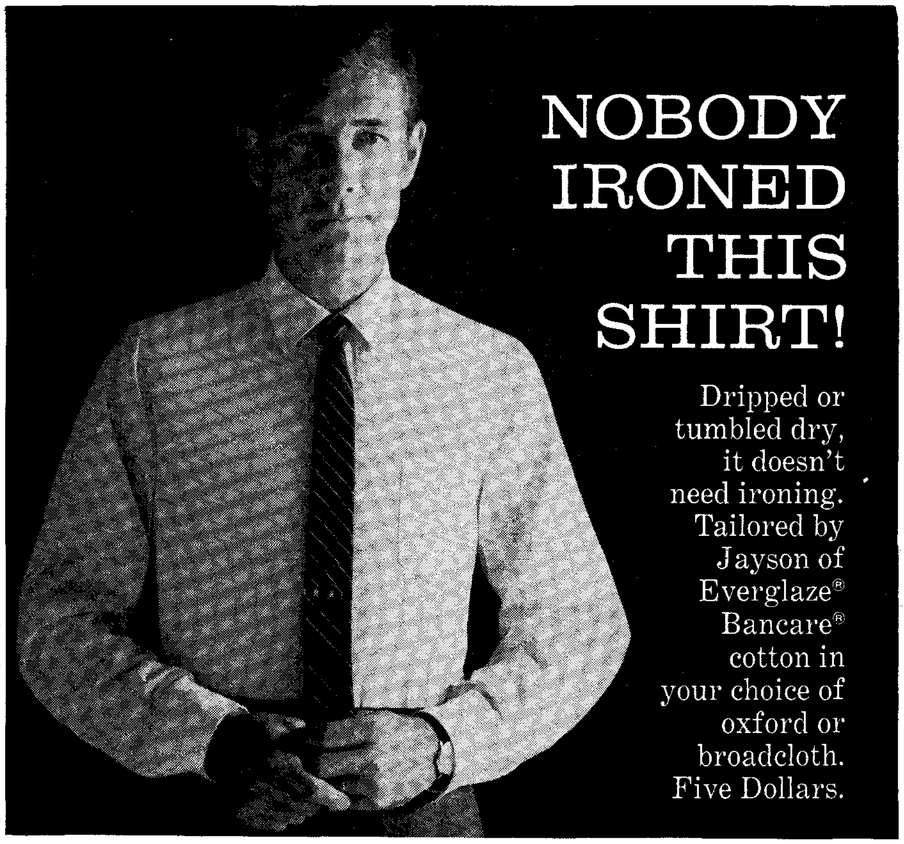

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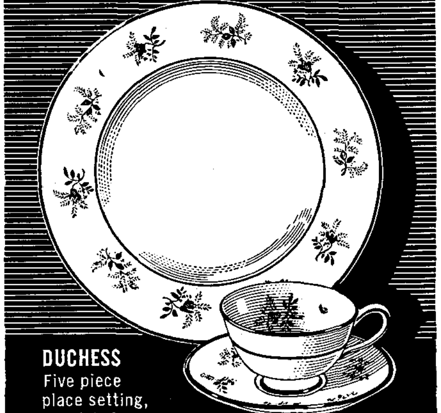

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and mocking. He plays with great intensity but always with something held in reserve. At one point, after the beating, he sits on the bank of a river, shaken and drained, in an agony, physical and psychological, that is absolutely private. The effect is devastating and, I should think, indelible. No child of any age who was exposed to that scene could ever be lighthearted about violence again. Karl Malden makes a smily, plausible villain. Pina Pellicer, a Mexican actress, plays the girl with charm and depth of feeling. Katy Jurado, as her mother, is good, too. As a matter of fact, everyone connected with the picture is good, and if I have made it sound thoroughly unpleasant, then I have misled you. Many of the shocks it administers are refreshing and funny. The running time is a hundred and forty minutes, and at least ninety-three of them are as lively as any minutes in town.

ALAN SILLITOE's adaptation of his splendid novel "Saturday Night and Sunday Morning" deals with the activities, mostly after-hours, of a young factory worker in an industrial city in England whose guiding principles, as he states firmly, are "Don't let the bastards grind you down" and "What I'm out for is a good time. All the rest is propaganda." He is a holy terror. He has an affair with the wife of one of his colleagues at the factory, and at the same time dates a pretty girl; he shoots (with a relatively harmless air gun) a troublemaking old gossip; he puts a dead rat on a woman's workbench. It soon becomes clear, however, that although he doesn't know it, he is good and he is loyal (the wife's infidelity is as much her doing as his), and that all his monkeyshines are just skirmishes in a noble crusade to be his own man and to liven up the dreariness of his routine at work and at home. Toward the end, we see him on a hilltop with his fiancée. Hooked at last, he angrily throws a stone at a housing development and tells his girl what he thinks he has let himself in for—the life of his parents all over again, staring blank-eyed at television every evening, "dead from the neck up." It sounds oddly familiar. Then we realize that what we have been seeing all along is a rowdy Peter Pan, and just as Peter was partly right in his view of stuffy Edwardian society, so our hero is partly right to fear for his own future.

To play someone who thinks that he is a kind of person he really isn't is a challenge. Albert Finney's perform-

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ance, which I have a few qualifications about, is impressive. A vital, attractive young man, he is right for the part, and he never makes a dull move, but somehow we never lose sight of him as an actor. It may be that Mr. Finney lacks the confidence or experience (he certainly doesn't lack the talent) to set a character free, but I doubt it. If I were to guess at the reason, I would say that he and Karel Reisz, the director, were at cross-purposes—that all the time Mr. Finney was trying to portray a man in a place, Mr. Reisz was trying to portray a *kind* of man in a *kind* of place, and that Mr. Reisz's approach is more suitable to sociology than it is to a dramatic movie. When the camera is not crowding Mr. Finney so that every pore becomes an old friend, it is recording machinery, crummy back yards, smoky pubs, shabby living rooms, and greasy, wet streets. That it records them well and that they are interesting is beside the point; the background has been moved up front, and it gets in the way. Still, the rollicking, barbed dialogue that Mr. Sillitoe has provided is wonderful, and the supporting actors do well. Among them I particularly admired Rachel Roberts—first carefree, then panicky—as the wife; Norman Rossington, as the hero's crony; and Hylda Baker, as his aunt. —EDITH OLIVER

•

While doing some painting in the basement of their new home, Mrs. Ray Bushnell fell from a stepladder and suffered many bruises. She has two ways of forgetting these pains. Her daughter, Dorothy Ann, and husband, Rev. and Mrs. J. W. Bennett of Beloit came Tuesday on their way to conduct evangelistic services with Rev. Harold Potter at Valley City, N. D., and left little Jay, 2½, and Randy, 8 months, with their grandparents. That is one way. The other, equally as interesting, is the memory of a delightful trip which ended in the bad weather of Easter week end. Mr. and Mrs. Bushnell had accompanied their son, Guerdon, and family to Louisiana to visit son, Robert, and family. There they found the redbud, dogwood and magnolia trees in full bloom. The azaleas were a beautiful sight and especially the wisteria vines that hung from walls and trellises in great clusters of purple flowers. A side trip to Natchez showed them the architecture of the old homes, stately mansions with the Doric columns, reaching to second and third floors. Mrs. Bushnell painted a couple of pictures while there, one on the shore of a bayou and another of her son's home. Now as she nurses a bruised knee and dear little grandchildren, with the eye of an artist she can recall with her husband the beauties of their southern visit.—*Platteville (Wis.) Journal.*

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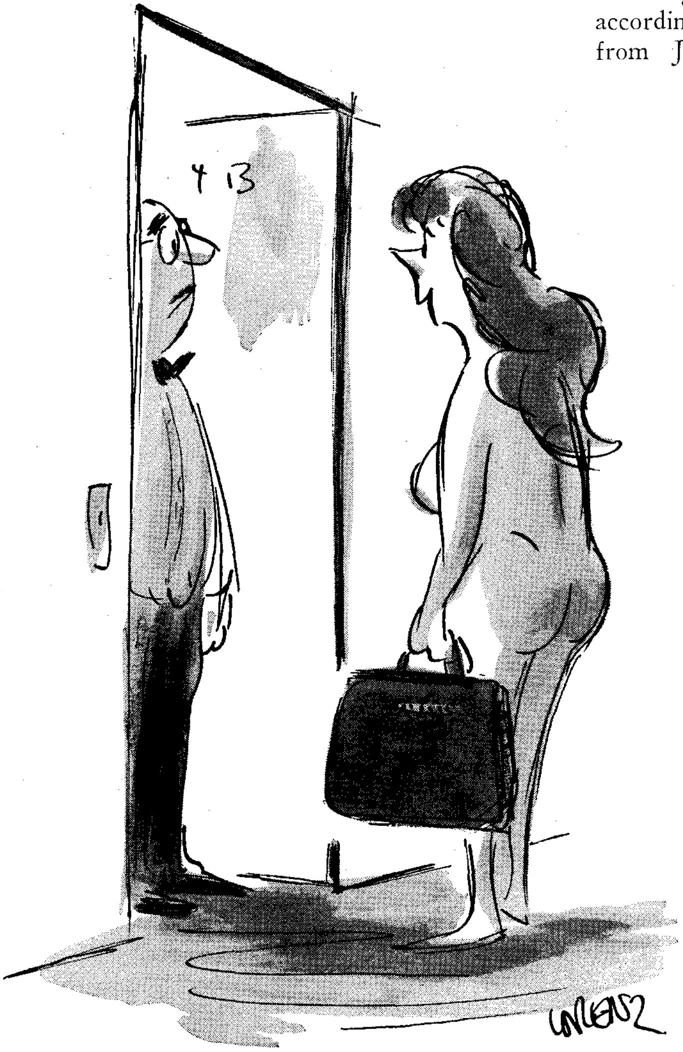
LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

APRIL 6

A COUPLE of weeks ago, an administration official noted for his sturdy faith in the efficacy of good works, upright intentions, and sound liberal doctrines advised a group of journalists here that the world at that moment looked very black. Khrushchev was showing not the slightest sign of being impressed by the President's solemn words on Laos, and there seemed in prospect either a swift conquest of the kingdom by the Pathet Lao or an exceedingly difficult and dangerous American intervention. In the Congo, things were getting messier by the day. New threats to Berlin were expected momentarily. The news from Geneva was most discouraging; the Russians seemed far from ready for a ban on nuclear testing, and this created the presumption that they were not ready for any other steps toward arms control or disarmament. In New York, Adlai Stevenson was getting nowhere in persuading Andrei Gromyko to agree to a shortened session of the General Assembly. Despite the widely publicized finding of an administration team just back from South America that Fidel Castro was losing friends and alienating people throughout the continent, Communist leaders who had been around South America long before anyone had ever heard of Castro were gaining ground in several countries, and it was altogether possible that two or three Latin republics' political and economic defenses against Communism would crumble before the President's hemisphere-development program could win approval from Congress. Looking at the world as objectively as he could, this official said he could find at that moment in history no admissible evidence to support his or anyone else's hope for peace and stability. Did this mean, he was asked, that he had abandoned hope? Oh, no, he said, he hadn't gone that far. But what sustained him? His answer was a curious one to come from a member of an administration whose ambassadors have mostly not yet departed for their posts. When things looked their worst, he said, his mind went back to a conversation he had had many years ago with Henry L. Stimson. In a sombre moment early in the Cold War, he had asked that wise and richly experienced statesman what the United States government might do to promote peace and order in the world. Mr. Stimson said that he knew of only one sound approach—to bring to Washington men devoted to those ideals and ask them to work as hard as they could toward their realization. In time, these men would grow tired, despondent, probably even cynical. At the first hint of yielding to despair, they should be retired in favor of fresh recruits, who would themselves be cashiered when despondency overtook them, as inevitably it would. Mr. Stimson said he was confident that the United States would never run short of enthusiasts.

The official who took what comfort he could from Mr. Stimson's remedy assured his listeners that the first Kennedy team was not yet ready for the retirement that would be mandatory under the plan, and one may assume that today he might find other grounds for encouragement. The world still appears to be beyond any hope of early redemption by the new administration, but at least in Laos, whose troubles have dominated the scene here for the past several weeks, the worst possible developments seem to have been averted, and a *détente* of sorts seems in the making. Even if the attempt at a cease-fire fails, there will be no early military conquest. And if in time there proves to be no solution short of armed intervention, the United States will not—as seemed very likely only ten days ago—be alone in undertaking it. It is said that in their talks at Key West early last week the President persuaded the British Prime Minister that the consequences of a Communist victory in Laos would not be as trivial as the British Foreign Office believed they would be. (News of this triumph of persuasion has come to Washington from Vientiane, where, according to an astonishing dispatch from Joseph Alsop, British officials called in British correspondents to tell them that "the facts of international life were forcibly brought home to us at Key West.") Whether or not Mr. Kennedy achieved any such forensic victory, he did, by accepting the British proposal to seek a settlement based on the neutrality of Laos, relieve the anxieties of the British and a number of other governments about American policy. And by coming to terms with the British he seems to have overcome the reluctance of the Russians to call for a cease-fire and of the Chinese to accept one. (A Russian diplomat here has said to an American, "Your President Kennedy—he's taken our position in Laos and handed it to us as an ultimatum.") No one, to be sure, supposes that any very happy settlement can emerge from the fourteen-power conference that most of the interested parties have now endorsed. The major participants will be the governments that negotiated the partition of French Indo-



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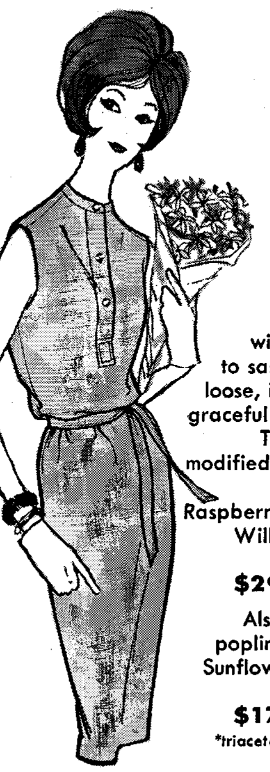
China in 1954 (an arrangement that made Laos both sovereign and highly vulnerable), and the strength of the anti-Western forces in those governments has increased in the past seven years. An agreement to protect the "neutrality" of Laos would mean only that, for whatever period of time the agreement held, Laos would not be openly used as a base for Communist offensives against the rest of Southeast Asia. As far as real power is concerned, Laos is a neutral quantity anyway—whether it pursues an independent policy or throws in its lot with East or West. Nothing but time can be bought in Laos now. From the viewpoint of the administration, though, time is of the utmost importance. Had it felt compelled, after three months in office, to undertake a limited war in Asia, it would have had to abandon—probably for the duration of its term in office—most of the diplomatic initiatives it has planned. Merely to prove its mettle and to honor treaty commitments whose wisdom its leaders have always questioned, it would have had to put all its other programs in jeopardy, both from Congress and from allied governments that were out of sympathy with the intervention.

Intervention, the administration realized, might very well have led to political disaster in this country. Every register of public opinion shows that the American people want their government to follow a "firm" anti-Communist foreign policy and to be guilty of no acts of "appeasement." At the same time, they want their government to follow a policy that will involve them in no wars in faraway jungles. The free world may owe its survival in large measure to the American response in Korea a decade ago, but the war there was the most despised one in American history, and it led to the McCarthy reaction and played a large part in the defeat of the Democrats in 1952. President Kennedy has gained steadily in public favor since his election, and although these gains have not yet led to the formation of a solid Kennedy majority in Congress, the hope and expectation of the President and his advisers has been that they will do so in good time—perhaps as early as next week, perhaps not until after next year's elections. The administration is full of nervous and impatient men, but they happen to be men with a fairly sure sense of history, and they have reasoned that they have just about everything going for them—the charm of their leader, the tradition of giving a new President a fair trial, the meat-and-potatoes appeal of Mr. Kennedy's domestic



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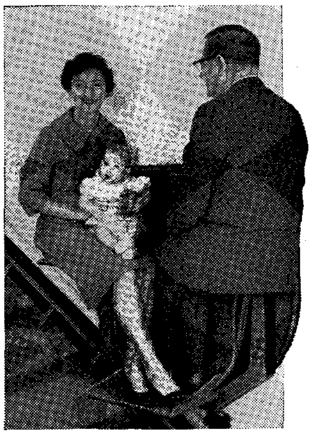

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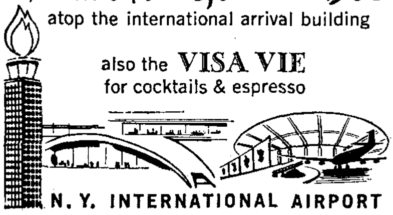

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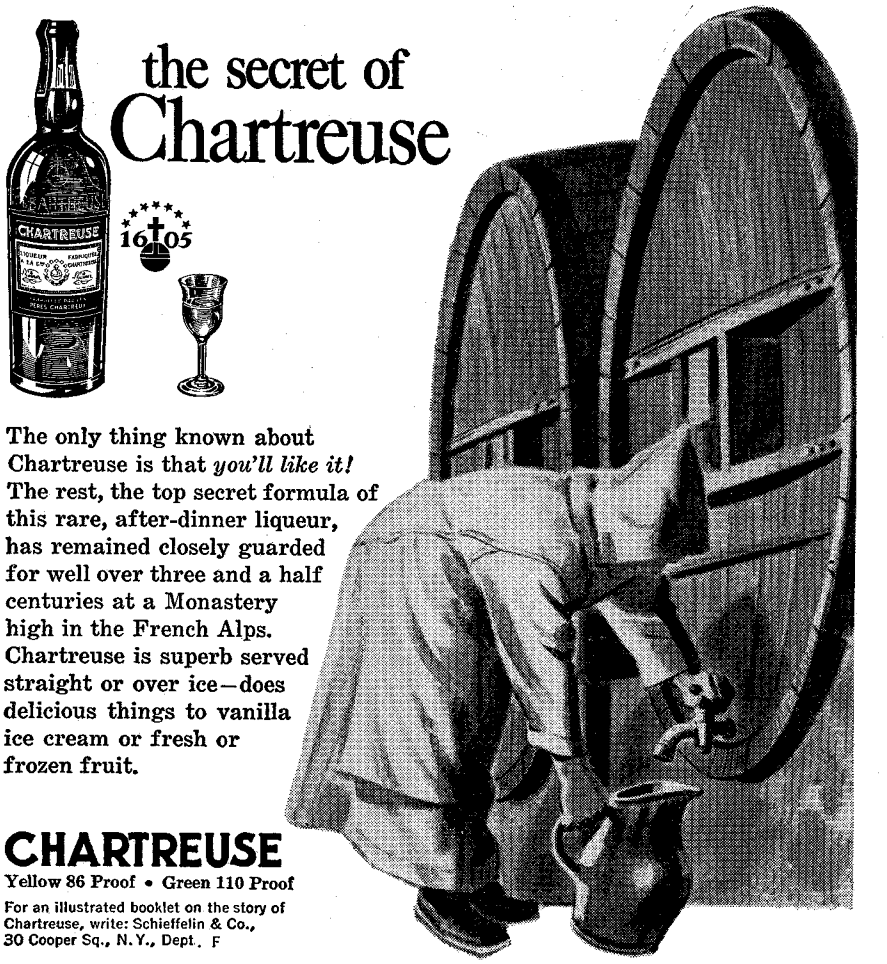
program. Even a worsening of economic conditions would work in their favor, since they happen to be Democrats and since it would increase the pressure on Congress for the kind of government enterprise that Democrats—of the Kennedy persuasion, anyway—have no fear of. Only one development, they have felt, could dash their hopes—actual involvement in the sort of limited war for which, many of them have said, the United States should be better prepared than it is. It would not matter, in their opinion, how often the President explained that intervention was the only alternative to appeasement. It would not matter how many statements Mr. Eisenhower issued in support of his successor. Working Republican politicians would revive the powerful and incontrovertible argument that the Democrats had been in power at the outset of every war in the twentieth century. In time, conceivably, the Kennedy administration might be able to convince the people that a readiness and a willingness to use conventional arms against aggression and subversion were the most powerful and the most readily available deterrents to the ultimate human tragedy of totalitarian victory or general thermonuclear war. But the worsening situation in Laos did not allow anything like the time required for such an undertaking in mass education or indoctrination. It was with full awareness of the fact that he was risking his own claim to a large place in American political history that the President, two weeks ago today, let it be known that the United States would not shrink from appropriate military action if the Soviet Union ignored the plea for an end to hostilities and for a negotiated settlement.

It can be maintained (as it can about almost any important decision that a head of government makes) that the President had no choice but to do what he did. It can also be maintained that there was an element of appeasement in his acceptance of the British proposal to play the game with exactly the same markers that were used seven years ago in Geneva, which was the point of origin of the present troubles. There are people here who feel that he should have done much more and that he could not possibly have done less. The United States, after all, was pledged to the defense of Laos. Our investment there over the years had risen to the staggering total of about one hundred and fifty dollars per Laotian (as against India, for example, where our aid has amounted to about three dollars per Indian), and while the heavy investment



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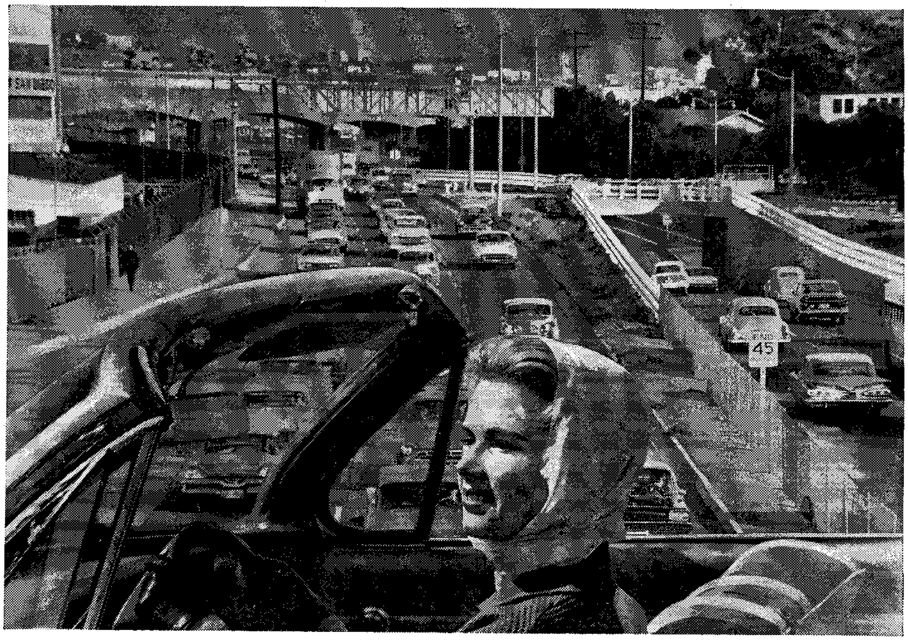

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of dollars could hardly be used to justify brinksmanship on the part of an anti-colonialist power, the loss of a country in which we had made so great an investment would bring discredit upon all the programs we have undertaken. If all that money could not save Laos, what reason was there to suppose that a fraction of it could save Bolivia? Most important of all, a show of weakness would have earned the new administration the contempt of the Russians and the Chinese, and would almost certainly have emboldened them to accelerate their offensives elsewhere. Nevertheless, the hazards of announcing a willingness to intervene in any contingency at all were taken very seriously here, and it is fairly certain that the President's advisers were not of one mind as to what should be done and what should be said. The statement he made two weeks ago (after a delay of twenty-four hours, which were used for finding words of exact appropriateness) was composed by men, including the President, who by no means welcomed the opportunity they had been given to make a display of American resolution. Even among those who felt that the declaration should have been more forthright than it was, there was a feeling that all the grand designs of the administration were being risked by an acceptance of a challenge to go to war in a most uncongenial place and time for a cause that seemed dubious to some and ultimately hopeless to others.

It is at the moment too early for anyone to be sure that the administration strategy has been successful. Indeed, judged by the tests established by the Eisenhower administration, the President has already forfeited all chance of success; that is, even under the most hopeful conditions Laos will not be an ally of the West. And if a fourteen-power conference decrees a "neutral" status for the country, its Communist neighbors can be counted on to find more ways than the non-Communist powers ever will of exploiting its geographical position and its political weakness. In spite of all this, there is currently a feeling here that the administration has just about weathered its first real crisis. The Russians and the Chinese have agreed in principle to a cease-fire as a necessary concomitant to negotiations. They are hedging on the procedural details—as we would probably do if there was hope of improving the anti-Communist military position in the time that remains—but their present commitment seems too large to be completely repudiated. The danger that NATO would be severely damaged by differ-

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ences over Laos seems to have been averted. Mr. Kennedy and Mr. Macmillan were well enough agreed on general policy to be able to finesse the whole Laotian question yesterday, and it is said to be only one of several matters on the agenda for their talks aboard the Honey Fitz today. The likeliest prospect now is for another Geneva conference that will drag on for months and end in a settlement distributing power in Laos pretty much as land and people were distributed in French Indo-China in 1954. But if worse eventually comes to worst—if all negotiations fail and the United States feels that it has no choice but to commit American arms to Laos—the circumstances will be measurably better than they would have been if the Russians had ignored the President's plea and encouraged the Pathet Lao to seek a total victory at the earliest possible date. There will be at least a semblance of Western unity, and there will be time for the administration to seek to explain to the country that intervention is the only honorable and reasonable course.

At any rate, there is no talk today about the unrelievedly black aspect of the world or about the need to form fresh battalions of enthusiasts to replace the tired old men of the Kennedy administration. Actually, little has changed. The Congo is still full of riot and confusion. According to the latest reports from Geneva, Arthur Dean, who is heading up our team of negotiators, is all but persuaded that the Russians are not serious about a prohibition of nuclear testing, and is now seeking only to compile a record that can be presented to the United Nations to show that the United States negotiated in good faith and made more than its share of reasonable concessions. Nevertheless, the *détente* in Laos has gone a long way toward restoring the ebullience of the administration. Its leaders feel that they have a second chance. All the programs that would have been shunted aside if a military crisis had arisen are now being vigorously developed, and there is even some hope that the domestic legislative program will come alive again in Congress, whose members will return next week with their first personal appraisals of the impact of the administration on opinion at the grass roots.

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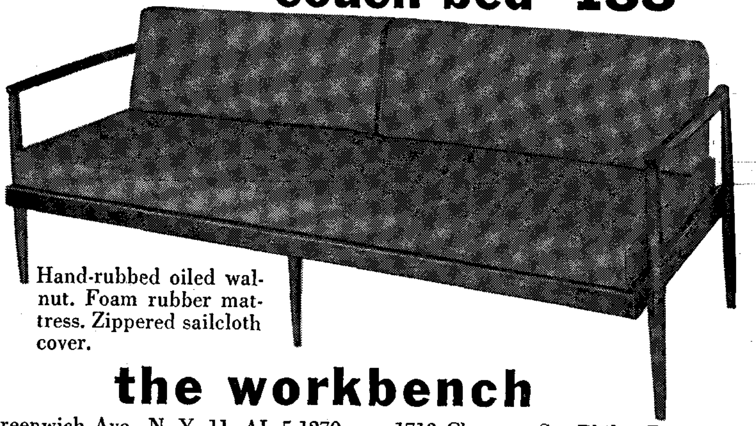

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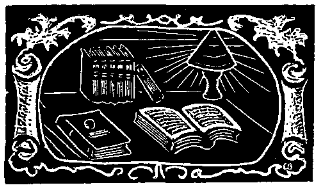

KINGSLEY AMIS's latest novel, "Take a Girl Like You" (Harcourt, Brace), is his best since his first, the miraculous "Lucky Jim," which it doesn't greatly resemble. "Lucky Jim" is a farce; the comedy in "Take a Girl Like You" is not so broad and, though less sidesplitting, is more lifelike. Mr. Amis treats his subject—the struggle between a man and a young woman over her virginity—with wit, shrewdness, and humanity, and he shows an uncommon understanding of a kind of girl who exists by the million and who has not been taken seriously in literature for quite some time. His heroine, Jenny Bunn, is a twenty-year-old primary-school teacher, strikingly pretty, by no means stupid, but so unsophisticated that she has no idea how very unsophisticated she is. Men have made her aware of her good looks, but she is unimpressed by her beauty. She doesn't dream of becoming a model, a movie star, or even a heartbreaking flirt. She wants to marry and have children. Until she marries, Jenny believes, she should remain a virgin; she also believes that a man who loves a woman respects her chastity. Jenny's hometown beau did not share either of these beliefs and jilted her; Jenny, hurt, but not very deeply, has left her parents and her native North of England to make a new start teaching in a country town near London. When we meet her, she is hopeful, anxious to succeed as a teacher, and puzzled by the contrasting attitudes of Mr. and Mrs. Thompson, her affable landlord and her sullen landlady, and by the Thompsons' other boarder, a French girl, Anna, who talks incomprehensibly about life and doesn't shave under her arms.

Jenny has an even harder time understanding Patrick Standish, her beloved and her antagonist. He teaches classics at a boys' secondary school, and when Jenny first meets him she wonders whether he is "rather old for her" (he seems to be about thirty), and it takes her a few minutes to decide that his "appearance and manner" are "intellectual rather than sissy;" in her limited experience "the two were sometimes hard to tell apart." On their first date, Patrick lures her to his flat by a ruse so transparent that only Jenny couldn't see through it. They are both disappointed by what ensues—Patrick because they do not go to bed, and Jenny because she had hoped Patrick would not "turn out to be a wolf." And when discussion follows disappointment, they find that Jenny's objections to sexual relations before marriage are meaningless to Patrick, who has no interest in getting married. After this exchange of views, they decide not to see each other again, but they can't keep their resolve; they find each other too attractive.

Their courtship becomes a duel in which Patrick has no second. The women in the book who are aware of Jenny's plight talk to her in an emancipated fashion but sooner or later sympathize with her innocence. The male characters all hold advanced views—Thompson, for instance, shocks Jenny by his irreverence toward the Royal Family—but they feel protective toward her. Only Patrick doesn't. He loves Jenny and likes her company, her conversation, her naïveté, her common sense, her goodness. Though he can outargue her on the rights and wrongs of their sexual codes, it is obvious that his dedicated rakishness is no more reasonable than her chastity. He has no explanation for his behavior; the nearest he comes to one is a remark to a male friend: "You know, all this women business often strikes me as being a power thing really. . . . Sort of trying to prove something to yourself."

Patrick's persevering pursuit of illicit love is not easy for him; he has to exert unremitting self-control to keep from offering Jenny marriage. He might say with Lovelace, the implacable seducer in Samuel Richardson's "Clarissa," that "it costs a man ten times more pains to be wicked, than it would cost him to be good." Patrick's victory, like that of Lovelace, is a failure of the seducer's art; Lovelace is reduced to raping Clarissa, while Patrick achieves success only when Jenny is too drunk to know what is happening to her. Jenny accepts the accomplished fact, displaying those feminine qualities of docility, tenderness, and an ultimate willingness to lose that make her so likable a character and so pitiable a prey. In her own eyes, Jenny is a fallen woman, but she cannot help being a loving one:

> She knew more or less what their future would be like, and how different it would be from what she had hoped, but

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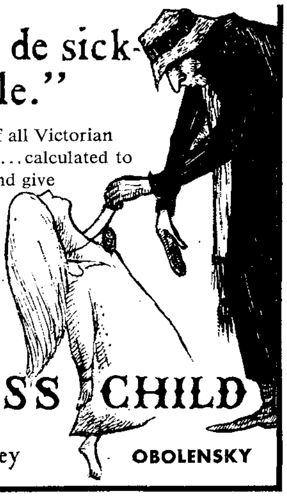

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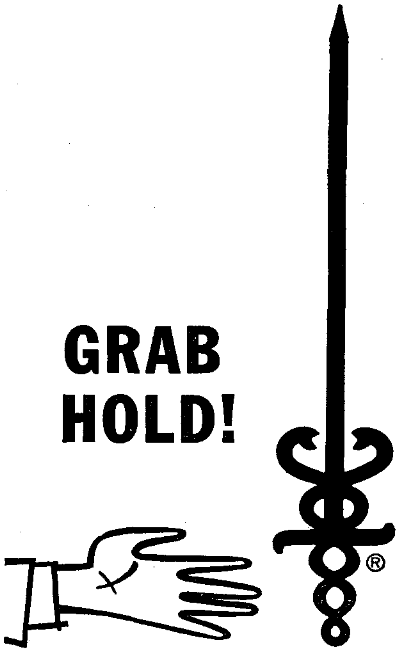
she felt now that there had been something selfish in that hope, that a lot of the time she had been pursuing not what was right but what she wanted.... She must learn to take the rough with the smooth, just like everybody else.

Mr. Amis's novel, by the way, makes Richardson's, an indubitable landmark that is out of fashion and likely to remain so, more plausible. The eighteenth-century convention that required the dishonored Clarissa to die appears, in the twentieth century, more suited to a samurai than to a lady, but destructive Lovelace is a curiously durable figure. Still, criticism, however incidental, isn't Mr. Amis's concern in "Take a Girl Like You." As one expects him to, he records a segment of the contemporary scene with brisk, entertaining fidelity. One hears the jazz his characters hear, recognizes the forlorn urban vistas that surround them, and enjoys their chat. Their rudeness would be unappealing in life, but it is pardonable in the novel, since one suspects their bad manners are in part an attempt at intimacy. (Good manners, though parents and teachers don't like to stress the point, are useful for keeping other people at a distance.) And Mr. Amis has nicely arranged this familiar landscape with figures to deal successfully with the classic theme of love in conflict with love. Both Jenny, the girl on the candy box with the vulnerability and resilience of youth, and Patrick, the naughty boy and demon lover, are genuine. They belong in Mr. Amis's setting, but they overshadow it by the intensity of their crisscross passions. —NAOMI BLIVEN

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

THE LIMITS OF LOVE, by Frederic Raphael (Lippincott). Mr. Raphael displays passion, faith, hope, charity, and courage in this account of the development—in different directions—of the three children of a London shopkeeper who is an orthodox Jew. The story begins immediately after the Second World War and continues to the present day. The action takes place mainly in London, with a long interlude in Paris. The mood varies from despair (a scene in Dachau, and memories of Dachau and other camps) to joy (a honeymoon in Ireland and lovemaking in Paris) and on to rage (meetings between young Communists in London, and clashes between the orthodox members of the older generation and their rebellious



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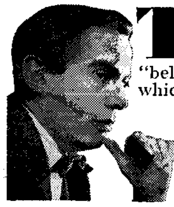

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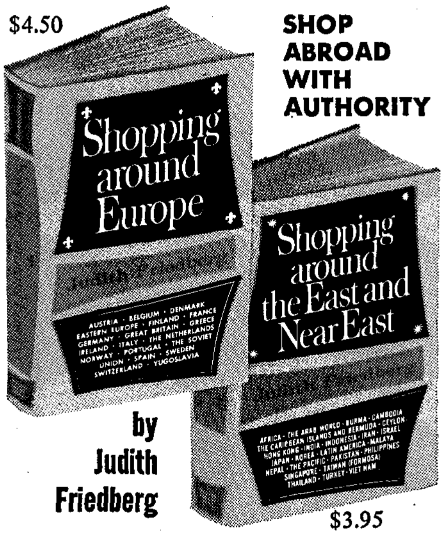

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young ones), but an undertone of solid indignation is always present. Mr. Raphael is inventive and industrious, and he knows his material well. His drawback is that he is not a good writer.

CHINA COURT, by Rumer Godden (Viking). This stately, skimpy novel about an English country house, China Court, is set in Cornwall. Miss Godden describes China Court as "a family house, ample and plain." It is also a most attractive house, built of local granite in 1840 by Eustace Quin and inhabited since then by Eustace's son and grandson. As the story opens, the grandson's widow, Mrs. Ripsie Quin, has just died at the age of eighty-one, and when it closes, five days later, we have witnessed the birth of a romance and learned a good deal of rambling history about the house and its family. A Book-of-the-Month Club selection.

TALES FROM A TROUBLED LAND, by Alan Paton (Scribners). Ten short stories set in South Africa. Like the work of Lillian Smith in this country, they tend to be more admirable for their convictions than for their craft, and again and again a promising story is ruined by sentimentality or editorial comment. In one case, "The Waste Land," Mr. Paton has relied entirely on economy and understatement, and the result is a masterpiece, chilling and overwhelming.

GENERAL

SEVEN MILES DOWN, by Jacques Piccard and Robert S. Dietz (Putnam). The full story of the bathyscaph Trieste, in which M. Piccard and Lieutenant Don Walsh, of the United States Navy, descended into the Challenger Deep, off the island of Guam, and came to an oozy rest on the bottom, at thirty-five thousand eight hundred feet. M. Piccard—like his father, Auguste Piccard, who invented the bathyscaph and constructed the Trieste—is wholly and devoutly a man of science, and his precise habits of thought and careful statements of fact actually enhance the tension and excitement of his narrative. Mr. Dietz, a Navy oceanographer who has been associated with the Trieste since 1955, contributes a speculative chapter on the animal life of the great ocean depths and discusses the implications of man's breakthrough on this new frontier. Many good photographs.

A BUNDLE OF SENSATIONS, by Goronwy Rees (Macmillan). Six auto-

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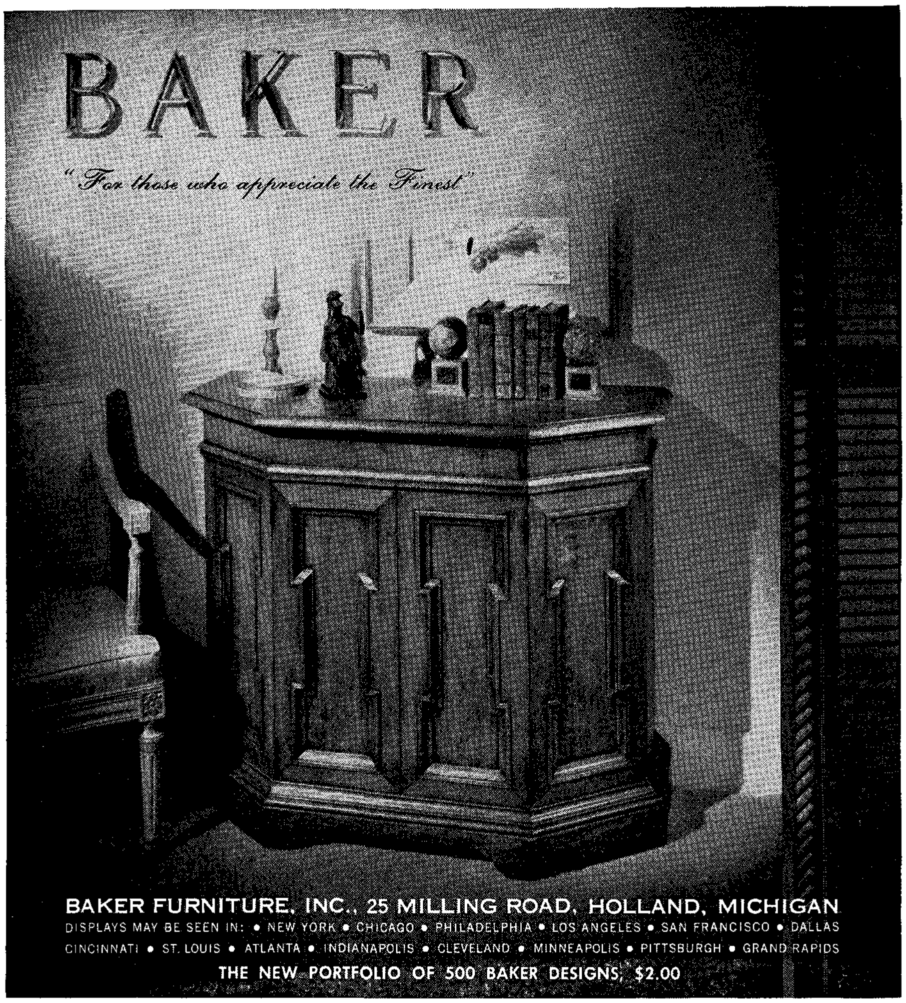
biographical essays by a Fellow of All Souls College, Oxford. Unlike most self-portraitists, Mr. Rees is not concerned with establishing his individual identity as a man. He believes that he is not one man but many, and that each of these selves is brought to life by the creative force of environment. To illustrate this notion, he shows us the six selves with which he was confronted in six quite different experiences—as the God-haunted son of a Nonconformist minister in Wales, as a tutor on a baronial estate in Weimar Germany, as a malingering Army private, as an officer-observer on the Dieppe raid, as a member of the British occupation forces in Germany after the war, and as a critically injured victim of an automobile accident. All are revelations of a man of extraordinary sensibility, and all, and none, are Rees. An enthralling book.

NOTE: "Lanterns and Lances," a collection of twenty-four humorous pieces by James Thurber, has been published by Harper. Many of them were first printed in this magazine, and none of them has appeared before in book form.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

THIEF, by Rupert Croft-Cooke (Doubleday). The steady fellow who has nothing better to do than watch and report on his dashing friend's career is back on duty in this rather sluggish English thriller. The narrator is a research physicist at Harwell, and his idol is a self-made gentleman thief who is in the game for kicks until he is framed and sent to prison. He comes out with blood in his eye, but at the last minute (on a midnight cliff in Dorsetshire) somebody else does his dirty work for him, and he returns, with clean hands, to his lovely, understanding wife and his bouncing baby boy and his regular job as an antique dealer.

SEE THEM DIE, by Ed McBain (Simon & Schuster). The setting is a Puerto Rican neighborhood in the Eighty-seventh Precinct on a Sunday morning in July. Most, though not all, of the action revolves around the attempts of the police to capture a hoodlum named Pepe Miranda, who is hiding in a brothel, and the plans of a seventeen-year-old boy to establish himself as a leader of youth by murdering one of his schoolmates. Mr. McBain's mannered writing can be irritating at times, but it never interferes with the excitement or the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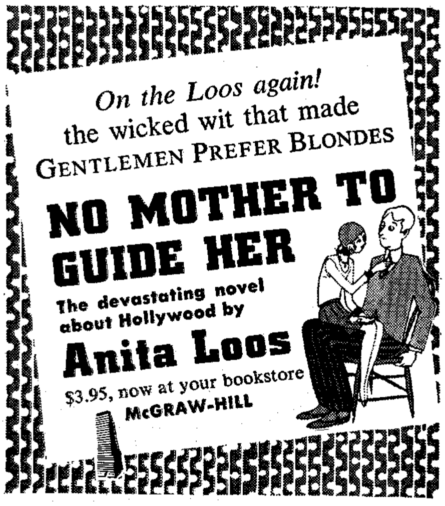
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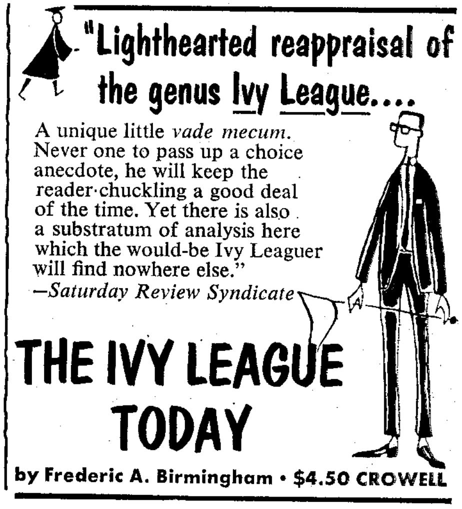
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Every country in the world seems to have nicknames for its various denominations of money. The British, for example, talk of *bob* and *quid,* which are both singular and plural for shilling and pound, respectively.

In France, the nicknames are inspired by the people whose pictures appear on the various banknotes. The five-franc Victor Hugo note is called a *miserable,* the 50-franc Moliere note an *avare,* and the 100-franc Napoleon note (surprise!) a Napoleon.

And of course in this country we have bucks and sawbucks, centuries and grands. But wouldn't our conversation be livelier if we talked instead of Georges, Abes, and Alexes? You might, for example, call your Merrill Lynch account executive and say, "I have a few Bens I can spare, and I think I'd like to buy some stock."

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plausibility of his stories about crime in this city and the cops who have to handle it.

THE PROGRESS OF A CRIME, by Julian Symons (Harper). A man is stabbed to death at a Guy Fawkes Night celebration outside a provincial city in England. It soon becomes evident that the murder has been committed by a member or several members of a gang of boys, one of whom is the son of a prominent union leader, and that a young local reporter, sent to cover the celebration, has been handed a story of national importance, which, as it moves along, involves, in all their human weakness and corruptibility, representatives of Scotland Yard, the Labour Party, the working press, and the bar, and, in all their unscrupulousness, the powerful newspaper publishers of London. It also becomes evident that Mr. Symons, a fine and entertaining writer, has something more than entertainment in mind.

THE BERLIN COURIERS, by James McGovern (Abelard-Schuman). Within twenty-four hours of his arrival in West Berlin to interrogate a defecting East German scientist, Peter Sterling, an American aircraft engineer on loan to something called the Secret Intelligence Network, is propositioned on a street corner by a naked prostitute, threatened by a pair of strong-arm ghouls, whisked through a transvestite bottle club, and welcomed into his housekeeper's bed. Then Mr. McGovern quickens his pace, and the action really begins. The result, though nonsense, is nonsense of a highly diverting order.

•

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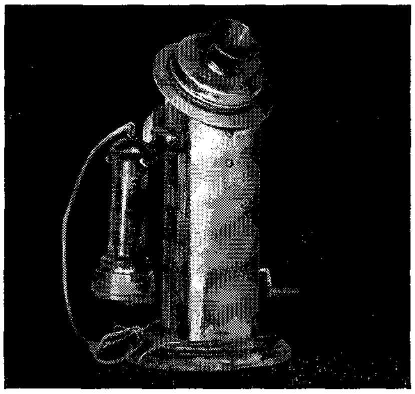

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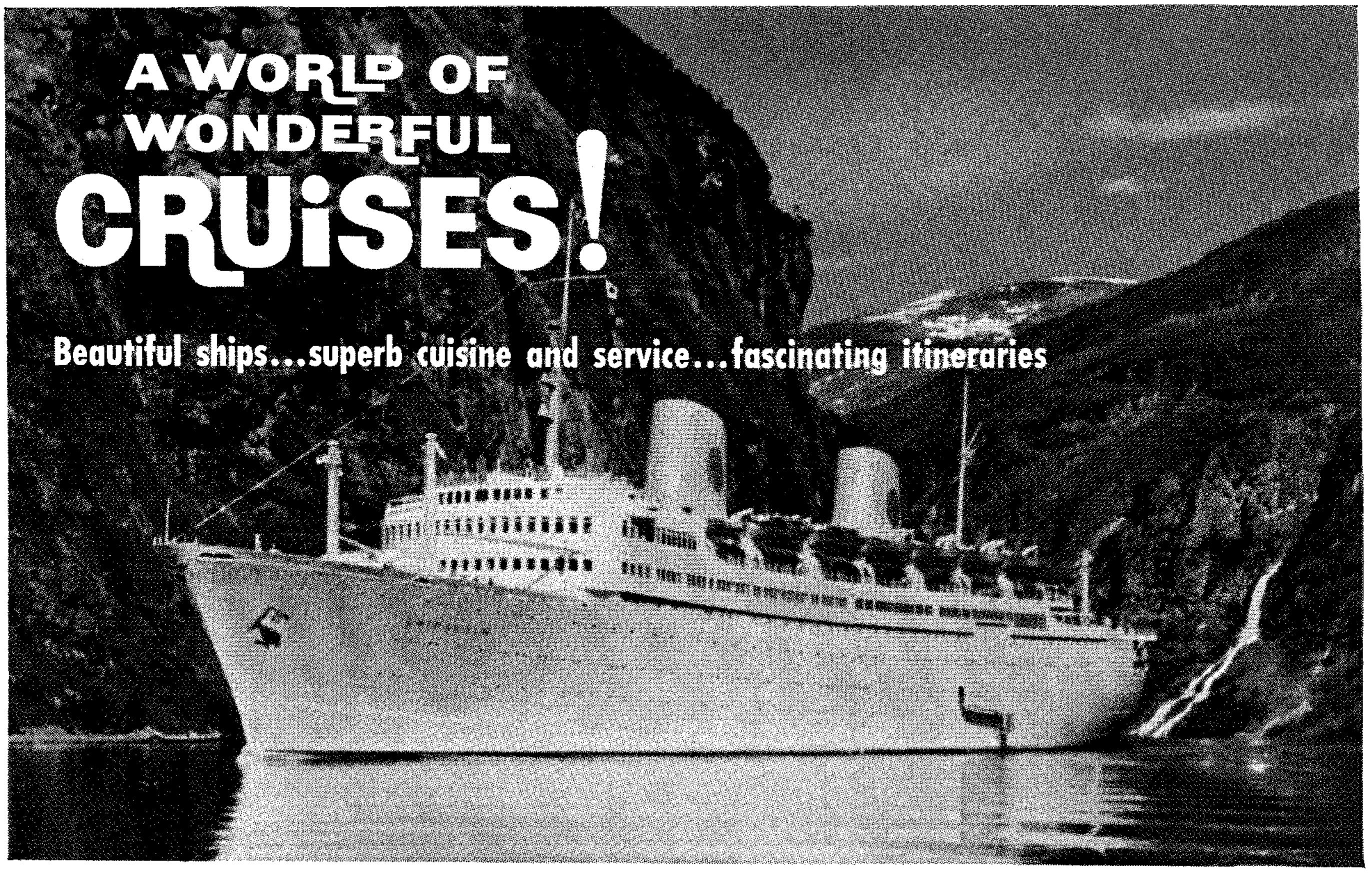
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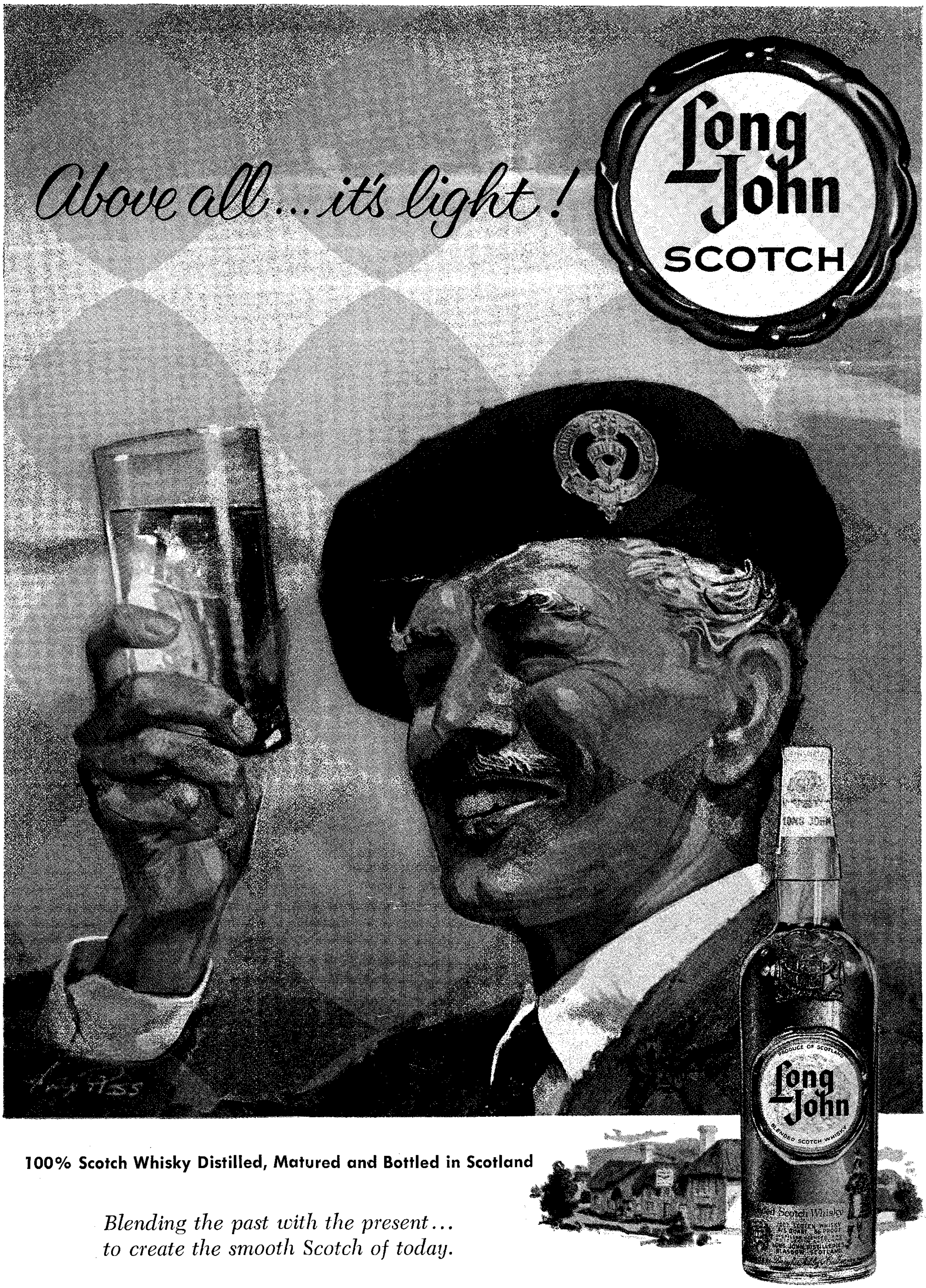
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